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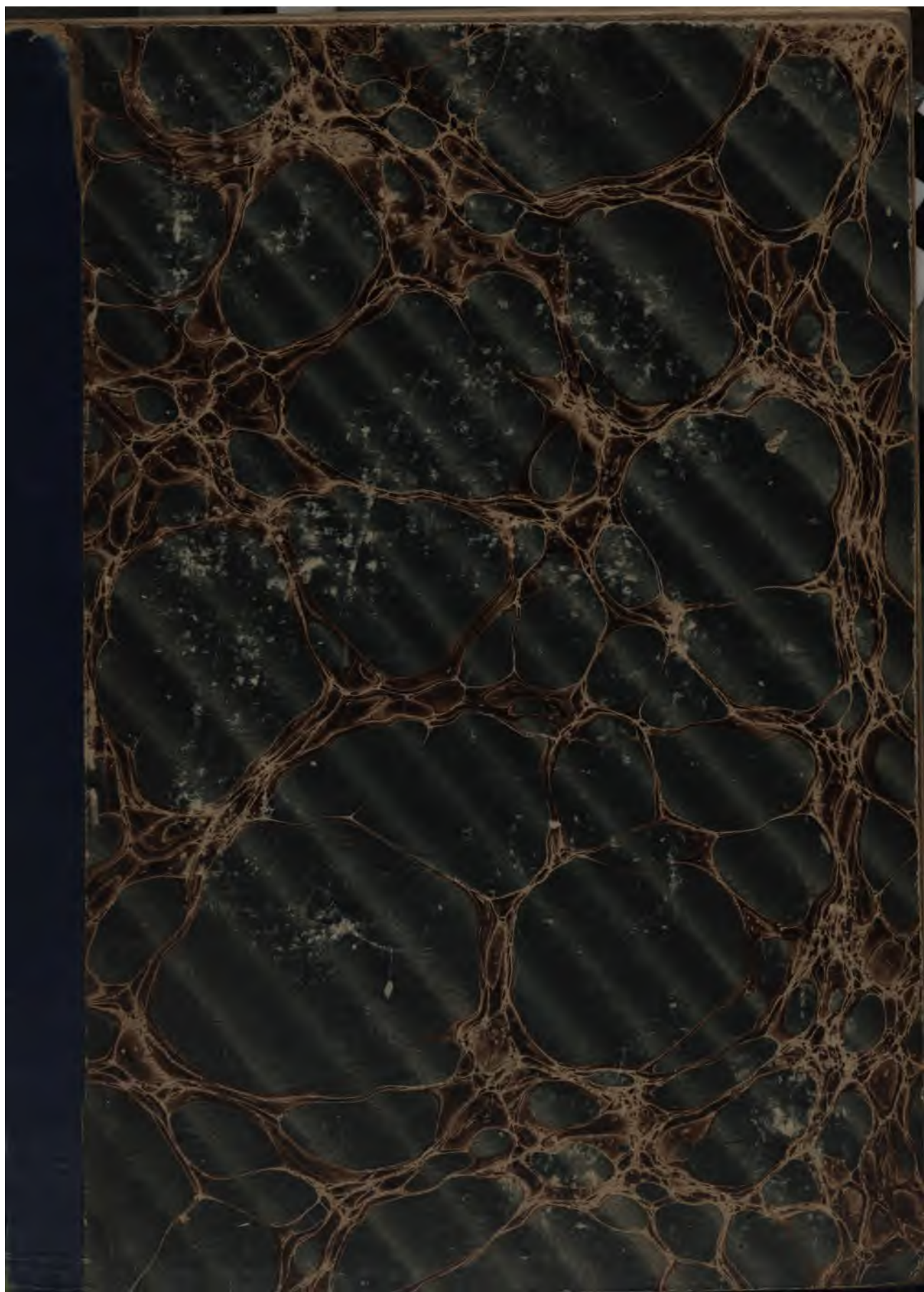
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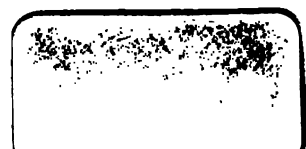
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# BENJAMIN D\_\_\_\_\_

## HIS LITTLE DINNER.

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*Illustrated by "WHEW."*

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(SECOND EDITION.)



London :

WELDON & Co., 15, WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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## PEDICATION.

### I.

**C**H, hang it all! this world's become so moral,  
 And so profoundly pleased with its morality,  
 That really I shall seek some island—coral,  
 Or try my luck across some unknown sea;  
 Or drop among the mermaids in the ocean,  
 Or carry out some other absurd notion.

### II.

I am by bent a saint, and pre-elected—  
 Come, don't you laugh! it won't admit of doubt,  
 Or if I sin, at least I'm not detected,  
 And sin's not sin unless it be found out  
 But this is argument so very subtle  
 That p'raps you think its cribbed from Aristotle!



## III.

Well, being such a saint, you must admit it—

In this last sentence really there's no fudge meant—

That if there is a blot I'm sure to hit it ;

That's half the reason why I sit in judgment ;

The other half is this—it's scarcely civil—

The world is rushing headlong to the devil !

## IV.

A man can marry now-a-days on such a salary

That really I'm quite glad I am not Cræsus,

For save some *chef d'œuvre* from the Gallery

Man's wants don't travel far beyond this thesis—

A pretty wife, a nice suburban villa,

Champagne, a nag, one's club and his Manilla !

## V.

On woman's wants there's even more embargo—

Let's say a parcel once a week from Worth,

Some months at Carlsbad or, perhaps, Monaco—

For after all a woman's only earth !

Receptions in the season—don't they choke us !—

The opera, Mudie's, and those meetings Dorcas.

## VI.

His son no parent now need keep his eye on,

Or think his conduct needs the slightest trimming ;

'Twill be enough if in the coming Zion

That son still keeps his cards, and wine, and women—

I mean—but let it pass—I've been a youth ;

He lies besides who dares not speak the truth.

## VII.

For, after all, sweet youth's romantic spell  
Is seldom but a dream of some fair goddess—  
Cocotte, Lorette, Madonna, or Pucelle—  
Some Venus, let us say, of Cos or Paphos !  
If there's a book in which I like *tastology*  
It is—I say it boldly—the *mythology* !

## VIII.

It's often struck me in a way that's hurt,  
Why classic women's morals were so shady ;  
I can't bear Daphne, she was such a flirt,  
And Phryne was a fearful fast young lady ;  
Then Cynthia was a modish sort of *meretrix*,  
While Lais and Thais were simply moral herotics !

## IX.

But steady, mine old Muse—not quite so fast !—  
This verse is earthy—worse, indeed, than Swinburne,  
Who's been converted. Have you seen his last ?  
Let's soon expect to see a tiger's skin turn,  
Or witness Marwood hung with his own rope,  
Or Mr. Whalley flirting with the Pope !

## X.

The loves of princes and the wars of poets  
Have been exciting since the days of David ;  
Buchanan's not the first who's sought the law courts,  
Nor Swinburne's Muse the only one depravéd.  
Still, hang two poets who can show ill-will,  
Or let their tempers prostitute their quill !

## XI.

To see good men go wrong makes angels weep  
    (At least, 'tis said so in a work by Madder) ;  
To see two poets slanging like a sweep  
    Must be, of course, *à fortiori* sadder.  
When will they learn—these pasquinaders fiery—  
That Satire's derivation's not *sat. iræ* ?

## XII.

I'm fond of duels fought with pen and ink—  
    They serve to bring such pretty things to daylight ;  
But as to choice, I rather like, I think,  
    To see a critic slashing at a playwright ;  
An author's nowhere who can't take a dram  
And stab the donor with an epigram !

## XIII.

Lord, raise the stage ! it's sunk to such a level  
    That plays are sent from France to make it decent.  
O, Sardou ! Dumas ! save us from the devil !  
    Some ancient plays look vastly like your recent.  
The same old plot, used with the same impunity—  
A wife, a lover, and an opportunity.

## XIV.

I rank the stage as one of the fine arts ;  
    I've often thought his mind must be grotesque,  
And sadly wanting in the finer parts,  
    Who cannot see the moral of burlesque ;  
For though it's gross and stupid in portraiture  
It holds, at least, the mirror up to NATURE !

## XV.

It's said Dundreary's rooted in the West  
 And won't come back to London—well, at present;  
 An actor's not Platonic at his best,  
 And injured men are fools, which isn't pleasant.  
 Dundreary'll have his rompings with the ladies  
 In spite of gods, and men, and Heaven, and Hades.

## XVI.

Though Dun's no Plato we'd hurrah him back  
 From Yankee-land, and women, and vile grog.  
 Poor Buckstone's languished since he left his track  
 Across the ocean and—the Decalogue!  
 Still, retribution waits on those who so do—  
 I wonder if he thinks of where he'll go to!

## XVII.

The air is charged with rumours—quite a flood—  
*On dit* that Bisch has burnt his fingers badly;  
 The Opera Comique “spec.” was scarcely good,  
 And Amy cost him sums that hurt him sadly.  
 It's strange rich men so often prove, alas!  
 The noblest work of God is but an—ass!

## XVIII.

Ingratitude is getting quite an art,  
 And one mankind's an almost perfect Davy at;  
 I cannot bear a man who's got no heart;  
 The next time you write “Cave,” please write it  
 “Caveat!”  
 And Edgar B., here's good advice, which follow—  
 Put not your trust in Caves, for caves are hollow!

## XIX.

To count earth's pleasures you must count her sins,  
They're wed together like perfume and flowers ;  
I wish they sold, say, nightly larks in tins,  
'Twould save a world of latch-keys and late hours ;  
The scheme is new, he'll save who will embark it,  
From certain Hades Mayfair and Haymarket.

## XX.

To promenade to sound has been prevailing  
Since music broke upon our ear and history ;  
Old Covent Garden profits by the failing  
To give us yet another Area-n Mystery !  
The object may be moral—pray don't smile ;  
They burn at least less gas at the Argyle !

## XXI.

But hang you, Muse, old gal ! your verse grows vapid !  
(My Muse and I, you see, are quite familiar),  
My pen's so slow, while Ginx's is so rapid,  
But he and I, thank God, are not quite similar.  
You've read, of course, his " Blot on the Queen's Head,"  
A shocking blot upon his own instead !

## XXII.

I hate a vulgar writer worse than Guide  
Fawkes ; or dances at a Kursaal, or Spa waters,  
Or Paul de Kock, or novels by Ouida ;  
He spoils the morals of your sons and daughters.  
But Ginx's Baby, take thee thine acquittal,  
I've read a ruder book but—very little !

## XXIII.

Well, our's the age of philosophic fiction,  
A novel's nothing that's not analytic ;  
If I may state my views of modern diction,  
I most admire the pseudo-scientific ;  
It sounds to reason, though it's seldom stated,  
The work floats best that is the most inflated!

## XXIV.

A decent novel speculates on causes,  
Quotes all the tongues, the living and the slain ;  
Dates back its architecture, say, from Moses,  
Its sculpture, say, at least, from Tubal Cain.  
Of all which things a novelist, no doubt,  
Has learned as much as most men—just about.

## XXV.

Besides the above a novel's an arcanum  
Of art, of science, literature, and law ;  
I've often wondered how it could contain 'em,  
But that it does most novel-readers know :  
Yet learn, who quote from Bacon, Locke, and Davy,  
A novel may have weight yet not be heavy!

## XXVI.

I love thee, Science, still I much deplore,  
The inroads on our speech you're making daily ;  
Farewell to Saxon, Gaelic evermore,  
Farewell the tongue of Spenser, Carlyle, Bayly.  
Our race is Simian ; we can bear the anguish ;  
But do not, Science, Darwinise our English !



## XXVII.

The world's demands on talent's not appalling,  
Yet "Daniel D's" by no means what we hoped it,  
And "Dead Men's Shoes" is really dismal scrawling,  
Although some critics who'd not read it soaped it.  
The truth's not far to seek to those who look—  
It's woman's fate to write but one good book.

## XXVIII.

Georges Sand wrote "Consuelo"—nothing more ;  
George Eliot rose from "Middlemarch" to fame ;  
Poor Mrs. Stowe expired to sounds of *encore*,  
While Lady Audley's yet Miss Braddon's name.  
I could quote lots of others—several—double,  
But then the fact's so old I needn't trouble.

## XXIX.

But *quantum suff.* We're better than our *pères* ;  
We go the pace ; he's lost who skulks or ambles ;  
The meanest clerk now speculates in shares,  
And "bulls" and "bears," but, oh ! he never gambles !  
Of course, at times, there come a few odd crashes,  
But betting on the course explains all smashes.

## XXX.

Then take those Bubble Co.'s—I mean directors,  
They downright ask the public to bamboozle 'em  
At such a sacrifice—in the prospectus—  
That I look daily for the New Jerusalem !  
It's true the Emma Mine made lots of scandal,  
But then the critics always find a handle !

## XXXI.

Besides, what matters, if you fill your purse  
Who's crushed to-day or struggles o'er to-morrow ;  
For every blessing there must be a curse,  
For every joy a compensating sorrow.  
Stretch forth your hand, bid every ruined cub lick,  
Then "square"—yes, Leicester Square—th' indignant  
public !

## XXXII.

I hate a parvenue, I loathe, detest  
With Quakers, Jumpers, and those horrid Mormons ;  
My own's blue blood—but that, of course, you've guessed ;  
Our founder crossed the Channel with the Normans.  
I cannot bear low breeding—it's a pity ;  
I hate a pedigree that smells of city !

## XXXIII.

I fly the man whose world is stocks and shares,  
Or grease, or hides, or sugar, boiled or raw ;  
Whose soul is Argentine or Buenos Ayres,  
Who quotes no poet's lines except to know  
The rate of interest fixed between the two  
When distance lent enchantment to the view !

## XXXIV.

But go "Ben D——" before my tears ooze through  
And sorrow for my kind has soaked my cambric ;  
Some friendly eye may perhaps discern in you  
The higher altitudes of things in Sam Slick !  
And some may take a different view, of course—  
If praise—'tis well ; if blame—it is no worse.

## XXXV.

Yet still, I own, I wonder which 'twill be—  
Who'll put thee on a shelf, who in a gutter !  
Who'll make thee lining for his trunk, " Ben D——,"  
And who the grave-clothes of short pounds of butter,  
What cynics curse thee, and what critics praise,  
And if they'll find thee after many days.

## XXXVI.

Enough ! Unto this wicked world, for which there's no  
cure,  
I take the liberty—it's nothing less—  
To dedicate the pages of this *brochure*,  
Which show the world is in an awful mess ;  
But p'raps the world may think it doesn't need it—  
Well, if it does, it isn't bound to read it.

## XXXVII.

I may just say, while turning on my axis,  
If you'd be happy scorn to tell a lie ;  
Make love, as Byron says, and pay your taxes,  
Fear God, of course, and keep your powder dry ;  
And then, perhaps, when things mundane are over  
You'll meet me up above where all is clover.



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# BENJAMIN D\_\_\_\_\_

## HIS LITTLE DINNER.



Seven o'clock, and an evening in August.  
I find myself on the platform of the pretty little station at Hughenden.

I am utterly exhausted in an effort to catch the train.

A locomotive dwindles away in the distance.

I am in a condition of high-pressure physical and mental excitement.

I wipe the perspiration off my forehead.

"Porter!"

"Yessir!"

## EFORE DINNER.

"The last train to town?"

"Gone, sir."

"What!" I make a dart for my Benson.  
Seven o'clock! For my time-table. Seven o'clock!

"Velveteens!"

"Yessir!"

"You're before your time!"

"No, sir."

"I tell you you are. I shall sue the company.  
Exemplary damages!"

"Some mistake, sir."

"Eh? What? SOME mistake, sir! A devil of a mistake, sir! An infernal mistake!"

"The first day of the month, sir."

"Hang the day, sir! Smother the month! I'm not an almanack! I'm not Old Moore! I'm not a book of dates! What? Ought to know what? Seven o'clock one month's like seven o'clock the next, isn't it? It used to be when I was a boy."

"Yes, sir; but times is changed now."

"Don't care a hang about the 'Times;' it



isn't my Standard. The 'Times' is always changing; it's its nature to."

"Yes, sir; but new time-tables. Train to town five minutes earlier."

I tear my "Daily Telegraph" to atoms.

I stamp upon it.

I grind it to powder with my feet.

"Then, hang you! why didn't you say so before? Why the——"

But I check myself. I never use strong language.

"Porter!"

"Yessir!"

"Look here! Get yourself a bottle of Allsopp."

"Thank you, sir."

"But, Velvetens!"

"Yessir!"

"Come here! I say, hang it! Is there anything going on in Hughenden to-night?"

"No, sir; only the grand Parliamentary dinner at the Manor."

I prick up my ears.

"Grand Parliamentary dinner at the Manor! Who lives there?"

"I thought every one knew that, sir!"

"Velveteens! Pardon me; but a fellow like you, who's supposed to keep a wife and family on a guinea a week, isn't paid for thinking. It's a wrong point. It's a false signal. Don't do it again. Who lives at the Manor?"

"The celebrated Benjamin D——, sir; England's pri-meer!"

"The diners?"

"Don't know, sir; but—a—my—"

"Young woman? Out with it! It's the custom of modern society not to hesitate in speaking of its women. Remember Balham. What did she say?"

"The gentlemen coming are all members of Parliament."

"And the reason for this gathering of lambs into the fold of the political shepherd? Quick!"

"Nothing, sir. It's a knack Benjamin's got. Love your enemies. Feed them that hate you."

"Are the gentlemen here?"

"No, sir; all coming up in a special due in about an hour and a-half."

"Thank you, Velvetens. Here! Another Allsopp."

I pause, reflect, introspect.

I think something must be done.

I resolve that something *shall* be done.

Happy thought! The new Sultan!

The Insurrection!

The War!

The Atrocities!

Egypt!

The Khedive!

The Canal!

The Session!

I wave my hand tragically—"Benjamin D——, I will interview thee!"

"Porter!"

"Yessir!"

"The shortest cut to the Manor?"

"The cut direct."

"Don't be saucy, porter!"

"Through the gate, sir, and straight on."

I start.

It is a lovely evening, warm and still. There are summer breaths of Eden in the sighing of the wind, romances in tomes in the whispers of the trees and the fading of the sunlight.

I walk on briskly.

I suddenly stumble over a small packet.

I pick it up.

I feel that it contains a sheet of note paper and a *carte de visite*. I determine to more closely inspect its contents. I am doing so, when my attention is distracted by an excited figure in the avenue, far down in the vista.



The figure advances upon me, flourishing its umbrella in the most deadly manner.

It draws nearer and nearer.

It waves a tasselled felt hat, with a yard and-a-half of brim, as if to attract my attention.

I start back.

I stand stock-still, electrified.

The figure draws rapidly upon me.

I discover it to be a man—a creature with a long clerically-cut coat, a white linen stock—a creature with its hair parted down the middle to make the most of an inch and-a-quarter of forehead—a young—a *very* young ritualist priest.

The creature frightens me.

I try to avoid him.

I cannot.

He comes directly for me.

I cram the letter and its contents into my pocket.

In another instant he is within hearing.

He flourishes his umbrella in my face, and bursts out in the following alarming way:—

### *Am I Right for Colney Hatch?*

#### I.

Man of Mammon, e'er we part  
Read the words upon my heart;  
Or, if that has left my breast,  
Go to Rome and read the rest.  
By my vesper-breathing watch  
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

#### II.

By mine alb and stole and cope,  
By my tonsured head and Pope,  
By my banners' silken flow,  
By my chalice veil of snow,  
By the laces that attach,  
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

#### III.

By the chancel dossals hung,  
By the incense burnt and swung,  
By the candles lit at noon,  
By the Sacramental spoon,  
By my napkins, cutters, such,  
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

#### IV.

By my chasuble and stool,  
By Loyola's holy rule,  
By the font's baptismal jug,  
By my maniples and mugs,  
By my altar-cloths to match,  
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

#### V.

By the acolytes that file  
In procession down the aisle,  
By the silken flags they bear,  
By the holy Cross that's there,  
By my vigil, fast, and watch,  
Am I right for Colney Hatch?

#### VI.

By my piping treble tones,  
By my loved Gregorian groans,  
By the priest's Confessional,  
By man's faults transgressional;  
Ah! that whispered word I catch—  
Yes, I'm right for Colney Hatch.

Before I can recover my surprise the figure has rushed past me, and vanished into space.

I simply mention this incident as a fact. Please believe it who wish. I take it myself to have been an apparition!

Happy thought! Will write to Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Lyell, Carpenter, &c., &c., for an immediate explanation.

I pursue my journey.

A short walk in the drowsy evening, and I come upon Hughenden Manor.

I look at my Benson.

It is eight o'clock.

I make a note of it.

What a glorious place, this Hughenden Manor!  
What a wealth of vale, of wood, of hill, of dale!

Condensed Elysium! A pocket Arcadia!  
Switzerland in crown octavo!

A door—a veritable pea-green painted door.

I knock.

I am opened unto by a page-boy whose lips are still redolent of oleaginous matter.

I query. I'm in luck. Benjamin D—— is at home. I chuckle.

My card.

Exit page-boy.

I am requested to enter.

I walk in.

I am shown into an ante room. I am requested to take a seat.

I wait. I suddenly remember the letter I found in the avenue.

I open it.

It contains a *carte de visite*, as follows:—



It is addressed to the Editor of the *Matrimonial News*.

I guess this from the contents.

After expressing his doubts about the genuineness of ladies in general, the writer proceeds to ask the following questions about the above lady in particular:—

Is that sweetly Grecian frame  
Squeezed up in a—what's its name?  
Is its Hyacinthine flow  
Fashioned with a—don't you know?  
Is that skin's transparent blonde  
Bought in Oxford Street or Bond?  
Is that cheek's inviting glow  
Rouge from Breidenbach and Co.?  
Are those teeth so pearly white  
Left in water all the night?  
Is that breath, my love, my queen,  
Fragrant but with Floriline?  
Is the brightness of that eye  
Sipped in corners on the sly?  
Are those locks of auburn hair  
Held by pins to keep them there?  
Is that palpitating breast  
Merely wadding on the chest?

Are those small and tender feet  
Pinched to death to make them neat?  
Has that ring-encircled hand  
Been to Steward's in the Strand?  
Did those diamonds take their shape  
From Alaska or the Cape?  
Tell me, maiden, on my life,  
Could'st thou make a man a wife?

I have scarcely concluded the reading of these lines before a page-boy announces that Benjamin is ready to receive me.

I am ushered into the august presence by four-and-twenty flunkeys.



The august presence receives me kindly.  
I subtend at an angle of forty-five.  
Benjamin, not to be outdone, subtends at an angle of forty-six.

"Delighted!" says Benjamin.

"The proudest moment of my existence!" I reply.

We subtend at three points round the table.

"Do me the honour," says Benjamin, politely, setting out a chair.

I do him the honour.

We sedentate.

"Plush!" says Benjamin, with a fine sense of what is required, "a flasch of Johannisberger, the O.D.V., and the Havanas."

Exits Plush.

"Thunder and Lightning," he says, turning upon me one of those smiles of irresistible oiliness peculiarly his, "some of my colleagues and friends are coming to dinner at nine. Do me the honour, will you?"

"Ah—yes," I say; "a—thanks," pretending to be confused. "Benjamin you flatter me. I will do you the honour. Certainly."

We subtend again; angle unknown.

We throw ourselves into graceful attitudes, and smoke and talk.

Whereof the sewage of towns, mangold wurzel, guano, and cattle plague constitute the first course of our mental aliment.

We slide into politics.

"Benjamin," I say, puffing at my Havana, "what is the present Tory policy?"

"Policy!" says Benjamin, knocking over his Johannisberger. "Policy! Bah! Policy, sir, is the curse of the political system. It's been the ruin of every party that ever existed."

I look out of a corner of my eye. "Have YOU a policy, Benjamin?" I ask, watching the smoke curl over my head.

"Ah! I thought as much," says Benjamin. "There you go! Pray help yourself to some more cognac."

"Benjamin," I say, firmly but politely, "don't equivocate. Have—*you*—a—policy?"

"No, sir! There! No government can have a policy and hope to endure. The thing's absurd. The proper policy for a government is no policy. I haven't had a policy for years!"

"An example, Benjamin," I say.

"Take William. *He* had a policy—in fact, he'd no end of policies. He'd a policy of liquor, and made a mortal enemy of every hog's-head in the country. He'd a policy of adulteration, and raised currents of ill-feeling among the grocers. He'd a policy of purchase, and bought himself out of the army. He'd a policy of law reform, and provoked every Whig in the country. Thunder and Lightning——"

I subtend.

"In my opinion there's only one policy worth a ducat!"

"And that, Benjamin," I ask in my captivating way, "is——?"

"Pointedly expressed in the following lines of the poet:—

Let Rads delight to bark and bite,  
For God has made 'em so;  
Let Butts and Biggars growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature to;  
But Hardy, you must never let  
The landed gentry rise  
To see the games that I am at  
Beneath their nose and eyes."

"Ah! Just so," I say, with a laugh.

At this point Benjamin, with classic grace, plants his feet on the table.



"Benjamin," I say, getting languid, "what about the re-action?"

"Re-action be d——. But pardon me, sir; I never use strong language. There's been no re-action. There's been a revulsion, if you like."

"Exactly. The country, I apprehend, did not send a Tory majority to Parliament because it loved Conservatism more, but because it loved Liberalism less."

"Precisely."

I make a note of it.

"Let me tell you," says Benjamin, "the secret of all re-actions. To me politics appear like this: I see before me two great armies of thinking men."

They are called parties. These two main bodies are supported by an infinite number of other and smaller bodies, which attach themselves to this party or to that as self-interest or a natural bias may happen to determine. Offend one of these smaller bodies, or appear to injure it, and the negative force of predilection becomes the positive force of active hate, and it goes over to the enemy. A powerful and popular government, like that with which William entered office in 1868, may offend one, or even several, of these little bodies with impunity. But—and this is the point—when you come to harass and annoy them in the way and to the extent I pointed out to my dear Grey, you sign the death-warrant of your ministry."

"Ah! Then you believe, Benjamin," I say, "that William's sacrifice, and that of his party, were the necessary consequences of the honesty and assiduity with which the Liberals carried out their policy?"

"I do."

I make another note of it.

"William fell because he did too much. If I fall it shall be because I've done too little. Do you see?"

"The country expects as much," I observe, with a sly wink. "But what are you going to do for the working man?"

"Working man!" says Benjamin, with a look of contempt. "Working man! Nothing. The working man's an ass—a humbug!"

"Never mind!" I say, with a perceptible increase of bile, "Humbug or ass, you gave him the franchise."

"True," says Benjamin, taking his legs off the table, "true, Thunder and Lightning; I did. I confess it. But why? Sir, I gave the franchise to the working man on the same principle that I would give a razor to a suicide—because I knew how readily he would cut his throat with it. I don't disguise it. I fought this battle against my party, but the facts have borne out my anticipations. I knew they would. Of a large proportion of the working men who voted in 1868, I do not hesitate to say—and I say it emphatically—that with a baseness not to be found in any other class, they overthrew and abandoned their best and wisest friends—that, with a folly impossible to surpass, they launched into power we who, as a

party, were for generations the unswerving opponents of every measure for their social and political amelioration. William's misfortune has been to have worked too hard—to have done too much, not only for the working man, but for the country; and when a man works too hard, or does too much, whether for an individual or for the nation, base ingratitude is his common reward."

"Bravo!" I exclaim. "Bravo, Ben! One word more. How about the decay of truth in Parliament?"

"That," says Benjamin, heaving a sigh and placing his hand upon his heart, "grieves me very much. I have a respect for the truth, amounting, I may say, to almost a veneration; and I really think, do you know, Thunder and Lightning, that if I caught my friend, my dearest friend—say, my mother-in-law—in a lie, I should cut her dead."

"Benjamin," I say, soaring into the sentimental, "falsehood is a disease—a canker-worm, slowly but surely gnawing its way into the country's heart."

"Truth," says Benjamin, "truth in a senator is like one of Norton's\* Camomile pills in that same senator's stomach—it prevents a great deal of bile."

I smile.

"I'm sorry," adds Benjamin, in a tone of great penitence, looking into the smoke that curls over his head, "that the veracity of some people is not proverbial. But, Thunder and Lightning, not to be personal, I put it to you—may I say, as a friend?"

I say he may.

"When I was young I wrote fiction; is it unnatural that now I am old the habit should cling to me, and that I should speak fiction?"

"Not at all," I say. "Nothing is unnatural in you, Benjamin. You are among us—not of us."

"Do you know, Thunder and Lightning, that I attribute a great deal of my habit of—what shall I say?—of inexact speaking to my early connection with the Press. We did a great deal of that sort of thing on the Press."

I smile pityingly. "If you would care to hear it," I say, "I'll read you a short story I happen to have in my tweeds in MS."

"Certainly," says Benjamin. "But before you

\* Vide Mr. Layard's speech in the House of Commons.

begin, take a little more cognac. Is the story in any way personal?"

"Not a bit of it," I say. "It is entitled the 'True Story of Little Ben,' and has a moral."

"Ah! I like morals," says Benjamin, dispersing the smoke with a wave of his hand. "Morals is a scarce commodity now-a-days. But pray begin."

I read as follows:—

### The True Story of Little Ben.

There was once a little boy named Ben, the son of rich but honest parents, who, whenever he found himself in a difficulty, used to invent wicked little stories on the spur of the moment. And when Little Ben told a particularly large one, or a small but particularly transparent one, he never used to hang down his head after the fashion of other boys. Not a bit of it. He used to give himself spruce and jaunty airs, like a perfectly truthful boy, and wear a large flower in his buttonhole, for Little Ben was an Israelite, and understood not the ways of the Gentiles.

And Little Ben used to go to a very select Academy for boys, called St. Stephen's School, kept by a bluff, hearty, honest, indulgent old gentleman called John Bull.

And Little Ben, though the boys made game of him at first, soon made himself a position in the school, and became a great favourite with the upper form boys because he used to say rude and cruel things about the lower form boys, and so make the upper form boys laugh.

And after a time Little Ben rose to be a monitor in the school, and after that he got to be head of all the other monitors, his popularity was so great.

And when the lower form boys used to ask him questions, as head monitor, which he could not answer, he used to snub them in a way that made him many friends.

Now good John Bull, the master of the school, had in his possession a richly bound book in morocco and gold, entitled the "Empire of India," of which he was very proud, and which was the envy of the masters of all the other schools. Several lustful persons were known to have designs upon this book, and particularly the master of a school in the North called Alick.

Now one day the devil put it into the head of Little Ben to get hold of this priceless book and

alter the title. So Little Ben, under the direction of the devil, *did* get hold of it, and scratched out the word "Empire" and wrote in the word "Empress."

Now when honest John Bull, the master, came to look into his desk the next morning, he discovered what had been done, and his bile rose within him. And when he could not find out who had really done this thing, he fell into a towering passion, and called Little Ben before him, and said, "Ben, who has dared to alter the title of my book in morocco and gold?"

And Little Ben, wishing to please Dame Britannia, who secretly egged him on to do what he had done, jauntily equivocated with all the assurance of a truthful boy, then tried to chaff the head master, and, finally, when he found it wouldn't do, confessed.

But John Bull was exceedingly wroth at being trifled with, but most of all at the violence done to the title of his volume in morocco and gold, for he valued that book beyond all price.

So he took Little Ben by the arm, and placed him in front of all the boys, and said if he could not give sound and substantial reasons for what he had done he (the head master) would have no option but to tickle his little cuticle in the presence of the whole school.

Then Little Ben, knowing that a great majority of the boys in the school were ready to back him up in what he had done, winked at the head master quite openly, and said he could give no end of good reasons if he had time, for the devil had possession of him.

Then the head master, good honest John Bull, not wishing to do an injustice, gave Little Ben three clear days wherein to prepare his reasons.

And on the first day Little Ben, radiant with much cunning and carrying on a flirtation with his *pince-nez*, stood up in his place in the school, and, in presence of all the boys, said the reason he altered the title of the book in morocco and gold was because it was wished for by the monitors and boys of a school which the master kept in the East.

But the head master said this was a lie, because the boys of that school had never been consulted, and sent Little Ben to his place.

And on the second day Little Ben, who was not at all abashed, came forward again and said the



reason he altered the title was to make it agree with certain old almanacks, and particularly with a geography book which a little girl had sent him.

But the head master, feeling sick and ill over Little Ben's want of accuracy, said this was another lie, and sent him again to his place.

And on the third day Little Ben came forward again, bolder than brass, with a bigger flower in his coat, and a whiter waistcoat beneath it, and said this time he was really going to speak the truth. The reason he altered the title of the book in morocco and gold was to prevent Alick breaking into the school in the East.

On hearing this the head master nearly fainted away in his shoes, and put his hand to his heart, and said this was too much. Little Ben was worse than *Æsop*. He must be instantly and severely punished.



So the head master whipped down Little Ben's trousers, and hooked him up to the great easel by a curl that grew on his forehead, and made him howl. And when it was all over the head master reproached Little Ben for his want of accuracy, and his growing contempt for the details of the business of the school, and deposed him from his high office of head monitor, and sent him about his business.

And Little Ben's disgrace caused a great sensation in the school, and so preyed upon Little Ben's mind, and his habit so grew upon him, that his friends found it necessary in the end to send him to an asylum for the cure of the inveterately *Æsopical*.

But Little Ben's disease was found to be absolutely incurable, and after a series of "woppers" which choked off half the immates, he was ultimately snuffed out in a fit of the colic.

This is the true story of little Ben.

"Thunder and Lightning," says Benjamin, rising, "give me your hand, old man. Your story has interested me very much. If my face is of a little deeper crimson, believe me, I don't mean it."

We subterfuge.

"Thunder—excuse the omission of the Lightning—if you would prefer to follow me to the drawing-room, do so. If you would prefer to amuse yourself in the garden, why——"

"Oh, the garden, certainly!" I say, stepping through the open frame of an elegant French window on to a closely-shaven parterre which, from the quantity of stock everywhere observable, I conclude to be an Egyptian lawn.

I lounge and smoke on the grass.

I indolently untie a charming bundle of cigarettes I brought with me from Alexandria.

I fall into an Egyptian reverie. I dream. Of the Café Il Paradiso, where my talent for idleness was first perfected. Of the style and the splendour and the dash of Alexandrian life, and the luxurious and glorious indolence of Egyptian existence generally. Of unending siestas, and melons and citrons, and baths in oceans of sherbet. Of the musical plashing of creamy blue wavelets down there below me, as of a perpetual honeymoon of water-nymphs. Of that lovely black-eyed Arab girl, Fadl-ed-Deen, and my naughty—my very naughty—flirtations with the Venus of Alexandria, the Signora Messalina.

I call to mind the song she sung to me under an acacia the night I left, accompanying herself on the harpoon. It was an Egyptian song, and told of the deeds of a doughty knight. It ran as follows:—



### Young Stephey Cave.



#### I

O, young Stephey Cave is come out of the East,  
Through borders Levantine his steed was the  
beast !  
And save his grey goosequill he weapon had  
none ;  
He rode all unharm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So renowned at accounts, so financially brave,  
There never was knight like the young Stephey  
Cave. •

#### II.

He staid not for passport, he stopped not for  
Stone ;  
He took the first steamer where train there was  
none ;  
But ere he alighted at Ismail's gate  
The Khedive was ruined ; the banker came late ;  
For a babe at accounts and a scripholding slave  
Had forestalled the proud mission of young Stephey  
Cave.

#### III.

So boldly he entered proud Ismail's hall,  
Among Pashas and Agas, Effendis and all.  
Then spoke those Egyptians, ineffably bored,  
(For the poor craven Khedive said never a word,)  
"O, come ye to fleece us, or come ye to save,  
"Or to prove us insolvent, thou young Stephey  
Cave?"



## IV.

"I long thought ye bankrupt—the truth ye denied;  
 "Loans swell like the Solway, but ebb like its tide,  
 "And now I am come with this ledger of mine  
 "To go through your figures. You dare not decline!  
 "There are countries in Europe as bankrupt, proud  
 knave,  
 "Who'd gladly be tipped by the young Stephey  
 Cave."

## V.

They threw down the records, bills, bonds, and  
 such stuff;  
 He tested the figures through sums on his cuff;  
 He bent down to blush, and he got up to sigh,  
 With a curl on his lip and disdain in his eye;  
 He gave his right hand a most tragical wave—  
 "They've swindled thee proper," said young  
 Stephey Cave.

## VI.

One pull at the bell, and one crocodile's tear,  
 And they ope'd the hall-door, and the Khedive  
 stood near.  
 So plain to his Highness the plan that he showed,  
 So strongly perceiving the same he avowed—  
 "We are saved! We are saved! spite of loan,  
 bond, and knave!"  
 "They'll have sharp wits that beat us," said  
 young Stephey Cave.

## VII.

There was raving and stamping 'mong Pashas  
 galore;  
 Frenchmen, Germans, and Yankees, they cursed  
 and they swore;  
 There was hoping and waiting 'mong bondholders  
 free,  
 But the fruits of his mission ne'er did they see.  
 So renowned at accounts, so financially brave,  
 Have ye e'er heard of banker like young Stephey  
 Cave?

But the sun has not yet set. It beats down  
 upon me. I find myself becoming a frizzled man  
 —a dried-up madrepora—a badly-baked terra-  
 cotta likeness of Adam!

I hear voices—a chorus.



**"AND SAVE HIS GREY GOOSEQUILL HE WEAPON HAD NONE."**



They descend upon me.

Benjamin in the flesh comes laughing and smirking, as if he intends to die away in a smile on the first convenient opportunity.

Two fellows follow.

I rise from the grass.

"O, pray don't disturb yourself!" says Benjamin. "Only two of my much respected colleagues. Allow me to introduce you. The Flying Correspondent of the *Thunder and Lightning Herald*—Dord Lerby. The Flying ditto—Mr. Hard Hunt."

We subtend; angles very obscure.

Dord Lerby agrees with me that the weather is very hot, and falls in with my suggestion for a bath in an ocean of lemonade, and a long, steady downpour of soda-water.

"What's this fellow doing here?" asks Lerby, politely referring to me.

"Ah! there you go," says Benjamin, with an olive-oily smile. "Going to stay dinner. Wants

to know our views about the War, Egypt, the Canal, the Atrocities!"

"Won't know mine," says the hero of the Navy, coming into collision with the rockery; "they've gone to Besika Bay!"

"And mine," chimes in the cold-blooded Lerby, "appear to be known to everybody but myself. *Vide the Press.*"

Another hon. member appears at this moment. It is Bass. Ah! Ale fellow, well met. I'm particularly glad to see Bass. I contemplate getting married shortly, and it is a great pleasure to me to become acquainted with the gentleman who supplies families in ~~casks and bottles~~.

We link ourselves arm-in-arm, and proceed to dinner, Benjamin obliging us *en route* with the first verse of Moody and Sankey's next hymn—

O, Rectitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
The slave of political qualms  
Never tasted the pleasures of place.





Benjamin, who undertakes the ox-tail, is supported on his right by Mr. Lob Rowe, and on his left by Sir Verdant Hardcoat.

The soup at the lower end of the table—carrot—is gracefully presided over by Sweet William. Sweet William is supported by Dord Lerby and Mr. Hard Hunt.

Among the other guests I observe Sir Wellfried Lawson, Dr. Goneneary, Mr. Marmalade Yenkins, Mr. Slimsoul, Mr. Icano'er Power, Mr. Ime Gorman and the rest.

At the request of Benjamin, Mr. Slimsoul says grace.

He also hopes no gentleman will take advantage of too high a load-line.

## T DINNER.





Mr. Bates rises to order. He wishes to know if the remark is intended to be personal, or if Mr. Slimsoul is only seeking for an opportunity to repeat his recent wail.

Sir Wellfried slily remarks that it was not a whale—it was only the blubber.

Mr. Slimsoul objects to the term whale being applied to him, especially by the member for Carlisle. He leaves *that* term for those who are more in the habit of spouting!

Sir Wellfried demands an immediate apology. He thinks spouting—or any allusion to spouts—a grossly insulting term to apply to an advocate of temperance.

Mr. Slimsoul gracefully apologises.

Lob Rowe will take ox-tail. He graciously remarks that this is not the first time he has taken his *queue* from Benjamin!

We smile.

Mr. Hard Hunt will take ox-tail too. The tail of an *ox* is no doubt a lowly portion of the animal, but as head of her Majesty's Navy he cannot object to anything that follows a stern!

Mr. Forcitt will take carrot. He never did say "no" to a radical and never will.

Dr. Goneneary will take ox-tail. He is delighted to take anything that reminds him, however faintly, of Wagga-Wagga!

Dord Lerby is not quite sure what to take. It is best to act with caution. He will take carrot. In an age like this it is a pleasure to take any vegetable, however humble, that goes below the surface of things.

We laugh. Lob Rowe makes a special point of it. "To what a tremendous depth," he says, in accents of soft sawder, "you went below the surface of the Suez Canal thing!"

"That I did!" says Lerby. "I should have gone deeper only a Cabinet Minister in foreign affairs can't do exactly as he likes. It is necessary before all things to hold the faith of the Foreign Office, which faith unless a Minister keep whole and undefiled he must perish ministerially. And the faith of the Foreign Office is this, that there be three courses open to us, and yet not three courses but one course. For in the godhead of the Foreign Office there is one course of the musty precedent, another of the diplomatic formulæ,

and another of the red-tape. But the godhead of the musty precedent, of the diplomatic formulæ, and of the red-tape, is all one, the inconvenience equal, the absurdity co-eternal. Such as the musty precedent is, such is the diplomatic formulæ, and such is the red-tape. The musty precedent incomprehensible, the diplomatic formulæ incomprehensible, and the red-tape incomprehensible. The musty precedent eternal, the diplomatic formulæ eternal, and the red-tape eternal. And yet not three eternals but—"

Lerby is prevented trespassing further in this shocking way by cries of "Hold!" "Cut it short!" and "*Quantum suff.*"

"Lob," says Benjamin, pushing him the bottle, "There's plenty more *Veuve Clicquot* in the cellar."

Lob laughs—you know that horrid laugh of his—and we begin to fear the *Clicquot* is getting into his head.

Marmalade Yenkins will take turbot. *Par les mêmes voies on ne va pas toujours aux mêmes fins!*





Sir Wellfried declines to take salmon. Some of the worst forms of intoxication he has ever met with have been attributed to the salmon.

Mr. Newdegate declines to take turbot until a strict inquiry has been instituted into the conventual and monastic habits of that fish.

Mr. Whalley declines to take salmon, or fish of any kind, while the unhappy nobleman continues to languish in Dartmoor.

Mr. Marmalade Yenkins will not take turbot on the ground that he objects to anything fishy—the Royal Titles Bill for instance.

"Talking about the Royal Titles Bill," says Mr. Bass, "let me read you a cutting I've got in my pocket from the Chinese comic periodical O-mi. It comes from the pen of the Chinese comic poet, Hot-tee. It is entitled 'The Heathen M.P.'"

### The Heathen M.P.

#### I.

Which I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for words that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain  
The Heathen M.P. is peculiar,  
Which the same I would wish to explain.



#### II.

Ben D—— was his name,  
And I shall not deny  
That who went by the same

Was exceedingly sly;  
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,  
As I often remarked to Bill-y!

#### III.

It was April the third,  
And quite soft were the skies;  
Let it not be inferred  
That Ben D—— was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
In a way too adroit to be wise.

#### IV.

Which we had a debate,  
And Ben D—— took a part,  
After begging to state  
That it came from his heart;  
But he smiled as he stood by the table  
With a smile that was hollow and tart.

#### V.

Now his speech it was stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
(And my feelings were shocked  
As you cannot believe,)  
It was stuffed full of stories and crammers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

#### VI.

But the points that were made  
By that Heathen Ben D——,  
And the fibs he essayed  
Were quite frightful to see,  
Till at last he came out with a crammer  
That was known to be such unto G——.

#### VII.

G—— looked to the skies,  
(Which was sad for to see,)  
And he rose up likewise,  
And said, "Darling Ben D——,  
"This is false what you say about Russia!"  
And he went for that Heathen M.P.

#### VIII.

In the scene that ensued  
William took a large part,  
For the way he'd been Jewed  
Had gone straight to his heart,  
Like the fibs that Ben D—— had been telling  
In the speech that had come "from his heart."

## IX.

In which speech, which was long,  
He had twenty-four *packs*,  
Which was coming it strong  
As departing from facts;  
And they found in that speech, which was rant,  
What is frequent in speeches—that's cant!

## X.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for words that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain  
The Heathen M.P. is peculiar,  
And the same I am free to maintain.

Lob is seen to be placidly smiling into space. It is whispered round the table that he has had something to drink before he came.

"I say, Lerby, old boy," he ejaculates, "when you invested in all those lovely Suez Canal Shares you didn't want scrip, did you?"

"No; never thought of it," placidly answers Dord Lerby.

"What you wanted was *power*, eh? P-O-W-E-R—in great big capitals?"

"In the main, certainly," answers the immobile but cautious head of the Foreign Office.

"And all the power that was to be bought with money," persists the relentless Lob, "was ten votes in the affairs of the company, eh?"

"Well," says Lerby, "if you like to put it so, it was."

"And stock enough to give us those ten votes might have been bought any day on the Paris Bourse for £7,000?"

"Hang it, Lob!" protests Dord Lerby, turning very red in the face, and twisting uneasily in his chair, "this is *scarcely* the sort of conversation for a dinner-party!"

"Now, Lerby," persists Lob, in tones of heroic mockery, "don't prevaricate. Could you have got those ten votes for £7,000? A plain question; I want a plain answer."

Dord Lerby appeals to Benjamin for protection. This is too much.

But Lob is inexorable, and repeats his question. "Could you have got those ten votes on the Paris Bourse for £7,000?"

No answer.

"Eh? I repeat it."

"Well, then, if you must know," replies Lerby, in a little bit of a tiff, "I *could*."

"Then, hang it! why didn't you? Why did you spend four millions? (No answer.) You knew that devil of a Chancellor of the Exchequer of yours (Sir Stafford is observed to try to assassinate Lob with his fish-knife) was going to put



another penny on the income-tax, eh? Yet, when you have the chance of getting ten genuine votes for £7,000, you go and spend four millions upon ten doubtful ones, eh?"

"Preposterous!" says Sir Verdant.

"Swindling the country out of a solid £3,300,000!" says Goschen.

"Gross incapacity!" says Newdegate.

"Man Newdegate!" says Lob, sternly, "don't make yourself lugubrious. Lerby, old boy, you're the greatest financier of the age. Believe me you are. Newdegate, Whalley, Goschen, Sir Verdant, and even William, finding themselves in want of ten votes, would have taken their £7,000 and gone to Paris and got them straight, genuine, and unquestionable. But you, Lerby—the greatest financier—the most cautious man of the age—go to a channel nobody ever before thought of, and get the same number of votes—useless, couponless, and mutilated—for FOUR MILLIONS! Lerby, let me embrace thee!"

Lerby blushes behind his napkin.

"But the best of it's yet to come," proceeds Lob. "Lerby is always cautious. He was particularly so about these precious Suez Canal

shares. They were refused again and again when offered in the Paris market for *three and a half* millions, with *eleven* per cent. interest *secured* on the revenues of Port Said; but Lerby—the greatest financier—the most cautious man of the age, bought them afterwards for FOUR MILLIONS, at FIVE per cent. with NO security.”

We blush behind our napkins, and smile upon each other most blandly.

“Splendid!” cries Goschen. “Yet all the world has to say about the perpetrator of this astounding thing in finance is that he is wise! brilliant! cautious! the ablest man of the times!



But *vanitas vanitatum*. Politics are like theology—believed in by everybody and understood by nobody. A transaction that would have been an eternal disgrace to the financial capacity of an agricultural labourer becomes in a Statesman—a peer of the realm—a magnificent piece of high

State policy; a thing—yes, a *thing*—for the world to look on at in breathless admiration. Bah! It makes one sick.”

“Joe!” cries Lob in peremptory tones, “hold your tongue!”

“Gentlemen,” interposes Sweet William, fearing a quarrel, “have you read or heard the true story of the Canal Ægyptacus.”

We confess that we have not; we confess that we should like to hear it very much. We confess—but before we have time to confess anything else, William has begun the story as under:—

### The True Story of the Canal Ægyptacus and the Golden Fleece.

There was once upon a time a King named Ismailia, who held sway over the land of Ægyptacus. And Ismailia the King commissioned his nephew,



Riaz Pacha, likewise called Jason, to proceed to the land of Gallia, and to fetch from thence the Golden Fleece of the ram Four Millions Sterling, which was locked up in the coffers of the bankers of Lutetia and Londinium, and guarded by the sleepless dragon Ample Security. And Riaz Pacha, nephew of Ismailia, the King, caused to be gathered together the scrip of the shares of the Canal Ægyptacus, and set sail for Gallia in the

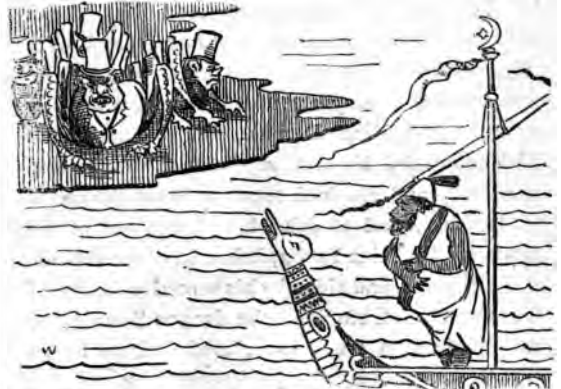
barque *Insolvency*. And after many thrilling and



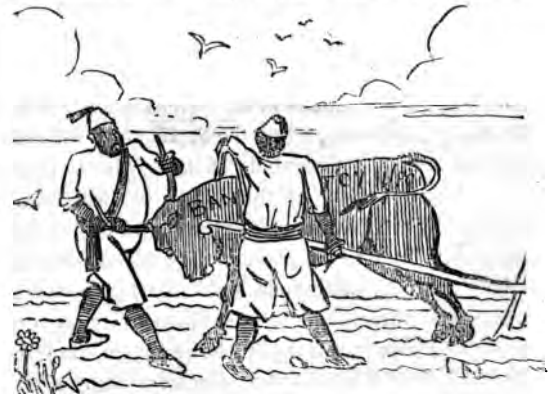
heroic adventures in the Mare Internum Financii the barque lay, under the favour of Æolus, direct for the shores of Gallia, wherein dwelt a horrible species of monster called Creditors. And Riaz Pacha, when he saw these dread monsters preparing to receive him, felt ill in the liver, for he feared for the safety of his shares of the Canal Ægyptacus. And Lessepsius, the blind seer of the Portus Saidus,



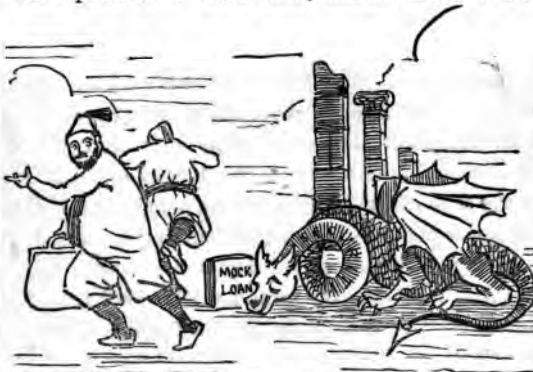
whom Saidus Corpulentis, uncle of Ismailia, had delivered from the hands of the harpies of Londinium and Pera, advised Riaz Pacha to float a small loan, and to judge by its fate of the fortune that awaited them. And Riaz Pacha, profiting by the advice of Lessepsius, floated a small loan, which escaped with the loss of thirty-five per cent. premium. Then Riaz Pacha, judging the omen to be reasonably favourable, resolved to risk landing with his shares of the Canal Ægyptacus. And after many heroic efforts to deceive the dreaded creditors, he



bore his scrip safely to land with only the loss of their coupons. And after numerous exciting adventures, first with the ghoul Mirès and afterwards with the giant Rothschild, and after that with Devaux and others among the heroes of finance in the land of Gallia, Riaz Pacha found himself at the house of one of the kings of banking in Lutetia, now styled Paris, called Dervieu. And King Dervieu, not liking the errand of Riaz Pacha, said unto him, "Yoke ye the brazen-hoofed bull, Eleven per Cent., to the plough called Bankruptcy, and



sow the teeth of the dragon Security, and I will yield ye the Golden Fleece of the ram Four Millions Sterling." And Riaz Pacha, unable to obtain better terms, accepted the conditions imposed upon him by King Dervieu, and, aided by the sorceries of Lessepsius, fulfilled the King's conditions. And straightway from the teeth of the dragon Security there sprung up crowds of the dreaded monsters called Creditors, armed with the weapon of previous hypothecation. But Lessepsius, under promise of further concessions on the Canal Ægyptacus, invested Riaz Pacha with the charm of his name and fame, which were all-powerful in the land of Gallia, whereby he was enabled to slay the armed monsters as they arose. And King Dervieu, when Riaz Pacha had completed his task, repented of what he had promised, and resolved to put to death the credit of Ismailia, and to drive his shares out of the market. But Riaz Pacha, informed of the scheme by Lessepsius, and aided by his sorceries, hastened into the market, stupified the dragon Security by the opiate of a mock loan, made seizure of his



scrip of the Canal Ægyptacus, and left Lutetia by night. And after many trials and temptations by the way, in which they were equally successful in resisting the seductions of the Syrens of the Stock Exchange, and of avoiding the Scylla of exorbitant interest and the Charybdis of low values, they arrived within view of the island of Britannia. Blessed by the favours of Neptune, and wafted by the gentle breaths of Æolus, they sailed without adventure to Londinium, in sight of which a storm arose, and threatened to cast them away on the rocks of Despair. Happily, however, in the last moment of their despondency, Dominus Derbysius,

guardian of the Golden Fleece, appeared unto Riaz Pacha in the guise of Apollo, and revealed

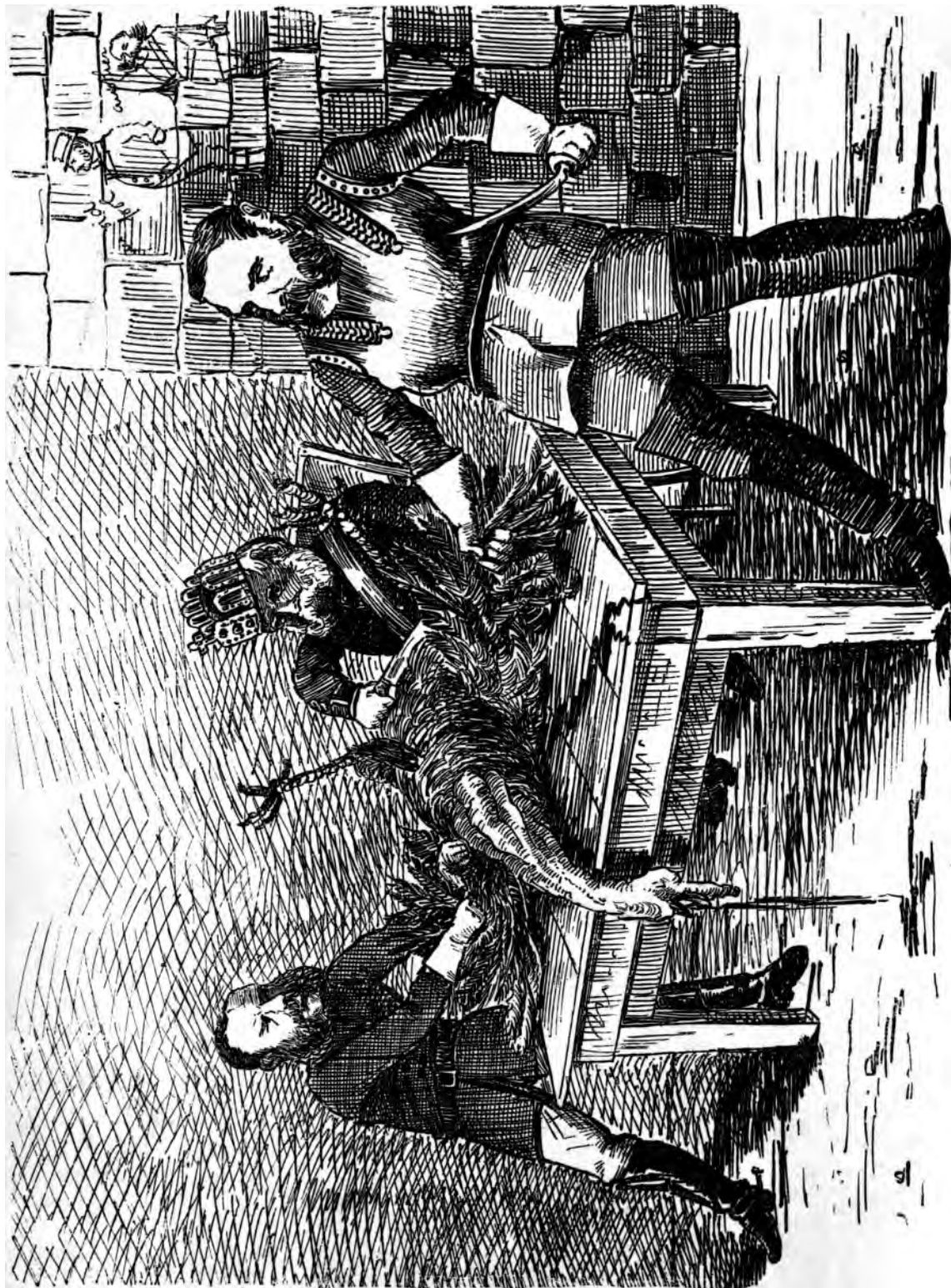


unto him the Bank of England, and in the coffers thereof the fleece of the ram Four Millions Sterling. And Dominus Derbysius, suffering at that moment from a dire disease called Turcophilum tremens, gave to Riaz Pacha the magic key of the secret coffers, and likewise helped him to steal therefrom the fleece of the ram Four Millions Sterling. And Dominus Derbysius, who had thus proved traitor to his country and the betrayer of the Golden Fleece, refused to compensate his country by the present of the brazen-hoofed bull Eleven per Cent., or that of the teeth of the dragon Security, left by Ismailia at Portus Saidus, but accepted only the bull Five per Cent., and the scrip of the Canal Ægyptacus, which were useless to his country and generation because of the loss of their coupons. And this is the True Story of the Canal Ægyptacus and the Golden FLEECE.









**THE THREE IMPERIAL EXAMINERS—Turkey Plucked.**

Before we have time to applaud this story the bell rings for the next course.

Lerby's eyes sparkle like diamonds whilst Turkey is being deposited before Benjamin.

Benjamin is visibly excited, and nervously toys with his knife and fork.

The silence is broken by Sir Verdant.\*

Sir Verdant observes that the sight of the plump and savoury bird deposited before Benjamin reminds him of a poem which he had heard during his recent visit to Constantinople, which he should like to repeat. It is entitled "The Good Little Fat Turk-ee," and goes something like this:—

### The Good Little Fat Turk-ee.

#### I.

Hamid Aga was his *nomen*, round and *plenus*  
was his vest,  
And he got himself appointed to a sanjak in the  
West,  
For to be that sanjak's ruler, which is simply for  
to say,  
To amass his little fortune in a quickish sort of  
way.

#### II.

When he reached his little sanjak on the Arab  
steed he rode,  
Hamid Aga strained his eyeballs for to pick on  
his abode,  
Till he spied a most umbrageous and enchanting  
little dell,  
When he said "I thank thee, Alla, this will suit  
me very well."

#### III.

And he called upon the owner of that lone and  
mossy dell,  
And he blandly did inform him where he'd chosen  
for to dwell,  
And he said "you'll get the needful, since I must  
my dwelling fix,"  
And he sat and smoked his hookah till they hunted  
up some bricks.

\* It is a curious fact that a man who breaks the silence does not keep the peace. But this is stupid.



#### IV.

When for days the people'd builded and a stately  
mansion rose,  
It occurred to Hamid Aga that the land was rich  
and close,  
So he pointed out unto them that it might be just  
as well  
If they clapt a thousand acres on his little piece  
of dell!

#### V.

When the land had been appended Hamid thought  
there'd be no harm  
If he utilised a portion for the purpose of a farm,  
So he simply told those peasants he detested  
shedding blood,  
Still he needed lots of cattle and his pasturage  
was good!

#### VI.

While the lowing kine were coming Hamid  
thought 'twould be no worse  
If he put a little money to the trifle in his purse,  
So he just informed the sanjak he was rather  
short of cash,  
So he'd double all their taxes for he wasn't going  
to smash!



## VII.

And by such a course of conduct Hamid Aga  
soon arose  
For to be a little Cræsus in the sanjak of Chénose,  
Which he ultimately quitted for his native land  
and rest  
With the Star of the Medjidie shining brightly on  
his breast.

The reading of this poem (which Sir Verdant assures us is true) is the signal for a general discussion on the Eastern Question.

Sir Verdant lays down, as a general proposition, that under a *Mahometan* government the equality of Christians and Mussulmans is impossible.

Dord Lerby replies, with a laugh—not a sneering laugh—that would have been incautious, but with a perfectly cautious laugh, which is everything. “Verdant,” he says—very cautiously, mind you—“he who steals your style of argument steals” (he was going to say, “trash,” but that would have been incautious), “steals stuff. It is a fact—”(it is always a good sign of caution to premise that what you are going to say is a fact)—“It is a fact that in India not only Christians and Mahometans but even Jews live together on terms of equality.”

“That,” replies Sir Verdant, “may be either true or false. The government of India is *Christian*. It does not affect in any way the proposition I’ve laid down. What I assert is this—that no such thing as the equality of Christian and Mahometan has ever yet existed *under a Mahometan government*. Is that a fact or not?”

“It may be true or false,” answers Lerby—(you observe the caution). “If the Mahometans are bad, the Christians are not much better.” (It is always a sure sign of caution to assert that your opponent is as bad as you are.) “If there can be no equality for Christians under a Mahometan government, there certainly can be none for Moslems under a Christian government.”

Sir Verdant laughs. “Lerby,” he says, “you must be a little more cautious. You have distinctly contradicted yourself. You referred a moment ago to India. In India, you said, not only Christians and Mahometans, but even Jews

lived together on terms of equality. The government of India is *Christian*. What do you mean, therefore, by declaring to be impossible in *Turkey* what you distinctly told me to observe a moment ago was not only possible but an actually subsisting fact in *India*?”

Dord Lerby is unable to reply, and moves about uneasily in his chair.

“If the *Mahometans of India* live happily together under a *Christian* government, why shouldn’t the *Mahometans of Turkey*?”

“Ah!” laughs William.

“Ah! ah!” laughs Goschen.

“Ah! ah! ah! ah!” laughs Lob.

Benjamin finds it necessary to stand in the breach, and to come to the rescue of his cautious—of his *very* cautious—but utterly routed Foreign Secretary.

“If I understand you correctly, Verdy,” interposes Benjamin, “you propose to limit the rule of the Turkish Mahometan government to Turkey in Asia, in which thirteen out of the seventeen millions of Turkish Mahometans are, and in Turkey in Europe, which contains ten million Christians and only four million Mussulmans, of whom scarcely two millions are Turks, to put a *Christian* government in place of a Mahometan one.”

“That is my idea exactly,” says Sir Verdant, “and I see in it a complete, and the only complete, settlement of the Eastern Question. You can’t drive the Turks out of Europe. It is impossible. But if three Christians to one Mussulman make a country a Christian and not a Mahometan country, then Turkey in Europe is Christian, and it is quite within the province of the Christian Powers of Europe to declare that while the Mussulmans of European Turkey continue to live in a Christian country, they shall be compelled also to live under a Christian government.”

“Certainly!” says William.

“Certainly!” says Bruce.

“Certainly!” hiccups Lob.

Benjamin laughs compassionately. “You forget, my dear Verdy, the practical difficulties. You are at present flying entirely in the region of sentiment. In the first place, how do you propose to carry this scheme into effect—how do you propose to supplant the Turks by the Christians?”

"And not only that," interposes the cautious Lerby, "but how are you going to give the Christians the Turk's land, the Turk's houses, the Turk's commerce, the Turk's Imperial and Municipal offices and appointments?"

"Ah!" laughs Cross.

"Ah, ah!" laughs Hardy.

"Ah! ah! ah! ah!" laughs Hard Hunt.

Sweet William comes to Sir Verdant's rescue.

"My beloved Ben," he says, "you talk like a child."

"In other words you talk 'kid,'" puts in Sir Wellfried, always on the alert for a joke.

"*We don't want to give the Turk's property to the Christian. We only want to give the Christian a chance of getting it for himself.*"

"That's our position," says Goschen.

"Certainly!" says Bruce.

"Certainly!" hiccups Lob.

"Nothing, dear Ben," adds Sweet William, "is more certain than that if the Christians in European Turkey were allowed to compete on equal terms with the Mahometans in schools, in courts of justice, in the army, the navy, and the civil service, they would BECOME the rulers of European Turkey. Nothing could prevent them."

We murmur a general assent.

"The Turks know it. They recruit the army solely from among themselves. They are willing to suffer all the hardships of a crushing blood-tax, rather than allow Christians to be trained to the use of arms."

"That is known to everybody," says Benjamin; "but you argue, William, in a vicious circle. You first say that the equality of Christian and Mahometan is not possible in European Turkey, and then you *assume* it to be possible by formulating a scheme of Turkish regeneration of which that possibility is the basis."

"Ah!" laughs Cross.

"Ah! ah!" laughs Hardy.

"Ah! ah! ah! ah!" laughs Hard Hunt.

"Besides, William," proceeds Benjamin, "you forget our foe in the North. Let me repeat to you a verse or two from the pen of the most talented of our Turcophile poets:—

## The Russians.

Who spread no Slavie Empire far  
O'er Khiva's deserts and Kashgar,  
And murder not, and name it war?

The Russians!

Whose scourging armies never chose  
To make Darius' sons their foes,  
And dye in blood the Persian rose?

The Russians!

Who camp by Attrek's lonely shore?  
Whose sunny vales and Barakpore  
Shall hear the clang of arms no more,

The Russians!

Who did not dare destroy, annul,  
(Nor since defy us—coward, fool,)  
The record of Sevastopol?

The Russians!

Whose new embrasures speak not scorn?  
Whose fleet's on never a billow borne  
That flows towards the Golden Horn?

The Russians!

Who turn no envious gaze upon  
The lands which Clive subdued and won—  
Our Indian Empire and Ceylon?

The Russians!

Who were our friends in 'fifty-four,  
And spared our country's life and gore,  
And hope to shed them nevermore?

The Russians!

Whom should we court and value more  
Than bearded statesmen's art and lore,  
And love and cherish evermore?

The Russians!

"These verses are all very nice," says William, "but they cannot have the slightest possible bearing upon our present discussion. In re-laying down Sir Verdy's argument you have completely

misrepresented him. He said—not that equality was impossible in Turkey, but that it was impossible *under a Mahometan government.*”

“Certainly!” says Sir Verdant.

“Certainly!” says Goschen.

“Certainly!” says Lob.

“Verdy refuted Lerby’s insinuation that it was also impossible under a Christian government, by pointing him to his own example of India. Thus, our dear Lerby has been hoist with his own petard. I then asserted that if equality were accorded to Christians—I did not say how, or by whom—the problem of Christian supremacy would work out its own solution.”

“See that, Lerby?” asks Lob.

“Yes,” says Lerby. “What I don’t see is, how the equality’s to be brought about.”

“*That*,” answers Sir Verdant, “you were not *made* to see. You were educated in the wrong school, my boy! Why shouldn’t the Powers of Europe unite together to enforce the literal fulfilment of the Hatt Humayoun of 1856 on some such principle as this? Why shouldn’t they unite and say to the Mahometan government of Turkey—‘We have allowed you twenty years in which to enforce your Charter of Rights. You have hopelessly failed to enforce it. We’ll stand it no longer. We’ve had enough of this sort of thing. Out you go! We’ll try a change. If a Mahometan government can’t carry out the simplest act of constitutional justice, we’ll try what a *Christian* government can do!’ Now, Lerby, why don’t YOU proceed on some such lines as these?”

“Because,” answers Lerby, “we are waiting to see if the Turk won’t do the thing himself.”

“And what’s plainer still, old man,” interposes Benjamin, “we mean to go on waiting.”

Sir Verdant curls his lip in scorn. “Blind, drunken fools!” he answers; “always with your fingers tied up with official red tape, or poking your noses in dusty archives, can’t you see that you’ve been waiting long enough? Why don’t you look at plain facts?”

“My dear boy,” replies Benjamin, “we are too

highly educated in the solemn fictions of our official routine to do that. Besides, if we *did* open our eyes, and *did* see the facts, we shouldn’t understand them. We can’t ALL be Sir Verdant Hardcoats, you know!”

We smile.

“You ought to have known from the beginning,” persists Sir Verdant, throwing himself into an oratorical attitude, “that the Hatt Humayoun could never be enforced by a Mahometan government; first, because of the Turk’s religion, which is the Turk’s law; and, secondly, because of the intuitive principle of self-preservation, which is the first law of all races.”

“Hear!” says William.

“Hear, hear!” says Goschen.

“Hear, hear, hear!” hiccups Lob.

“England ought to have looked these facts in the face in 1856. Twenty years ago England ought to have cast out from her councils, proudly and remorselessly, the whole of that Palmerstonian brood who did then, and do now, feed public opinion with the foul lie that the exclusion of Russia from Constantinople is necessary for the safety of our Indian Empire.”

“Hear!” says William.

“Hear, hear!” says Goschen.

“Things might then have been different,” says Newdegate.

“And would have been,” says Mr. Marmalade Yenkins. “As the poet says—

There are persons on the Bosphorus

Who do not care a toss for us,

That fellow, Hussein Avni—no the duffer has  
been shot—

But there still lives Pacha Mahmoud

And Midhat—who mean us no good,

And that man they call Aarify—O, I  
execrate the lot!”

“Marmalade having quoted poetry,” says Bruce, “and whilst we are waiting for the next

course, shall I read you a little poem I jotted down coming up in the train?"



"Yes, do! Brucey, dear," says Cross.

"Yes, do, do!" say all of us.

"It is entitled, 'How King Leo Solved the Problem that Puzzled the Three Wise Men,' and goes like this—

### How King Leo Solved the Problem that Puzzled the Three Wise Men.

#### I.

King Leo called for his trumpeters three,  
 'O trumpeters blow me a blast!'  
 O'er mountain and sward,  
 O'er valley and fjord  
 The sound was heard  
 Of the blast of those trumpeters three!

#### II.

King Leo called for his wise men three,  
 'O, three wise men,' said he,  
 'I crave by my beard,  
 'The oil which besmeared,  
 'And all that's revered,  
 'The love of my wise men three!'

#### III.

King Leo called for his henchmen three,  
 'O, henchmen three,' quoth he,  
 'O, bring unto me  
 'As quick as may be,  
 'From my poultererie,  
 'The best of my Turkeys three!'

#### IV.

King Leo spake to his wise men three,  
 'O, three wise men,' quoth he,  
 'By my three-edged sword  
 'So divide this bird  
 'That there be a third  
 'AND A LEG! for my wise men three!'

#### V.

Outspake the first of those wise men three,  
 The wily Russ spake he,  
 'By Aga and Beg  
 'If I take this leg  
 'There must be a leg for me!'

#### VI.

Outspake the next of those wise men three,  
 The Austro-Mag spake he,  
 'If I take this other,  
 'My Russian brother,  
 'There's also a leg for me!'

#### VII.

Outspake the third of those wise men three,  
 The valiant Deutsch spake he,  
 'It may not do,  
 'The legs are two,  
 'Where is the limb for me?'

## VIII.

They thought full oft, those three wise men,  
 They held of councils three,  
     At last to vow  
 They knew not how,  
 To change two legs to three !

## IX.

Outspake the whole of those wise men three,  
 Outspake those three wise men,  
     ' As we live, O king,  
     ' An impossible thing  
 ' Thou biddest thy three wise men ! '

## X.

King Leo called for his trusty sword,  
 His sword with its edges three,  
     ' O solved by the blade,  
     ' By the gods ! ' he said,  
 ' Must this baffling problem be ! ' "

## XI.

King Leo dealt a doughty blow,  
 Three doughty blows dealt he,  
     And Austria fell where Deutschland stood,  
     And Russia drank of Magyar blood.  
 Outspake the King,  
     ' My wise men three,  
     ' So solved at last  
 ' Must this problem be ! ' "

A long silence follows the reading of these lines.

We feel it impossible to conceal from ourselves that the solution of the Eastern Question depicted in these verses is the only possible termination of the present Eastern policy of England.

So we are sad, and while the next course is being served no one speaks.

Suddenly Dord Lerby breaks the silence. He assures us that a fearful load, which he can bear no longer, is pressing upon his mind, and begs us to hear him relate a vision he has had only the previous night, and which has kept him ever since in a state of continual terror.

Having nothing better to do we listen.

## Dord Lerby's Vision.

I seemed in my sleep to be borne to a distant land on the wings of the wind. The countries over which I was whirled were radiant and happy—so much so, indeed, that I scarcely believed it was earth. Nature, down there below me, in cornland and woodland, in vineyard and village, lay all laughing and beautiful. I heard the carol of the maiden at her spinning. I heard the songs of the reapers as they gathered the treasures of harvest. I heard, as I was being hurried along, faster and yet faster, the first prattlings of little lips and the gentle words of young mothers, which were borne, high up above to me, on the wings of soft winds.

But suddenly the scene changed. The earth below me seemed hard and neglected. The further I advanced, the more lonely and still and weird appeared the scene, as if under the spell of some strange forgetfulness. The mountain slopes, groaning under their load of golden corn, called in vain for the hand of the husbandman. The harvest rotted on its stalks.

Faster and faster I was borne along, till the earth became parched and black. A deadness, a stillness, an unutterable desolation oppressed me. My blood was freezing. I dared not think.

Faster and faster the wind bore me along, over deserted homes and untended cattle and rotting crops, till, with a suddenness that sent the blood smarting through my veins, the air became thick with the smoke of arms, and ever and again patches of withered herbage crossed my vision, red with the gore of men.

Then it dawned upon me where I was. I knew I was in the midst of ruin; I dared not look. I knew I was in the midst of horrors I might have prevented; I dared not think.

I was whirled along. Human skulls, bleaching in the silence of unutterable desolation, dotted the green of the roadsides.

I passed over a village. The winds whispered in my ears that it was Panaghurista. I looked; some malignant influence opened my eyes.

I saw a hundred young men gathered together in a dim light, listening to the harangue of a

white-headed old man, and shouting "Death or Freedom!" Then I saw them raise a flimsy barricade of stones and branches, and retire without arms to the peaceful shelter of their homes.

But in a moment methought the corn on the slopes of the mountains changed into a harvest of armed devils, who swept down on the doomed



village of Panaghurista with the terrible swiftness of a pestilence. I saw them demand the arms of the crowding, supplicating people, and I saw them delivered up without a reproach or a murmur of resistance.

Suddenly a fearful presentiment laid hold upon me. Voices whispered to me that Panaghurista was doomed. A dread sinking within my own heart told me that something horrible was about to happen. Suddenly the sky around me in every direction flashed lurid with the work of incendiaries. I saw swarms of Bashi-Bazouks pouring everywhere—burning, pillaging, and destroying—murdering men, women, and children everywhere, with horrible cruelties and mutilations.

The blood rushed violently through my veins. I raised my hand to strike a withering blow for God and my own humanity, but a thousand gibbering spectres burst upon me, whispering, "Caution, my lord; caution!" The word "Caution" was the fiend's talisman, under the

influence of which I was powerless. I saw three thousand people cut up—sabred—butchered in cold blood, without power to defend themselves, without arms in their hands. I saw mothers offer their treasure—their life—everything, body and soul, in exchange for the honour of their daughters.

I tried to speak. I felt the hot blood darting upwards towards my brain. "Let me go!" I cried to the fiends that surrounded me and held me back, "Let me go!" but they only leered at me, and cried "Caution, my lord, caution!" "Caution!" cried I, "caution to the winds! I am a man, let me go!" But the fiends only laughed at me saying I was *not* a man—*only a Statesman*.

I saw an old man violated in holy church, ay, on the steps of God's altar, and I saw him cast into a fire and roasted alive. I saw old men's eyes torn out, and their limbs hacked from their bodies piece by piece. I saw pretty little children driven at the point of the bayonet to carry the mutilated heads of their little comrades while the warm life-drops were still dripping from them. I saw pregnant women ripped open to slay the unborn babe, and I saw children so snatched from the womb spitted in wild glee on the points of Turkish bayonets. Again I tried to burst the invisible bonds that held me, but again the fiends only replied with derisive cries of "Caution!" "The Status Quo!" and "Our Indian Empire!"

For three days and nights was I kept hovering (as I deserved to be) in unspeakable terror over this ruined and gutted village of Panaghurista, my senses fed day and night with incendiarisms and infamous violations and assassinations, with the shrieks of the mutilated and the groans of the dying. Ever and anon the fiends sung to me, and this is the song they sung—

### The Fiends' Song.

#### I.

D—y, this is thy day's work!  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
Turks but kill—and Statesmen jest!  
Let them kill!  
Terror of the Russian dirk  
Answers for the blood they spill—  
Let them kill!

## II.

Far from thee be care or pity;  
Nothing but the status quo  
Stirs thy sullen mental flow—

Let them kill!

English ships guard yonder city,  
England's Turkey's ally still—

Let them kill!



## III.

Statesmen's hearts weren't made to feel:  
Is not high State policy  
More than Christianity?

Let them kill!

Kill—thine England's strength and weal,  
Shielding her from Russian steel—

Let them kill!

A seeming eternity of unspeakable infamies and  
tortures and the scene was changed.

I was whirled over wider and wider expanses of  
ruin, of rapine, and of slaughter.

I was whirled over Tatar-Bazardjik, where these  
aching eyeballs saw churches and schools—more  
than I dared to count—burnt to ashes with  
petroleum and gunpowder; where, amid unspeak-  
able terrors and horror, I saw altars overturned,  
and holy pictures and holier places denuded,  
desecrated and defiled.

To Perustitsa, where methought I beheld a  
thousand persons—men, women, and children—  
driven into a church, and swept into eternity with  
bullets and grape shot.

Over two hundred villages whose only memorial  
was ashes, whose only epitaph was pestilence.  
Over hamlets strewn with outraged and mutilated  
dead, which their murderers had vainly en-  
deavoured to burn, until at last the winds lulled  
and we hovered o'er Philipopolis.

Here the fiends directed my wandering gaze to  
a low, miserable, dilapidated prison of wood and  
stone, confined in which I beheld the wreck—the  
ruin—shall I say the remnant?—of a once proud,  
sweet, susceptible, and even still surpassingly  
beautiful girl.

It was Raika, "Queen of the Bulgarians," so  
styled by the Turks in derision, the pride of her  
people, and only a few days before the star and  
glory of her native village of Panaghurista. She  
appeared so weak, so wan, so lovely even in her  
loneliness and brokenheartedness, that had I had  
a tear in my whole nature I could have wept.  
But I had not, and I simply fastened my eyes in  
the simulation of compassion on this beautiful  
creature who but a few short hours ago trod her  
native village green with the queenly grace, nay  
with almost the power, of an empress, but who  
was now only the refuse of the vile insults and  
viler outrages of a cowardly and brutal soldiery.

Raika was kneeling in the horrible prison below  
me, on the cold hard stones, her face upturned to  
heaven, with the tears glistening in the soft light  
of her large hazel eyes, praying to the Great God  
in Heaven for help, for pity, for mercy, and for  
death.



Her prayer still haunts my memory, and I will repeat you a portion of it as it came to me hovering o'er her prison in Philipopolis, wafted on the wings of soft breaths.



### Raika's Prayer.

#### I.

Hear my prayer, lost and heart broken,  
Spurned by all, my God, but Thee,  
Light of Judah, Star and Token,  
Saviour of the world—and me.  
Stars their vigil watch are keeping,  
Rainy eyes are pleading Thee  
Hear—by tears of Thine own weeping,  
Tears of lone Gethsemane !

#### II.

Hear my prayer, poor, blind, mistaken,  
O that I had wings to fly !  
Wounded, bleeding, lone, forsaken,  
It were sweet indeed to die !  
Waft, ye hushed winds, waft my story,  
Holy hearts, O feel for me,  
Torn, insulted, spat on, gory,  
Help, Thou Hope of Galilee !

#### III.

O, if tears could save our nation,  
Or if torture could redeem,  
Bright had dawned our land's salvation  
Through the darkness of her dream !  
Or if long dark nights of sorrow  
Could remove our curse and rod,  
Long had dawned a brighter morrow  
For our country and our God !

Barely had the last holy word dropped from the thin and pallid lips of the beautiful Raika, than the wind again arose, and I was whirled farther and more rapidly over this seemingly interminable battle-field of infamy.

At last, at the command of the fiends, who at every step sustained my spirit in its sinking flight with their awful chorus, "Caution, my Lord D—y, caution!" (which was their talisman, and which is being continually dinned into my ears even now, and threatens one day to be my ruin, and the ruin of my country) we came to a standstill under the shade of the Balkan mountains.

Below me lay Batak, the sweetest village ever beholden by mortal eye, rich in cornland and woodland, the Eden of the Balkan.

Then in a moment, as with the speed of a sudden tempest, I saw a dusty cloud of Bashi-Bazouks sweep down from the hills upon the peaceful and smiling village. I heard them demand the instant surrender of all the arms possessed by the inhabitants, and I beheld them delivered up along with cries for protection and entreaties for mercy.



I heard Achmet Aga, the chief of this scourging horde, command the assembling of all the young girls of the village, from among whom I saw one hundred selected for the gratification of the brutal impulses of this filthy and ignorant scoundrel and his officers and associates.

I would have interfered to prevent this, but those horrible fiends held me back with derisive yells of "Caution!" "Constantinople!" and "India!"



Then commenced in real earnest the terrible work of destruction and carnage. I saw Bulgarian fathers killing their own wives and children, so as to put them out of the reach of the horrors that awaited them. I saw whole families burned alive in their houses. I saw children cut in two by blows from a sabre. I heard innocent babes shrieking out their little lives on the points of Turkish bayonets. I saw girls dishonoured and then beheaded. I saw the most notable man in the village spitted upon a pike and then roasted alive under a slow fire.

In the midst of the wild, piercing shrieks of the mutilated and dying, I heard ever and again the wild yelling of the Bashi-Bazouks as they shouted their song of victory, and even now the horrible *anthem rings vividly in my ear.*

## The Song of the Bashi-Bazouks.

### I.

Drink deep of his blood, my falchion blade,  
Let the curséd Giaour die!  
Or call on his Christ to stem the stream  
That runs so red and high!  
Oh, long before the sunset's glow  
Women shall weep, and weep for woe,  
With ever a husband a-lying low,  
Red in his gore for Alla!  
Then down with the Cross! Burn, kill, and dissever!  
And *Giaour Qeulsen!* Mahomet for ever!



### II.

Drip, drip with his blood, my reeking spear,  
And three curses be on the slain!  
High waves the Crescent o'er the Cross  
Her triumph and disdain!  
Oh, long before the sunset's glow  
Fathers shall mourn amidst ashes for woe,  
With the pride of their manhood a-lying low,  
Dead!—dead in his gore for Alla!  
Then down with the Cross! Hack, hew, and  
dissever!  
And *vurunuz eulsen!* The Prophet for ever!

## III.

Reek, reek with his blood, mine ataghan,

'Tis to-day that the Giaour dies !

And cleave me a path to Paradise

And the light of the Houris' eyes !

Long, long before the sunset's glow

Maidens shall weep in their ruin for woe,

With ever a lover a-lying low,

Red in his gore for Alla !

Then down with the Cross ! Destroy and dis sever !

And *Alla il Alla !* Mahomet for ever !

While the last echoing notes lingered in my ears of this terrible wild war song the scene changed. Horror grew upon horror. To the left and right—all around me—I beheld a hideous wilderness of small skulls, intermixed in one place



with the rags of women's clothing, and in another with tresses and ribands. I saw innumerable foul holes, full of putrid and decomposing bodies. I saw them floating in dams and festering in pits. I saw one hundred young girls—the same I before spoke of as reserved for the lust of the conquerors—violated and killed, and their bones and flesh cast to the dogs ; and I saw dogs gnawing their heads in the open street. Then burst upon me a foul and horrible deed, which I thought impossible of conception—at least on this side of hell. I saw two hundred terrified women and

children fly from the ferocity of the Bashi-Bazouks and seek refuge in a schoolroom. I saw a whole army of these organised assassins sweep down upon and surround it. I guessed what was coming, and made a desperate effort to free my limbs from the impalpable bonds which held me, but the fiends only jeered at me, screeching out in hideous Babel their fearful chorus of "Caution, my lord, caution !" "Traditional policy !" "Status quo !" "Russia !" "Constantinople !" and "India !" I saw these Bashi-Bazouks make bands of hay and straw and steep them in petroleum, and when they had made sufficient I saw them ignite them and cast them through the windows among the weeping and shrieking women and children. In another moment I saw the whole place burst into flame, and in an instant, as it were, the two hundred women and children were enveloped in fire. Then occurred an incident which was, if anything, the most fearful of all. In the midst of this awful conflagration, almost completely enveloped in the smoke and flames of the burning edifice, I beheld—I cannot conceal it—I beheld Benjamin. The sight of Benjamin in this horrible situation sent the blood burning to my brain. I saw him—I almost fancy I can see him now—I saw him standing in the midst of it all, with his arms folded as became the hero of such a tragedy, and with a glittering coronet upon his brow, which seemed the fitting reward of the avowed apologist of such murder and infamy. Then, in the midst of the flames, I saw wives and mothers exposing to his gaze the mutilated trunks and limbs of their husbands and sons and brothers, shaking their fists in his face, and importuning and imploring him on all sides, saying, "Give us back the lives of our husbands !" "Give us back our sons and daughters !" and imprecating curses upon his head. I saw heart-broken orphans appealing to him with hot tears in their eyes, in accents that would have moved any but the heart of a Jew, saying, "Give, give, give ! Give us back the lives of our murdered fathers and mothers !" But Benjamin, standing there in the conflagration stern and silent, relaxed not a muscle, nor looked like pity, nor whispered one word in commiseration of their fate. All he did was to stand there with his arms folded,

contemplating the advancing flame and frowning contemptuously upon the widows and orphans whose tears and prayers were being quenched in smoke and ruin. Only one word did Benjamin utter, and that was to tell these shrieking, murdered women and children to be of good cheer, for these wholesale murders and mutilations were simply "quaint incidents" of rebellion, and mere "peculiarities of Eastern warfare;" and then I awoke with a start in a cold sweat.

The conclusion of this extraordinary vision of Dord Lerby's is hailed with a visible sense of relief.

Dord Lerby says, by way of addendum, that the only thing he can't understand about his dream is the fact that he was not in the fire as well as Benjamin. He thinks he ought to have been.

So do we.

Mr. Bruce, who is helping himself to the salad, remarks that he should not be surprised to hear if the dream were all true.

But Benjamin, delicately waving his hand into space, pooh-poohs the idea as so much café gossip and mere "coffee-house babble." He adds that, even if true, the British Government is not going to change its Eastern policy at this late period of the existence of the Tory party!

Sweet William suggests, as he cuts up his cheese into little dices, that there is such a power in England as the *vox populi*. He adds that it is scarcely to be supposed that a people who have overturned the tyrannies of more kings than one will calmly allow themselves to be set at defiance by a newly-created earl.

Sir Stafford Northcote comes to the rescue of his chief by remarking that it ought to be remembered that the people of England don't understand foreign politics.

Sir Verdant remarks that a people who can be satisfied with the foreign policy of Dord Lerby *certainly* don't understand foreign politics. At the same time he advises the Government not to presume on their ignorance. It does not follow that because they have mistaken incapacity for caution in the Earl of Derby they will be so ready to mistake senseless inflexibility for high State policy in the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Benjamin, smiling his olive-oiliest, and putting aside his cheese plate, observes that, as a particular friend and admirer of Lord Beaconsfield's, he is privileged to say that, so far as the war in the East is concerned, his lordship's partiality for Turkey is easily explained. Lord Beaconsfield hates the Turks, not from any desire to curb the ambition of Russia—nothing so noble—but because the Servians have been the relentless persecutors of the Jews. Perhaps there is no truth in this belief—there seldom is in any of his lordship's beliefs—still it is an idea he shares in common with the *Daily Telegraph*. He is also privileged to state that Lord Beaconsfield has recently become a great admirer of that journal, and always keeps his coronet wrapped up in a copy of the *D. T.*

Sir Verdant remarks that the only apparent difference between Benjamin and Lord Beaconsfield is that Benjamin had not the audacity to dare the people of England, while Lord Beaconsfield has.

Lob Rowe, who has, in common with most of us, finished his dinner, and reclines languidly back in his chair, remarks that the newspaper was not far from the truth which said that since Benjamin had been made an earl he had conducted himself as if the dignity had made him drunk.

Sir Wellfried (always ready with his little joke), instantly swoops down upon us with an epigram he had intended to send to the *Examiner*.

That liquor's much to answer for  
Is true and antiquated;  
'Tis said since Ben became an earl  
He's seemed intoxicated;  
The reason must be obvious—  
(Or will be when it's stated)—  
How could it well be otherwise  
In one so elevated?

Benjamin turns appealingly to me.

"Thunder and Lightning, old man," he says, "do *you* believe there's any truth in this horrible vision?"

I see the compliment and subtend.

"Having," I reply, "having been in Crete at the seat of war during the late insurrection, I unfortunately believe every word of it."

Benjamin smiles upon me benignly.

"Thunder and Lightning, sir," he says, "we understand each other. Thanks for your kindly

reference to the seat of war. I've been on the Press. I know what the seat of war is," and Benjamin graciously winks upon me.



"The true reason, in my opinion," says Hard Hunt, "of the change of public feeling in England on the Eastern Question is not Turkish cruelty, but Turkish bankruptcy and extravagance

—not the sufferings of the Eastern Christians, but the hardships of the Western bondholders—not, in short, the atrocities in Bulgaria, but the atrocities in finance."

"Hard Hunt," says John Bright, who has hitherto abstained from taking a prominent part in the discussion, "you astound me. Is it possible that you—a Tory minister—can believe your country so devoted to money, so base, so completely and infernally selfish as to be ready to decide a question involving the fate of empires and the future of millions of the human race by reference to no other standard than scrip? Have the meetings, the echo of whose voice still reverberates through Europe, been meetings of bondholders? Have the finances of Turkey been the all-absorbing topic of debate? No, Hard Hunt, when you attempt to find in unpaid interest the secret of the nation's indignation at the infamies of the Turkish soldiery, you not only do violence to your own intelligence, but insult to that of your countrymen."

Hard Hunt makes no attempt to reply, but looks completely crumpled up.

"Talking of Turkish bankruptcy and extravagance," says Benjamin, "you remind me of the story of the Good Little Sultan Az-waz."

### The Good Little Sultan Az-waz.\*



#### I.

Z-WAZ could trace his lineage from Mahomet,  
Which quashed all questions of blood, breed,  
and purity;  
He wasn't clever, learned, nor wise—far from it,  
Nor nearly ripe, though much beyond maturity;  
His fatness, too, was awful inconvenient,  
And that's the reason why he wasn't lean-ient!

#### II.

In Eastern countries morals are not fixed  
Except for women—there the barrier's rigid;  
P'raps harems keep the breeds from getting mixed,  
Or *would* do if the climate were but frigid;  
But as it isn't (barring better reasons),  
We'll lay the blame on ichor and the seasons!

#### III.

Az-waz, we've said, descended from the Prophet  
(Which really means his pedigree was devious);  
The Sunnites say so, but the Shiites scoff it,  
So no one knows the stock he sprung from  
previous;  
The only certain fact's an old and dumb one,  
And that's that Az-waz must have sprung from  
someone.

\*This story can be vouched for in Pall Mall.



## IV.

Az-waz progressed by waddles, short and jerky,  
 His eyes looked heavy, bloated, *blasé*, spent;  
 He ruled his toilet even worse than Turkey,  
 And blazed with diamonds, dirt, and lace from  
 Ghent.

If such a fellow sprung—forgive the doubt—  
 The way, I'm sure, was very roundabout!

## V.

Where morals are so scarce, no quip or quirk  
 Is needed to explain the course we're limning.  
 He scorns to look on wine, your holy Turk,  
 But falls an easy prey to songs and women.  
 Ye fools who think the Maine Law's Britain's need,  
 Just look at Turkey where its half the creed!



## VI.

Well, Az-waz—this of course distinctly chimes  
 In with the theory held by learned Zany—  
 Shared all the vices of his race and times,  
 Invented some and never shrank from any;  
 Denied a soul to woman yet needs find  
 In soulless woman his *own* soul and mind.

## VII.

Az-waz had wives by hundreds, young and fair;  
 The rose-buds of all climes; the bluest eyes,  
 The ripest lips and wealths of auburn hair,  
 The richest fruits that bounteous earth supplies;  
 Won, bought or dragged—e'en kidnapped on a  
 stretch—  
*To feed the lust of our Imperial wretch.*



## VIII.

Dark eyes from Spain, in which the burning glow  
 Of hot Castilian blood urged on desire;  
 And Tuscan eyes in which, not far below,  
 Slept sunny laughter with her hidden fire;  
 And darker eyes and hotter blood from Naples  
 Where corn and wine and loveliness are staples!

## IX.

And softer eyes by far than many a knight  
 Has won in tourney or seduced in dance,  
 The Queen of all that's beautiful and bright,  
 Dainty or languid in the bowers of France;  
 The chosen home of all that is romantic,  
 And much that sends some moral people frantic.

## X.

The sweet blue eyes of fair Teutonic maids,  
 Those placid orbs that seem too cold to love you,  
 Too silent and too deep for classic shades,  
 More bright and frigid than the moon above you.  
 Yet pray beware; a mountain's ice-clad summit  
 May cap a lava pit that knows no plummet!

## XI.

And eyes—dark eyes—that whisper subtle things,  
 With long black lashes fringing dusky cheeks,  
 One glance from which means volumes of sweet  
 things,  
 And tells them plainer than a tongue that  
 speaks.  
 Dear Arab maid, the Prophet was not beery  
 Who took thee for his model of a Peri!



## XII.

And luscious lustrous eyes of classic Greece,  
Whose glance made heroes and sent souls to  
Hades,  
So that the devil's fond of eyes like these,  
And keeps a nice cool place for Grecian ladies !  
Without the orbs of one frail Athens syren  
He feels, of course, he'd never have had Byron !

## XIII.

Hence, as you see, Az-waz was so much married  
That Brigham Young compared was quite a  
bachelor.  
His progeny was small ; they most miscarried,  
In spite of MM. Kraus and Paulovitchilor !  
Yet taken as a whole it's fancied rather  
He made a decent sort of Turkish father !

## XIV.

Az-waz had foibles like his meanest eunuch.  
His doats were lions, tigers, leopards, rats—  
A perfect Barnum-Sanger sort of monarch,  
A maiden lady-*man* that kept his cats.  
It's often stated by the learned and wise  
That pets and natures are two good allies !

## XV.

And here's the point. A good and clever man  
Soaked through the skin in diplomatic learning,  
Got telegraphic orders and a plan  
To wait upon our Sultan one fine morning ;  
So to a second at the hour appointed  
He sallied forth to see the Lord's anointed.

## XVI.

The slaves and splendour sent his eyeballs aching,  
Or nearly so, they seemed so vast and endless ;  
So in the audience room he squatted down  
With all the feelings of a man that's friendless.  
While slaves, with low salaams, relieved his sweat  
With sherbet, coffee, and a cigarette.



## XVII.

The slaves retired, still lower their salaams,  
And left the learned man to thoughts and silence ;  
He tried to hum some verses from the Psalms,  
Then wished to God that he had been a mile  
hence !  
A sense of fear made nightmare of his will  
Despite his splendid diplomatic skill.

## XVIII.

He tried his coffee, lit his cigarette,  
But felt too languid to take much of either,  
Admired the lordly room in which he sat,  
Some broken trinkets and a stringless Zither ;  
Then murmuring Az-waz was an awful bore  
Re-tried his Turkish and his *café noire*.







## XIX.

But in the fulness of all things there comes  
 A time when patience can hold out no longer ;  
 And hence our Diplomat first twirled his thumbs,  
 And next used "damn," then words a little  
 stronger ;  
 When in there walked, his mane in fierce erection,  
*A lion from the Sultan's Grand collection !*



## XX.

To say our hero started were untrue—  
 No words can picture how he jumped and ran ;  
 He found his coffee somehow in his shoe,  
 And sherbet soaking all the grand divan ;  
 And then he found he'd lost the power of squealing,  
 And somehow'd clambered half way up the ceiling.

## XXI.

'Twas precious lucky for our learned wight  
 Quaint carvings made the wall more animated,  
 And precious lucky when he took to flight  
 He found the roof what's known as laminated ;  
 And that is how, more agile than a mandril,  
 He found himself at last perched on a spandril !

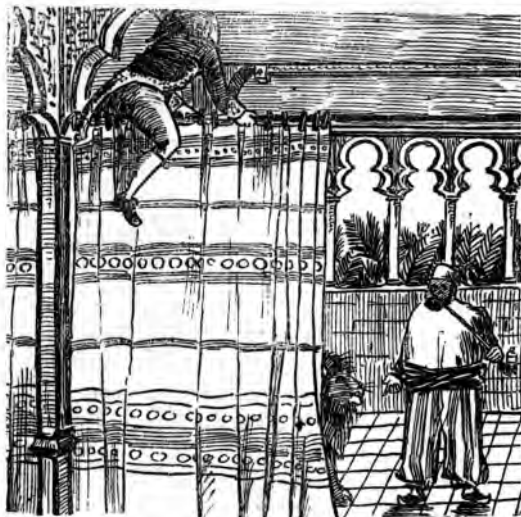
## XXII.

Thence, breathless, he surveyed the scene he'd  
 quitted,  
 And thought of blood he might have been  
*imbrued in ;*

Then wondered if his country would have pitied  
 The shocking way he nearly had been slewed in !  
 And whilst the lion eyed him from the floor  
 Declared the brute was panting for his gore !

## XXIII.

And then he tried to feel quite nerved and cool,  
 And think his climbing there was mere pre-  
 caution ;  
 But somehow thought of hymns he'd sung at  
 school,  
 Particularly "Brief life is here our portion,"  
 And how his darling mama had admonished,  
 When entered Az-waz, very much astonished.



## XXIV.

What puzzles most our diplomatic hero  
 Is that the lion doesn't run and fix him,  
 But simply canters when he calls out "Nero,"  
 And rubs his nose against his robe and licks him,  
 And otherwise declares his vast affection,  
 As leading lion of the Grand Collection !

## XXV.

Az-waz, of course, was much surprised to find  
 That diplomatic wisdom was *non est* ;  
 He knew (at least) he was an hour behind,  
 But previous Sultans always kept their guest ;  
 So, muttering "Dash it !" he was walking off,  
 When from the spandril fluttered down a cough !





**DORD LERBY'S VISION—After Wiertz.**

## XXVI.

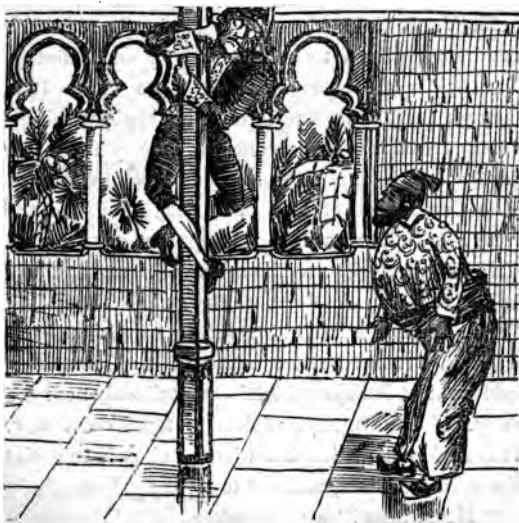
The Sultan looked amazed—then stood and wondered,  
 Examined all his pistols and his dagger,  
 And finding them all right, most bravely thundered,  
 "Who's there? Come in!" with true Imperial swagger;  
 But 'fore a slave could answer this appealing,  
 He spied our hero sitting near the ceiling!

## XXVII.

Az-waz smiled sweetly, blandly on our hero,  
 In fear and golden lace so high above him;  
 But guessing at the reason, patted "Nero,"  
 As if he'd found some sudden cause to love him;  
 But recollected it gave indications  
 Of fearful diplomatic complications.

## XXVIII.

So Az-waz raised his eyes, with low salaam  
 Expressed the sorrow that his brute had caused him;  
 Was glad our hero'd saved himself from harm,  
 And that the lion hadn't metamorphosed him!  
 Begged he'd descend, and, waiving all formality,  
 Accept a little royal hospitality.



## XXIX.

Hence, with a consciousness he looked absurd,  
 Our hero left his airy elevation;  
 And scrambled unto earth without a word,  
 Except some inward whispers of damnation,  
 And hopes they'd use a little circumspection  
 In letting out the Sultan's Grand Collection!

## XXX.

Then Az-Waz called for coffee, sherbet, ices,  
 Which slaves with low salaams set down before him.  
 Some knelt with flowers, and some with Eastern spices,  
 And some with prostrate forms lay to adore him.  
 Then Az-waz called a dark and crouching knave,  
 "Go—lead this lion out and beat him, slave!"

## XXXI.

Hast seen the ashen hue of death o'ertake  
 A black man's face when ordered out to die?  
 If so, thou knowest well the deadly shake,  
 The *whitened* cheek, the far-protruding eye;  
 So blanched his face who, being not a lord,  
 Must *beat a lion*! at a tyrant's word!

## XXXII.

The tragedy was over very quickly;  
 A whip—a man—a lion—and a blow,  
 A spring—a shriek, and then (the scene was sickly)  
 A lifeless body crushed beneath a paw!  
 And Az-waz smiled: 'twas murder—he said fun—  
 And crouching slaves' salaams hailed what he'd done!



## XXXIII.

Then Az-waz bade his concubines retire ;  
 They fled in groups, low crawling on the earth !  
 God knows what terror tyrants can inspire  
 In souls their betters in all things but birth.  
 But what are fetters, toil, to this foul THING,  
 Where death is made the pastime of a King !

## XXXIV.

Our hero's blood seemed turning into ice,  
 He hummed and hawed—"Your pistols, Sire,  
 believe me,  
 Hold matchless jewels far above all price."  
 "They're quite as certain shots, I won't deceive  
 thee ;"  
 And taking aim he killed—I beg his pardon—  
 An unsuspecting slave that crossed the garden !



## XXXV.

'Twas awful fun, of course, and nice to see,  
 And Az-waz smiled, and thought the sport  
 amazing ;  
 "I judged them rightly, as you must agree."  
 Our hero was too fearful ill for praising,  
 They brought him coffee, but he couldn't sup :  
 He felt his diplomatic liver coming up !

## XXXVI.

"Unbridled despots shoot at whom they will,  
 "E'en pluck and learning sometimes take a  
 shot at ;"  
 So with the deepest diplomatic skill  
 Our hero showed that certain MS. must be got at,  
 Then demonstrating how he'd get the papers,  
 He fled from Az-waz and his deadly capers !

## XXXVII.

And Az-waz never more beheld him kneeling,  
 And when *en voyage* in Britain vainly sought  
 The diplomatic wight who clomb the ceiling,  
 And told the story to the Queen and Court.  
 We only wish to add to it beside,  
 That Az-waz proved a tyrant till he died !

We resume our discussion on the Eastern  
 Question.

Hard Hunt, who is a desperate anti-Muscovite,  
 ventures to descant on the policy of Russia. He  
 says her policy appears to him to be to add in-  
 definitely to the confusion of the Porte by keeping  
 alive against it the deadliest animosities of its  
 Christian subjects, deepening the mutual hatreds  
 of creed and race, hoping, finally, to turn the  
 Christian provinces of Turkey into such a horrible  
 and hopeless mass of conflicting aims and ambi-  
 tions that despairing Europe shall at last call  
 upon her, in the name of European peace, to  
 annex them all for the good of humanity.

Sir Verdant Hardcoat, who is always ready for  
 combat, declines to believe in any such theory.  
 The policy of Russia is, he says, to wait. It is  
 enough for her to know that the rapidly rolling  
 years are doing her work in Turkey far more  
 surely than it can be done by Muscovite armies.  
 The Conference of 1871 has finally abolished the  
 treaty which was the principal result of the  
 Crimean war. The fortifications of Sevastopol are  
 being rebuilt. A Russian fleet rides the Black  
 Sea. With the inevitable future so obviously at  
 work in her favour, he cannot bring himself to  
 believe that Russia, which is so perilously near the  
 verge of bankruptcy, wishes to force on a war.  
 It is self-evident that her wisest policy is to assist  
 the action of time, and not to fight against it.

"Hear, hear !" says Goschen.

"Hear, hear!" hiccups Lob.

Benjamin remarks that one striking effect of the abolition of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris has been a complete revolution in the relations of the Czar and the Sultan. In the time of Sir Stratford Canning, the ascendancy obtained by the British Embassy over the imbecile and vacillating mind of the Sultan was the despair of the diplomacy of the Continent. Not a bit of it now remains. England has changed places with Russia. Sir Henry Elliot has been supplanted by General Ignatieff. If Russia had been serious in her desire that Servia should keep the peace, ample power was provided for that purpose under the Twenty-ninth Article of the Treaty of Paris. The rebellion in Eastern Europe existed at all only because Russia permitted it to germinate and break out. It continued to exist only because Russia was not sincere in wishing it to be put down, and did not exercise her means and influence of suppressing it.

"Hear, hear!" says Cross.

"Hear, hear!" says Hardy.

Sweet William replies that the position of Russia is perfectly logical. The corruption, and almost all the internal misgovernment and difficulties of Turkey are to be traced to three sources—to Mahometanism—to the necessities imposed upon the minority when it attempts to govern the majority—and to the ill-conceived and ill-timed efforts of philanthropic Europe after the close of the Crimean war to graft Western civilisation on the Oriental stem. Russia had no propaganda in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey until it was manifest that the equality promised to Christians in the Hatt Humayoun, and satirically recorded in the Ninth Article of the Treaty of Paris, was never likely to be forthcoming. Russia's crime seemed to be to have seen years ago what every man knows and sees now—that the equality of Christians and Mussulmans is impossible under a Mahometan government, if only for the reason that it is denied in express terms in the creed of the dominant sect.

"Certainly!" says Sir Verdant.

"Certainly!" says Bruce.

"Certainly!" hiccups Lob.

"Everything there is in Turkey," proceeds William, "of corruption, of oppression, and of

difficulty, is the product of Mahometan spawn. Let that fact be admitted. If it mean that no remedy is forthcoming, that hope of cure is past, that diplomacy has brought its patient to the door of death, still let it be admitted. The time has arrived when we ought to make an effort to free ourselves from the solemn impostures and fictions of diplomacy. The first step towards curing a disease is to know what the disease is, and he, for one, is of opinion that no cure can be efficacious that does not involve the separation of the Mahometan religion from the Mahometan system of government. In England, theology and law are different and distinct things. In Turkey the State religion is the State law. Mahometanism is not only a creed but a system of government; not only a code of morals, but a code of civil law. Equality of religion is no more comprehensible to a Turk than equality of caste to a Brahmin."

"Hear, hear!" says Goschen.

"Hear, hear!" says Bright.

"Hear, hear, hear!" hiccups Lob.

There is a general disposition to applaud.

"Gentlemen," says Dord Lerby, "if there is one thing on this earth I value more than another it is caution. Sweet William, your speech is incautious, and (which is nearly as bad) it is unpatriotic." (It is always a good sign of caution to say that your opponent is unpatriotic.) Whatever may be the popular feeling in England, there is another thing to be considered scarcely less important—the popular feeling in India. Every advancing step of Russia is regarded in Asia as evidence of one of two things—either that the possession of India is a matter of no importance to England, or that England is powerless to check Slavonic advance. Either of these impressions, Sweet William, if permitted to deepen, is calculated to weaken the hold of this country upon the affections of its Indian subjects, and to do us, in consequence, an incalculable amount of practical injury. The road which Russia has trodden into India is a road red with the blood of hundreds upon hundreds of murdered Asiatic nomads. Russia is a political octopus. Her limbs are stretched out in every direction both in Europe and



Asia, and she is slowly but surely dragging to their doom not only Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, but quite as certainly Khiva, Persia, and Afghanistan."



"Certainly," says Cross.

"Certainly," says Sir Stafford Northcote.

"Certainly," says Benjamin.

"Dear Lerby," says John Bright, "the ambition of Russia is one thing, the corruption of Turkey another. If you were to ask me who had done most to destroy Turkey—who was her greatest enemy—who had accomplished most for her humiliation, disintegration, and ultimate and certain ruin, Russia or England, I should say England a thousand times over. You may tell me that I am no patriot. It is an insult to which I am inured. The ruin and destruction of Turkey lie, I repeat, chiefly at the door of England. I will tell you why. At the close of the war with Russia, the Western Powers, and most prominently England, determined that Turkey should be assisted to civilise herself, to develop her natural resources, and to raise the material condition of her people. At that time Turkey had not contracted a State debt. Her people of all races accepted tyranny and oppression like heat in summer and cold in winter. The Sultan slept within the walls of his harem the sleep of the politically dead. Turkey was no longer a part of the world. The condition of the great mass of her people, Christians and Mahometans, was little superior to slavery, her government was a farce, her army and navy a sham. As long as England was willing to let her alone Turkey was content to go on in the old way, inhaling the deadly miasma arising



(W)

from her natural corruption, forgetting all and forgotten by all, manifesting occasionally a spasmodic sign of life, but held otherwise without power of motion or hope of cure in the grip of the Oriental idea. But the thunders of 1854 woke her to a new life. She came out of her dream like one waking up from a trance. England assured her that the time had come when she ought to, and must, be admitted into the community of civilised Powers—when she must know the meaning of the "fraternity of nations," the "balance of power"—the meaning of armies, of fleets, of railways, of loans, and of debts. But England forgot to teach Turkey the responsibilities which they entail, and the qualities of wisdom, of honesty and of honour, which they require and imply. Later on, when the financial embarrassments produced by the Crimean war had begun to cripple Turkey in her most vital parts, England pointed

out to her the fatal ease with which she could borrow loans. But England, when she taught Turkey how easy it was to borrow, forgot to instil into her how much easier it was to fall into the abyss of bankruptcy, and what a cruel and horrible abyss it is. The Crimean war cost this country a hundred millions, and every farthing of that hundred millions has been spent by England in a fight against nature. The attempt of this country to force Western civilisation upon Turkey has had no other result than to reduce her to a condition of the most profound contempt and beggary. The present position of Turkey is execrable. There is scarcely a stick or stone of State property, or tax or tithe of State revenue, that has not been mortgaged again and again. At this present instant the external debt of Turkey exceeds two hundred millions, with an annual charge upon it of fourteen or fifteen millions. Beyond this Turkey has contracted an internal debt, which amounts to ten millions, at least, and is believed to be a great deal larger. The whole of this immense burden, mainly contracted at the suggestion of England, has been spent almost entirely on Imperial luxuries—palaces, mosques, harems, Krupp cannon and ironclads, and it is a fact that these things have been paid for while the servants of the State in the army, the navy, and the civil service were vainly clamouring for their arrears of wages. But it is the same old story. There are races which it is impossible to civilise, and it remains yet to be proved that the Turk is not as incapable of receiving Western ideas as the Red Indian, against whom moral force has long since given place to extermination, and whether the elements of his debasement are not as much a part of himself as his bones and blood!"

"Talking of Turkish extravagance," says Sir Verdant Hardcoat, "you remind me of a song I heard whistled by all the little boys of Constantinople during my recent visit there, entitled, "Pop goes the Weazel," which (as you have probably never heard of it before) I will proceed to repeat—

## Pop goes the Weazel!

### I.

After dinner the hareem,  
Stimulating dances,  
Dusky feet that glint and gleam,  
Luscious smiles and glances!  
Coffee, cigarettes, repose,  
Entertainments regal,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weazel!



### II.

Jewels for a hundred wives,  
Silks from Samarcanda,  
Luxury that still survives  
Western propaganda!  
Music, sherbet, and repose,  
Court intrigues and legal,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weazel!



## III.

Rotting ships on every sea,  
 Cannon made to order,  
 Snider for the Osmanlee  
 Army of disorder !  
 Fleets to spoil the sweet repose  
 Of the Russian eagle,  
 That's the way the money goes,  
 Pop goes the weazel !

## IV.

Europe you will never drag  
 Up the Orient higher,  
 Never while the Turkish flag  
 Waves from St. Sophia !  
 Music, women, and repose,  
 Entertainments regal,  
 That's the way the money goes,  
 Pop goes the weazel !

The finish of this poem is the signal for a general rising.

Lob Rowe insists upon saying grace, and in spite of the frantic efforts of us all to pull his coat tails, delivers himself as follows :—

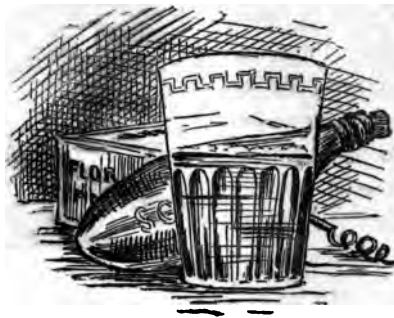
We beg to offer thanks for what we've had,  
 And make a special mention of the liquor ;  
 We hope the ports and sherries were not bad  
 Because they play such hangment with your ichor !

We also pray that gout, which most men flummocks,

May never rack our marrow with its stings ;  
 That all our lives be henceforth like our stomachs—  
 A very pleasant storehouse of good things !

Thus falls the curtain on the *political* half of Benjamin's dinner.

We pass on to the convivial.





An hour later we are in the midst of dessert.

It is an invariable rule with Benjamin that guests at Parliamentary dinners at Hughenden shall send their party politics away with their cheese-plates.

Of this rule, Benjamin, in his olive-oiliest tones, most politely reminds us.

We may smoke—we are doing that; we may sing—Lob Rowe threatens to do that; we may crack jokes; we may talk scandal—as if we could help talking scandal; we may get drunk; we may do anything, in short, except talk party politics.

I have said we are in the midst of dessert.

## AFTER DINNER.

By this time the atmosphere has been converted into a dense fog of smoke from our Havanas.

Benjamin himself has become so exceedingly frisky and volatile that I begin to fear the '34 is getting into his head.

Benjamin is irresistible and ubiquitous in his attentions.

"A little more wine, Thunder and Lightning?"

I subtend at the usual angle.

"A little more wine, Hunt?"

"Thanks, Benjamin. One of the privileges of the head of her Majesty's Navy is to be always in port."

We pretend to laugh.

"Lerby, old man, are you drinking up?"

"Drinking *down*," says Lerby (Lerby is always so cautious, you know), helping himself in the same breath to some Turkish delight. "I'm getting on very nicely—I mean very cautiously—thank you."

"And you, Dr. Goneneary?"

"He don't get on at all," says the O'Gorman; "don't eat northen'."

Dr. Goneneary begs to be allowed to speak for himself. He is getting on quite as well as can be expected. As for eating "northen'," he doesn't profess to be such an O'Gorman-dizer as the member for Waterford.

"Between ourselves, Lerby," cries Benjamin, holding up his glass, while his whole face beams with joviality, "here's a toast—May you never be like the coupons of your Canal shares—cut off!"

We laugh.

"Benjamin!" cries Lerby, "here's one in return—May you never be like those shares themselves—without interest!"

We laugh again.

"Any news from the clubs, any of you fellows?" asks Sir Verdant, puffing at his cigar.

"Not heard any," says Hard Hunt, watching the smoke curl over his head. "Been a terrific row down there in the Isle of Wight. Noble lord threatened to do something considerable to the Heir Apparent. Heir Apparent threatened to do something considerable to noble lord. A lot of extraordinary language used. Everybody sent into a tremendous sensation. Author of 'Men of the Time' hanged himself on the spot; poor Theodore Martin picked up in the street in an insensible condition; Debrett taken to a lunatic asylum. That's the list of casualties, I understand, up to the present."

"Never heard a word about it," says Sir Verdant.

"Not a sound," says William.

"Not a whisper," says Benjamin.

"The deuce you've not!" laughs Hard Hunt, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "They are talking about nothing else at the clubs. Not heard of it! They're talking about it everywhere. The Poet Laureate, indeed, who was in Cowes at the time, has thought it of sufficient importance to write a poem about, which a lot of dirty little boys are selling in the streets at a penny a copy! I bought a copy coming up. Let me read it to you, eh?"

"Oh, yes, *do*, Hard Hunt, dear," coaxes Benjamin. "We hate scandal."

"Oh, do—pray do!" say all of us. "We abominate scandal."

## The Row in the Club.

### I.

In the scrumptious little cabin  
Of a vessel off by Cowes,  
Smoking "Turkish," whose aroma  
Is so fragrant to the nose,  
Sat a dapper little captain  
Oh! so nautical and trim,  
With a coronetted letter  
Lying opposite to him!



### II.

Oh! he was a right good captain,  
And a yachtsman bold and true,  
And the rig out of his garments  
Was quite nautical to view.  
And no stain his proud escutcheon  
Had contaminated yet;  
As you'll find by simply looking  
In the pages of Debrett!

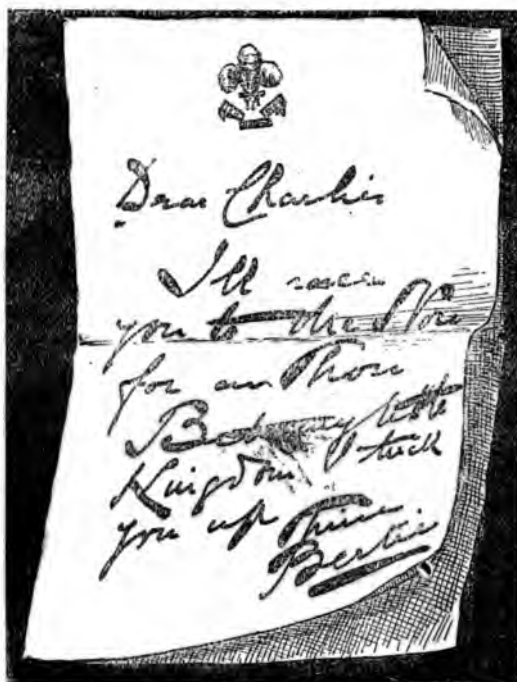
### III.

And that dapper little captain  
With a grim determined air,  
Pondered long and pondered slowly  
On the letter lying there.

"So he sends his royal challenge;  
 "Well, I know my craft and crew;"  
 And he seized the royal letter  
 And he tore it into two.

## IV.

A—E— was its signing,  
 And his Royal Highness swore  
 He would race his lordship's vessel  
 For a wager to the Nore;  
 Or if that was not sufficient  
 (This was merely said to rile)  
 He would stake his little kingdom  
 On a contest round the isle!



## V.

So the challenge went its errand,  
 And the meeting day was set,  
 And the noblest of the squadron  
 Laid some hundreds in a bet.  
 There was all that vast impatience  
 That a yachtsman only knows;  
 Fear and flutter and excitement  
 'Mong the nautical of Cowes.

## VI.

In the hot and level sunshine  
 Of a glorious summer's day,  
 Albert Edward hoist his canvas  
 (Though 'twas not the racing day),  
 For he saw his little rivals  
 Under practice on the sea,  
 And he slily sailed unto them  
 And he said to them, said he:



## VII.

"Oh, my *nomen* it is Edward,  
 "Duke of Cornwall, and some more,  
 "And I've matched your master's vessel  
 "For a wager round the Nore.  
 "Since your dapper little captain  
 "Is in London for the day,  
 "Up with every stitch of canvas, lads,  
 "And race me round the bay!"

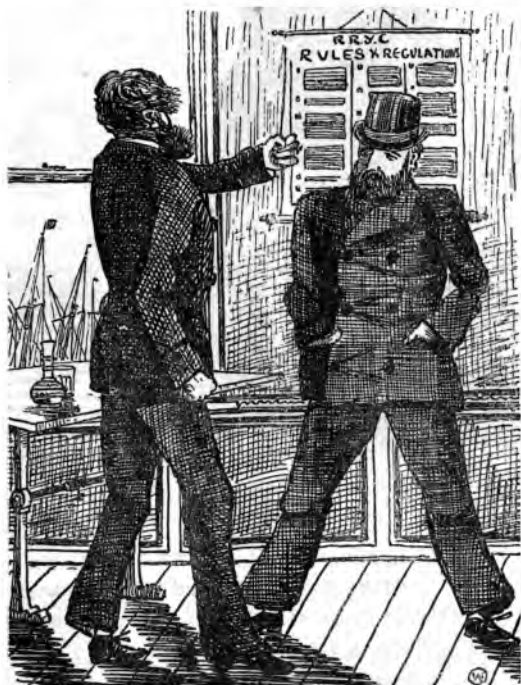
## VIII.

In the rich, delightful smoke-room  
 Of the yachting Club of Cowes,  
 There were words of strong indictment  
 And still fiercer talk of blows!

"I decline to beg your pardon!"  
 Quoth the Prince with flashing eye,  
 "I have never raced your vessel  
 "And who said so told a lie!"

## IX.

Then that dapper little captain,  
 With a sneer upon his lip,  
 Said he knew for certain Bertie  
 Had competed with his ship.  
 And he added "Oh, you story—  
 "You atrocious little cram!"  
 And he used a bad expression  
 With a terminal in "damn!"



## X.

Oh! the awful shocking things said  
 By those two excited men:  
 "You're a crammer!" and "I'll hit you,  
 "If you call me that again!"  
 Oh, the terror and excitement  
 When his Royal Highness swore  
 That Cowes, and Ryde, and Isle of Wight  
*Should know his face no more!*

## XI.

In the scrumptious little cabin  
 Of a vessel leaving Cowes,  
 Smoking Turkish, whose aroma  
 Is so grateful to the nose,  
 Sat a dapper little captain  
 Oh! so nautical and trim,  
 With a coronetted letter—  
 Lying opposite to him!

## XII.

And that dapper little captain  
 With a grim and thoughtful air,  
 Pondered long and pondered slowly  
 On the letter lying there.  
 "So His Highness begs my pardon,  
 "It was all in heat of blood;"  
 And he kissed that manly letter—  
 "Bertie, dear, I *knew* you would!"



"A very charming kettle of fish!" sighs Marmalade Yenkins.

"A very charming kettle of fish, indeed!" sighs Anderson. "Pass me the decanter. To-day it's a yacht. Yesterday it was a ballet-girl. Oh, Romans and fellow-countrymen! Oh, Yenkins, Yenkins! It was a far-seeing Providence that made stage wings without ears and green-rooms without tongues!"

"Come, come, Anderson," says Sir Verdant, coaxingly, "you knock a trifle too hard on the

Royal Family, you know. Excuse my mentioning it, but I am myself an integral portion of the Royal Family of England. I am, as you know, distantly related to the Marquis of Lorne, and therefore, perhaps, qualified to speak with rather



more authority on the habits of princes than you are. I tell you, Anderson, that you paint my illustrious relatives a great deal too black!"

"Oh no," says Anderson, "I don't. I don't paint 'em black enough. I wish I could. I'm a Republican. I don't deny it. Republicanism is my predominant political sentiment. It is yours, too, Verdy, only your amazing vanity and the paltry little thread that attaches you to your illustrious relatives keep you from avowing it. I stick to my principles."

"Human rights!" suggests Dr. Goneneearly.

"Leicester Square!" suggests Hard Hunt.

"Islay Malt!" roars the O'Gorman.

Sir Verdant begs to cast back with indignation and contempt the wicked aspersion that he is a Republican. His distant relationship to the

Marquis of Lorne—leaving out of consideration the rest of the Royal Family—ought to be a sufficient answer to an insult like that. However, if that answer is not enough for the honourable member for Glasgow, he wishes to state publicly that if ever Anderson attempts to lead an armed force against the person or property of his illustrious relatives—including, of course, the Marquis of Lorne—he will find the blade of Sir Verdant Hardcoat rammed up to the hilt in a fleshy part of his rebellious stomach.

We applaud deliriously.

Mr. Anderson, in an amazement of good humour, begs to apologise if he has in any way injured the subtle delicacy of Sir Verdant's egotism. His objection to offspring of the blood royal must not be taken as applying to royalty in the abstract. Kings, as a whole, may be taken to be a fairly respectable body of men, with mortal vices and weaknesses like the rest of mankind, and the same may apply, with greater force, to queens, but he (Anderson) will be hanged if we can honestly say the same of princes.

"Order!" cries a voice in our rear, "and no politics!"

Dear Benjamin, with the influence of Moët lighting up the weird brightness of his Moorish countenance, springs straight to his feet.

"Gentlemen, I beg to give you a toast. I beg to ask you to drink to the health of the Queen, and with that toast I couple the name of Mr. Anderson."

The satire tells, and we laugh and applaud wildly.

Anderson, raising his glass for a moment to his lip, drinks off its contents to the toast amidst our unanimous applause.

"Gentlemen," says Anderson, "I am not a bigot, nor am I disloyal. If I cannot drink to the form of government I want, I will drink to the form of government I've got. As the French poet says, '*C'est le caractère du sage.*' I want a Republic—I don't deny it—but as I am not able at present to drink to that Republic, I will drink to what I admire next—the Queen. My sentiments are those of the poet, and those of the poet are as follows:—

"I am loyal, even tender, I don't envy kings their splendour,  
 But I'm dashed if I can render them a homage I don't feel;  
 If the venom from my vial pierce the epidermis royal  
 You must still believe me loyal to my country and her weal.  
 Where were England's kings and glory and our nation's splendid story,  
 Writ on many a field and gory in the blood of England's poor,  
 Had the sickly sentimental souls of ermined folk and gentle  
 Fought our foemen continental with no daring but their own?  
 Ah! 'tis past, the old-world notion, God has made the poor man's portion  
 Burdened with a life's devotion to the crowned and kingly caste!  
 And methinks the crowning glory of our England's age and story  
 Is—excuse me, Whig and Tory—dawning on this isle at last!

"Those, gentlemen," says Anderson, "are my sentiments, and before sitting down I beg to propose a toast of my own—May we always be loyal, and never have need to change a bad sovereign!"

We drink to the toast with the greatest enthusiasm.

I ought to record that it is whispered through the smoke of our cigars and across the fumes of our wine that Anderson, cool and collected as he usually seems, is subject to occasional fits of uncontrollable mental excitement, and that on such occasions his utterances are not the cool convictions of his calmer moments.

We believe it.

We relapse more and more into the convivial.

"Heard a most extraordinary story," says Hard Hunt, "told up at the Carlton last night. Heard there had been a kind of Anglo-Russian quarrel among the royal princesses about precedence; that the Court was in a state of great excitement, and that the shindy with the prince in the club was scarcely less edifying than the row with the princesses in the palace."

"Never heard a word about it!" says Sweet William.

"Never caught a whisper," says Cross.

"Hang it!" laughs Hard Hunt, "what a subtle faculty you fellows seem to have for not hearing things. Not heard a whisper?" he continues, putting his legs on a chair and puffing languidly at his Havana, "why, really, you must make periodical visitations to some distant planet, or take a sub-aqueous holiday with Neptune in our submarine navy, or else be continually up in balloons trying to skim a little of the cream off the Milky Way, or something of that sort. You appear never to be at home."

Sir Wellfried (always ready with his little joke) observes that such a remark as that certainly fails of application to William. William, he ventures to assert, is the most domesticated man in the House. Other hon. members may be at home for ever, but William is always at Homer!

We smile sickly.

"Well, if you haven't really heard the story of the three royal princesses and the golden apple," says Hard Hunt, "I'll tell you the tale exactly as I heard it at the Carlton."

### The Only True Story of the Golden Apple.

They were having a hot time of it in those mysterious altitudes of mythology—the abode of the gods. The past month or so had been so very prolific of tropical heat (in this world called love), that a strong feeling of indignation was generally prevalent against young Phoebus for the exceedingly disgraceful way in which he was managing the sun.

The gods, for the most part, were dispersed about different parts of the heavens, the intense tropical heat (which, as we have said, mortals call love) of their usual abodes in the deitcal dominions having become a little nauseating and tiresome. Gods, like men, are fond of change and the pleasures and excitements of other climes.

Jupiter was away sticking pigs in India, or watching the dancing of beautiful Nautch girls. Neptune had left with his ship for a voyage on the



sea, and was occasionally heard of fiddling pretty tunes to the mermaids, or teaching the great accomplishment of his life—household economy—to the Oceanides and Syrens. Apollo was away hunting with Diana in the braes of Bonny Doon and on his titular moors.

Thus stood matters when one day, under the cool shade of a far-spreading chestnut tree, languidly discoursing of the tropical character of the weather which had scattered so many of the gods, referring also, in undertones, to the fast-goings-on of the excitable Jupiter, sat the three most beautiful of heaven's fair goddesses—Aphrodite of Wales, Hera of Lorne, and Athene of Russia.

The goddesses sat, as we have said, under the cool shade of a huge chestnut tree, talking over the scandal of the heavens, wondering whether "Nauty" ever intends to marry, and taking sweet counsel together over the meaning of his frequent mysterious visits to Germana, when, suddenly, a golden apple, thrown by Eris, the goddess of strife, at the suggestion of Vulcan of Russia, was dropped in their midst, inscribed "To the most illustrious!"

Aphrodite of Wales, who was incomparably the most noble, as she was also the most lovely of the three beautiful goddesses, claimed to be entitled to the golden apple, on the ground that being the future queen of the greatest of all empires, and the chosen wife of Jupiter, she was of necessity the most illustrious of the goddesses.

Hera of Lorne, while admitting on her part the title of Aphrodite of Wales, as the wife of Jupiter and the future queen of his empire, to the term "the most illustrious," and therefore her right to the golden apple, yet claimed to share it with her, and to take at all times and in all places absolute precedence in relation to it of Athene of Russia, on the ground of being the sister of Jupiter, the favourite daughter of the Queen of Heaven, and the sister by marriage of the most illustrious of the goddesses.

Athene of Russia, as the daughter of the god Vulcan of the North, the most autocratic and personally powerful of all the gods, and, in his own opinion, the most personally illustrious and noble—a kind of god of a very select and superior sort—claimed the golden apple for herself exclu-

sively, in preference even of Aphrodite of Wales. However, if the decision of the gods on this point was against her, Athene of Russia claimed to take her fair share of the golden apple with Aphrodite of Wales, and in all times and all places to hold preference of Hera of Lorne.

Neither of the goddesses would give way, and the dispute so waxed in fervour that Phœbus was often heard to express a wish that he could extinguish the sun altogether.

The gods were consulted in every part of the heavens. Vulcan of the North strongly asserted the claims to the golden apple of his daughter Athene, and even at one time threatened to withdraw her altogether from the companionship of Aphrodite of Wales, and Hera of Lorne, and the Court of the Queen of Heaven.

The rest of the gods were far from agreeing. Saturn, who kept his Court in Germana, supported the title of Aphrodite, but declined to adjudicate, or even to express an opinion, on the claims of Hera and Athene.

So the dispute waxed hot and furious, and abated not, and a long and wordy war was threatened in the courts of the gods.

Jupiter received an urgent summons to return from his pig-sticking, Neptune was bidden to leave his ship for home, and to cease playing pretty tunes to the Naiades, and Apollo was called back from his titular moors.

But in the meantime the strife among the three beautiful goddesses waxed more fervently every day. To the Queen of Heaven the noise of this continual discord was a source of great uneasiness and distress, and threatened to turn the abode of the gods into a perfect pandemonium, till at last, fearing the result, the queen suggested, and it was decided to submit the entire cause of dispute to the decision of an umpire. And at the unanimous request of the three goddesses, Paris (on earth called Benjamin) was called in by the queen to adjudicate upon their several claims to the golden apple.

And when Benjamin (Paris) had come forward at the request of the Queen of Heaven to settle the strife of the fair deities, the goddesses attempted in turn to win for themselves his favourable decision by smiles, by tears, and by lively promises of favours to come. Aphrodite, in her sweetly win-



some way, promised to prevail on the Queen of Heaven to raise Benjamin to a great dignity among the illustrious of her Empire. Hera, with her large tearful eyes, promised that if Benjamin would decide that she held preference of Athene she would not only join Aphrodite in her prayers to the Queen of Heaven, but unite with her own supplications those of the economical Neptune. Athene, on her part, though confessing herself unable to lure Benjamin with the dazzling attractions of her rival sisters, promised that, if Benjamin would decide that she held precedence of Aphrodite, or, at the very least, of Hera of Lorne, her father, Vulcan of Russia, should never offer violence to, or stir up war and strife in, that portion of the dominions of the Queen of Heaven in which her son Jupiter was away pig-sticking, and over which Benjamin was the recognised custodian.

Benjamin took three clear days to consider the smiles, the offers, and the blandishments of the three beautiful goddesses, seeking to devise some plan by which he might succeed, not only in acquiring the dignity among the illustrious of the Empire promised by Aphrodite and Hera, and which he so much coveted, but also the security of that portion of the heavens for which he was responsible. For Benjamin was a cunning man.

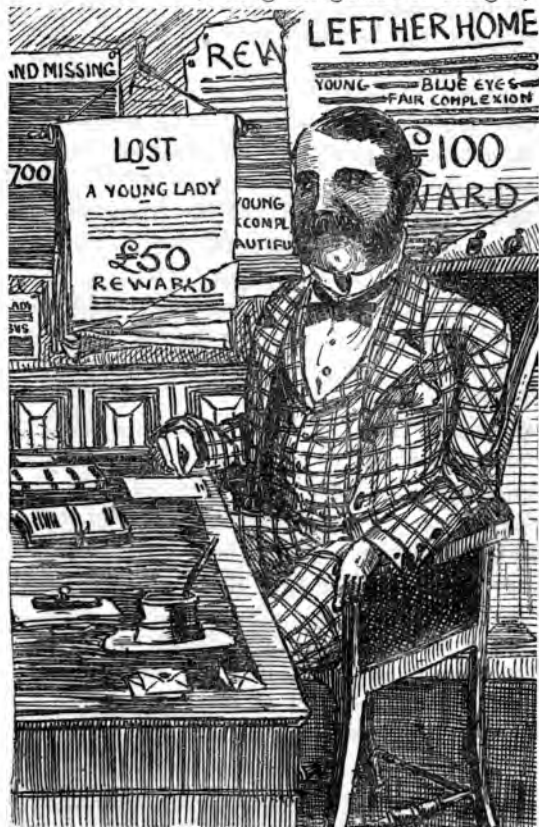
And on the third day Benjamin, having devised the required plan, sought an interview with the Queen of Heaven, and laid before her a scheme that he had devised for the settlement of the rival claims of the three goddesses. Benjamin pointed out, with all the fervency and lucidity of which he was capable, that the assumption by the Queen of Heaven of the title *Imperatrix* would, by placing her daughters on a perfect footing of equality with the sons and daughters of Vulcan of the North, and with all those who, by a similar autocratic assumption, claimed precedence of those who merely bore the title of *rex* or *regina*, be a happy solution of the prevailing difficulty. Benjamin then pointed out to the queen that when once these three goddesses occupied absolutely the same regal status, it was easy enough for her, as Queen of Heaven, to claim that the golden apple of the most illustrious belonged to Aphrodite, not only as the wife of Jupiter, the greatest of all the gods, but as being in her own person

the future queen of heaven. That much having been accomplished, it was quite easy and natural for the queen to claim precedence for Hera, as her own daughter at her own court, over Athene, the daughter of Vulcan, and at the court of her mother-in-law, and quite as easy for Athene to yield that precedence without the shadow of a stain upon her imperial dignity.

And so, Benjamin, after due communication with the Queen of Heaven, announced his decision to the three goddesses, which, after a few murmurings and heartburnings (having become accepted at the courts of the gods) has since restored to heaven and the courts of Vulcan and the queen the blessing of comparative peace.

And this is the only true story of the three princesses and the golden apple.

"Heard at the club last night," says Sir Verdant, as soon as Hard Hunt has finished his story, "that our mutual friend the confidential adviser of deceived husbands and neglected and abandoned wives, the great genius of intrigue,



and the pet confidante and acknowledged detective-general of the aristocracy, has got his hands fearfully full just now."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear it," says Cross. "If the aristocracy of this world isn't speeding to perdition with the haste of an express, then I'm not the Home Secretary and Benjamin isn't Prime Minister. Now it's a ballet-girl, now it's a row about a yacht race, now a dispute about the precedence of three princesses, now a titled lady left to die in an obscure lodging-house—it's fearful, it really is."

"Talking about the great detective-general of the aristocracy," says Icano'er Power, "I've got an MS. poem of Swinburne's about me in my pocket, called 'The Lord of Intrigue.' I haven't read it yet. Shall I read it to you?"

Having nothing else to do, and feeling ourselves at the same time growing very languid under the influence of the smoky clouds which fill the room from our Havanas, and the fumes which ascend into our brains from rather free libations of '34, we acquiesce with a general feeling of great helplessness.

### The Lord of Intrigue.

Pollaky sat in his oaken chair,  
*Carte de visite* and letter lay there,  
 Princely coronet, lordly crest,  
 Many a mystery, many a quest,  
 With missive and *billet* of lesser degree,  
 In sooth an extraordinary company;  
 And they seemed to ask, oh, unravel me;  
 Never, I ween,  
 Was a subtler seen,  
 Concerned in divorce, or elopement, or league,  
 Than love's autocrat, Pollaky, lord of intrigue.  
 In and out  
 Through the motley rout,  
 The Lord of Intrigue goes hunting about,  
 Here and there,  
 Like a dog in a fair,  
 Through flights and divorces,  
 Elopements and curses,  
 Through a lady's love and a husband's grudge,  
 Proud as a Cardinal, sharp as a Judge;

And he smiles in the face  
 Of the scrawl of his Grace,  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 "Oh, the duchess must fall in our trap to-day."  
 While his clients with awe  
 As such schemes they saw,  
 Said, "Pollaky's sharper than Hades, you know."  
 Never, I ween,  
 Was a subtler seen,  
 Concerned in divorce, or elopement, or league,  
 Than love's autocrat, Pollaky, lord of intrigue.

"I hear it rumoured," says Sir Verdant, "that Sir James Hannen's Court promises to be the scene this season of an unusually plentiful crop of *causes célèbres*. A lot of exceedingly ugly rumours, I hear, are going the round of the clubs with, of course, the usual club exaggerations. The army, I understand, true to its ancient traditions, figures very prominently, and I also hear something far from savoury about a remarkably clever man in Her Majesty's navy. But, *nous verrons*, eh, Benjamin?"

"*Nous verrons*," repeats Benjamin, with a knowing nod of his head.

"I hate," says Bright, "and always have hated, Cassandras, whether ancient or modern. Indeed, I detest oracles of every clime and kind. Wieland, do you know, in his 'Golden Mirror,' lays down two principles as eternally operating upon all constituted communities—one to hold them together, the other to disintegrate and dissolve them. The cohesive principle includes morals, frugality, religion, and law, the dissolving principle, libertinism, profusion, and infidelity. Well, taking this doctrine as *à priori* true, how do we stand in England? I make bold to assert that morals in this country now stand infinitely higher than at any previous period of history, that along with a greater annual expenditure there has grown a greater annual saving—*vide* the returns of the people's banks and friendly societies—that, also, the religious sentiment is profounder than ever; and, lastly, that as regards obedience to the law, we have reached in England the juridical ideal. What's your opinion, eh, Anderson?"

"Well," says Anderson, "I admit, of course, that morals, frugality, religion, and law are the

bases of national stability. No man can deny it. But whose morals, whose frugality, whose religion is it that are saving the country at the present time? John, it is the morals of the poor and the lower middle classes, and not the morals of the rich that are higher now than before; it is among *them*, and not among the aristocracy, that the annual saving is greater, and it is among *them*, and not among the rich, that the religious sentiment has become more profound. Notwithstanding Gleg or Greg, or somebody, I maintain that the working classes—the classes who are being eternally told they are ruining the country, are, if Wieland's principles are true, at once its real saviour and the recipients of its salvation. The dissolving agents, let me tell you, are quite as clearly to me—"

"Quite," puts in Hard Hunt, sarcastically.

"Are quite as clearly to me," repeats Anderson, with additional emphasis, "the aristocracy."

Cries of "No, no," "nonsense," and noises with dessert knives and spoons on plates and glasses.

"I repeat it," cries Anderson, becoming very excited. "I say the dissolving agents at work upon the fabric of constituted order in this country are the vices of the aristocracy, and the new-fangled notions of materialistic scholasticism—the libertinism and profusion of the wealthy on the one hand, and the gilded infidelity of the learned on the other. And in face of this, what are we continually seeing and having preached to us? The man who seeks to alter the scale of his trade's wages by a strike is put down as an enemy to his nation, but the man who endeavours to destroy the basis of his country's morality by insidious developments of scientific thought is promptly exalted to every dignity of patronage and respect. Bah! It makes one's blood boil."

"Your blood you mean, old man," says the O'Gorman. "It don't mine—not a boil. Speak for yourself."

"My blood, then," repeats Anderson, "and along with mine the blood of every honest man. But never mind. Go on, my country! Down with the flag of the ingenuousness, the frugality, and the simple faith of the working classes, and up with the standard of the dissolving principles of *Huxleyism, Tyndallism, and Darwinism!*"

"Come, come, Anderson," says Hard Hunt, "you fire at random, and don't hit. People who blaze away at random seldom do. The standard of morals is not only as high, but higher among the rich than ever. I say it boldly. If cases are



more plentiful in the courts now than formerly, it is, first, the direct result of a constantly-increasing population, but more particularly of the growth among the aristocracy of a chaster moral sentiment. Cases are now dragged into the criminal and divorce courts that would have been hushed up twenty or thirty years ago as mere and simple venalities—isn't it so?"

"No, it is not," cries Anderson. "I deny it, *in toto*. I maintain that the increase of criminal and divorce cases—Lady Mordaunt and the Grant cases—is due not to any severer conceptions of morality among the rich—nothing so absurd—but to the introduction, rooting, and growth among the aristocracy of French and American sentiments."

"French and American sentiments!" asks Cross, in a state of great amazement, "whatever in the world, Anderson, are they?"

"Understand me," says Anderson. "The French, as you know, have the most delicate—I might almost say the most exquisite—perception of vice of any people in the world, and they invariably meet its discovery with the most uncompro-

missing resentment. The consequence is that vice in France is all hidden up. It is the vice of the closet. It stalks through the land under all sorts of disguises, stowed out of sight under the cloak of friendship, escort, and the commonest acts of courtesy. It avails itself of every possible deception, imposture, and cheat, and being thus hidden from mortal eyes is admitted by the universal conscience and consent of the nation not to exist. That is what I mean, Cross, by 'French sentiment.' Under the solemn subterfuge of this sentiment the vice of France is enormous; yet, hidden from the world, as I have stated, by deceit, it walks abroad without suspicion in the guilt and imposture of its respectability. I say that there are clear indications that this same French sentiment is beginning to prevail among the aristocracy of England—this sentiment which is perfectly willing to tolerate vice so long as it is kept absolutely concealed from the public eye, and to tacitly declare, in fact, that vice does not and cannot exist so long as it takes the form of a profoundly secret system—a sentiment which permits a husband to overlook the errors of his wife so long as he is absolutely sure her *faux pas* are known only to himself and her paramour."

"Go on," says Cross, "we perfectly understand. This country's coming to a pretty pass according to you. Now tell us what you mean by 'American sentiment.'"

"By the 'American sentiment,'" continues Anderson, "which is threatening to fill our gaols with gentlemen criminals, I refer to the naturalisation among us of that unprincipled speculation which distinguishes the cadaverous scoundrels of Wall Street. I refer to the idleness, the extravagance of living, the discontent with moderate gains, the haste to become rich, and the spirit of trading as distinct from the spirit of production, which characterise the people of the United States and threaten to characterise us. That—the growing prevalence of the American sentiment—is the secret of the increase in the number of gentlemen criminals, and the other—the French sentiment—is the secret of the increase of the work of the English Divorce Court."

"Perhaps," says Sir Stafford, in tones of great sarcasm, "having given us such a beautiful delineation of *le sentiment Français*, Anderson, you will

complete the picture by showing us the mode of operation of the sentiment, and by just giving us an instance of its practical operation—if you can."

"I *can*!" exclaims Anderson, excitedly, with a very fierce accent on the word "can"; "hundreds. This French sentiment is not confined to London. It is quite as common in the country. As to the mode of its operation, *le sentiment Français* is almost invariably the primary cause of conjugal neglect, which is often the primary cause of elopement, which is often the primary cause of divorce-ment. As an instance, I will read you a poem, written only yesterday, founded on facts for which hundreds can vouch, in which the action of the French sentiment is distinctly traceable, and which was followed by all the events in the sequence I have laid down, with the exception that instead of ending in divorcement it terminated in death. However, I will read it."

### Lost for the Love of Him.

One more unfortunate  
Woman is fled,  
Rashly importunate,  
Low with the dead!

Speak of her tenderly,  
Shroud her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Proud and so fair!

Where is her husband  
Vowing he took but her?  
Where is her husband?  
Take a last look at her!  
Lay her out tenderly,  
Rash and undutiful,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Dead and so beautiful!

Shroud her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Sisterly, humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly!

What is suspected,  
Breathe not a breath,  
Coldly neglected  
Even in death !

Still for all sins of hers  
One of Eve's family ;  
Kiss those cold lips of hers  
Marbling so clammy !

Lost in her blundering,  
All for the love of him,  
What are they wondering  
Angels above of him !

Where is her father ?  
Where is her mother ?  
Where is her sister ?  
Where is her brother ?  
Where is a nearer one  
Still, and a dearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Oh ! it was pitiful  
'Mid a whole city full  
Dying from home !

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Husbandly, motherly,  
Sentiments changed ;  
Love by harsh evidence  
Thrown from its eminence,  
God and his providence  
Seeming estranged.

Coldly neglected,  
Hoping to spite,  
Gone unsuspected  
Into the night !  
Oh ! it was wild of her  
Daring to roam,  
Wicked and wild of her  
Leaving her home !

Still for all slips of hers  
One of Eve's family ;  
Kiss those dead lips of hers  
Sticking so clammy !

Soon coming back again  
*Home to her bourne,*

Oh ! the hard heart that then  
Cursed her return !

Cursed in her agony,  
Spurned from his feet,  
Cast like a dog to die  
Out in the street !

Speak of her tenderly,  
Shroud her with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Rich and so fair !

Oh ! it was pitiful,  
'Mid a whole city full,  
Dying from home !

Lost in her blundering,  
All for the love of him ;  
What are they wondering  
Angels above of him !

We receive the last words of this poem with impatience, for we are rapidly approaching that serenity of mind in which our solicitude for the national morals is lost in the feeling of our unutterable hilarity.

"I rise," says Benjamin, his whole face beaming as if he intends to evaporate in a smile at the earliest possible moment, "to propose a toast. I ask you to drink with me to the Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces, and I beg to couple with this toast the names of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Mr. Hard Hunt, and Sir Verdant Hardcoat."

We cheer frantically.

Benjamin reminds us that our army is the most indomitable and splendid of all armies. Six of our oldest and ablest generals are being wheeled about in Bath chairs, and will no doubt be able to give a good account of any enemy that may attempt to land upon our shores. He reminds us also of the growing preference of the present Pall Mall *regime*, and the personal predilections of her Majesty the Queen, for third-rate German officers, which was the cause of a great deal of enthusiasm among British officers. He intimates that it is the intention of her Majesty's Government, at the suggestion of all the senior officers, to signalise the retirement of his Serene Highness Prince

Edward of Saxe-Weimar by a day of great national mourning, and to mark their sense of his irreparable loss to the service by ordering arms throughout to be reversed, war or no war, for six months. With regard to the Navy, he regrets to confess that only three of our oldest and ablest admirals are at present being wheeled about in Bath chairs. Still, he ventures to think that with even this low percentage of invalided admirals our Navy would be able to uphold the prestige and glory of England in the event of an armed conflict. For the information of Sir Wellfried Lawson, whose active propaganda is slowly forcing its way among the seamen of the fleet, he will say that the Navy is, as usual, half seas over. All that now remains for him to add is, that the splendid behaviour and bearing of Prince Leiningen in connection with the "Mistletoe" disaster have led to the rapid promotion of one or two German officers in the British Navy.

We cheer more lustily than ever.

Gathorne Hardy and Hard Hunt then relieve their patriotic bosoms of the usual military and naval platitudes, and we cheer again.



We are rapidly approaching a condition of incontrollable joviality.

We are smoking our cigars and imbibing our wine, with our chairs and ourselves distributed around the table in all sorts of postures and angles.

Benjamin lolls back in his chair, twirling his cigar in his mouth and looking absolutely scrumptious.

"Will any one sing us a song?" asks Benjamin, looking towards the O'Gorman, "or make us a speech?" he adds, fixing his gaze upon Sir Verdant Hardcoat.

Sir Verdant drinks off his wine with a classical turn-up of nose, as if the public speaking of the nineteenth century is a very contemptible form of oratory indeed, especially to one so distantly related to the Marquis of Lorne.

"Or a recitation *apropos* of the toast?" asks Benjamin, looking to Sir Wellfried. "Come, Sir Wellfried, keep us alive, alive O."

"You must take me as I am, Benjamin," says Sir Wellfried. "I will give you with pleasure the only recitation *apropos* of the army I can call to mind. I think it will do. It is entitled 'The Blue-eyed Soldier Boy,' and the burden of it is this:—

### The Blue-eyed Soldier Boy.

[AFTER HOOD.]

#### I.

"Oh, Susey, will you live with me,  
 "Beneath a cottage thatch?  
 "Oh, tell me—I can bear the blow—  
 "If you will strike a match!

#### II.

"I'm not a lord, but then, you know,  
 "My raiment's not unkempt;  
 "I'm very tall, which proves, of course,  
 "I'm not beneath contempt!

#### III.

"Then say you'll be my wedded bride,  
 "Whose passion is so strong,  
 "You must admit that six feet three  
 "Is bound to love you long!"



## IV.

"I hate a man that's six feet three,  
 "And I will tell you why;  
 "It wouldn't suit my nostrils, John,  
 "To live with one so *high*!"

## V.

"Oh, Susey, don't make *game* of me;  
 "My eyes are full like *ewers*—  
 "Or else—now, Sue, I swear I will—  
 "I'll leave you for the *Moors*!"

## VI.

"Devotion I have owed so long  
 "That not to pay were rude."  
 "Sir, your devotion's not a debt  
 "For which you will be *Sue'd*!"

## VII.

"You'll break my heart, I'm sure you will,  
 "You wicked, cruel, Sue;  
 "How can you be so short with me,  
 "*Who've been so long with you!*"

## VIII.

"To tell you, John, the simple truth,  
 "I could not wed a catch;  
 "I even doubt if Lucifer  
 "Would make a worser match!"

## IX.

Here Susan sweetly raised her shoe,  
 And took John in the fore,  
 For though so tall she thought she ought  
 To put on two feet more.

## X.

"When Cupid threw me at your feet,  
 "Where still I'd kneeling be,  
 "I little thought how very soon  
 "You'd throw those feet at me!"

## XI.

"Know, Cruel, that you loved me much  
 "I never dared to doubt;  
 "It's hard of you to take me in  
 "And then to kick me out!"

## XII.

"I hate you, John, I hate you, John,  
 "And if my tears ooze through;  
 "Its 'cause I loved a soldier boy,  
 "That's *sold yer* darling Sue!"

## XIII.

"A farmer's son, with eyes of blue;  
 "He dwelt by yonder Mill;  
 "They said he was too proud to hoe,  
 "And so he went to drill!"

## XIV.

"And years have come, and years have gone,  
 "I've never seen his foot!  
 "He took the pack, but's not turned up,  
 "Although I saw him cut!"

## XV.

"But ne'er shall any other man  
 "Be partner in my joy;  
 "By him sustained, I'll sink or swim,  
 "My own dear soldier *buoy*!"

## XVI.

"Sue, hear me, Sue! one single word;  
 "My eyes—what are they?—blue!"  
 "Oh, tell me, can this be some hoax,  
 "Or is it really you?"

## XVII.

"Oh, say you'll love your soldier lad,  
 "Be ever true to me,  
 "Who, having had a leg shot off,  
 "Is now a leg-atee.

## XVIII.

"And we will live down by the Mill,  
 "Secure from all alarms,  
 "And though I'm not a soldier now,  
 "I'm still a man in arms!"

We applaud.

Benjamin again springs to his feet, glass in hand.

"I beg, gentlemen, to give you the toast of 'Our Mercantile Marine,' coupled with the name of Mr. Slimsoul."

We cheer determinedly.

Benjamin reminds us that the commerce of this country is in a more prosperous and happier condition than ever. It must be a source of immense gratification to the merchants of England to know that since the opening of the Suez Canal there has been a marked and continuous diversion of Eastern trade from Great Britain as a centre. The exports from Egypt to England exhibit, it is a pleasure to note, an almost continuous decline. A large portion of British trade with the East has been diverted in consequence of the Suez Canal to the ports of France, and to countries having

direct access to the Mediterranean. When the commerce of the East was carried round by the Cape it was not only easier, but actually cheaper and better, for foreign countries in Europe to draw their supplies from London and Liverpool as central depôts of Asiatic produce than to import direct for themselves. But the opening of the Suez Canal has met this state of things with a complete revolution. England is no longer allowed to be the depôt of Eastern commerce and the centre of its distribution. The large ports of the Mediterranean and Southern Europe have been enabled to import direct for themselves. Englishmen will be proud to learn that the warehouses of London and Liverpool have ceased to store the immense quantity of produce they stored before the opening of the Suez route, and that if that canal were choked up with sand to-morrow there is not a shipowner in England who would shed a tear or shoulder a spade.

Mr. Slimsoul responds. He has nothing to add to what has already been said by Benjamin, except to remark that, as an intimate friend of many merchants trading through the Red Sea, he can confirm his statements about the Suez Canal. His views are well known to all of us, but if we do not mind, he would like to recite to us a few verses powerfully illustrative of the past condition of our mercantile marine.

We applaud, and Slimsoul, with a considerable display of pathos, recites the following poem:—

### The Hoky-Poky Owner.

## I.

Said a hoky-poky owner, as he walked along the cliff,  
 "I could make a little fortune if I had a little skiff;"  
 So he spied a green-eyed broker, and he said to him, "My man,  
 "I must have a little vessel for to carry out a plan.  
 "Not an A 1 Blackwall liner, nor a frigate, so to speak,  
 "Nor a bran new ocean clipper that has never sprung a leak;  
 "But a pretty little vessel"—and he eyed him with his eye,  
 And that broker knew exactly of the sort of ship to buy!







## II.

Said that hoky-poky owner, as he drew a deeper whiff,

"I must have a little captain for to sail my little skiff!"

And within that very moment in the region of his scan,

Came a most profoundly simple and unweather-beaten man;

And that wily owner asked him, whilst he gave his hands a rub,

If he'd take a glass of liquor in a close-adjoining "pub;"

And that simple man consented, for he'd yet to learn the rule

That a stranger treats another when he's hunting for a fool!

## III.

Said that hoky-poky owner, "What's your figure? Pretty stiff?"

"For I want a little captain for to sail my little skiff."

"But I'm *not* a little captain!" said his unsuspecting tool,

"And the currents of the ocean are a yet unfathomed rule.

"And I never touched a rudder, and I know not west from east,

"And my knowledge of the compass is as Greek unto a beast!"

Said that hoky-poky owner, with a laugh upon his lip,

"Then you're just the very fellow for to sail my little ship!"

## IV.

Then that hoky-poky owner took his captain mild and meek,

And he pointed out a vessel that was lying in the creek,

And he said the picturesqueness of that vessel to the sight

Would be very much diminished if her timbers were but tight.

"You will take her very gently, and where ocean's ceased to roll

"You will load her with a cargo of the splinters of the pole!

"But should anything befall her, though we're sorry for the crew,

"There's a life-belt in the cabin, and a Boyton dress for you!"



V.

Then that simple-minded captain was instructed  
what to do,  
And he signed the vessel's papers, and he settled  
with a crew,  
And he hove his bower anchor, and he set his  
mizen sail,  
With a most tremendous horror of an equinoctial  
gale.  
And his heart grew sick in parting from his weep-  
ing Mary Ann,  
As he steered directly northward with his back  
unto the sun.  
And that hoky-poky owner smiled a grim and  
sordid smile  
As he saw his vessel vanish round a corner of the  
isle !

VI.

Then that hoky-poky owner mused him ever on  
the beach  
On the sum of the insurance that was now within  
his reach ;  
And he spent his time in dreaming of the figures  
of his cheque,  
And in making close inspection into every bit of  
wreck,  
Till some long six months had vanished and the  
autumn neared its close,  
When that hoky-poky owner was awoke from his  
repose  
By his pretty little vessel, in the early morning  
grey,  
Coming very gently gliding through the shipping  
in the bay !

VII.

Then that hoky-poky owner spat upon his hands  
and swore,  
And he waited for that captain to appear upon  
the shore,  
And he seized him in his fury by the collar of his  
coat,  
And he twined his fingers firmly round the wind-  
pipe in his throat,  
And he beat him on the optics in a fierce deter-  
mined way  
'Till he saw a most astounding pyrotechnical  
display ;  
And he threw him on the pavement, and he bat-  
tered down his head,  
And he jumped upon his stomach and he left him  
there for dead !

## VIII.

Then that hoky-poky owner, with a fierce derisive yell,  
 Fled the murder he'd committed with the speed  
 of a gazelle;  
 And when nicely he'd levanted, and his victim  
 helpless lay,  
 Came some four-and-twenty policemen in a most  
 determined way;  
 And they swore they'd catch that owner, and they'd  
 try him for this deed,  
 And they'd hang him on the gallows—which you'll  
 see they hadn't need;  
 And they marched unto his lodgings with a quite  
 heroic air,  
 Just in time to find their victim hung suspended  
 from the stair!



We are becoming jovial more and more.

"I should like to hear one of you fellows make a speech," says Benjamin, coaxingly, fixing his eyes on Sir Verdant. "Come, Verdy, old man, a speech."

"Speech, Ben," says Sir Verdant, with a classical sneer. "Speech! I tell you, Benjamin, the art of public speaking has entirely died out. In fact—and you know what my facts are—I can't mention more than three persons who ever made a clever speech in their lives."

"And," asks Hardy, irreverently parodying his catechism, "which be they?"

"The overwhelming sense of modesty," says Sir Verdant, "for which I am so remarkable, alone

restrains me from saying that I'm one. The other two are dead."

"Yes," says Lob, throwing his arms round the decanter in a condition of hopeless capitulation to



the effect of the '34, "he says the other two is dead—dead. Ah! Creet Sweature, he says the others is dead!"

"Lob," expostulates William, "Come, come, old man, don't be a disgraceful young ass!"

"You go to Bath, William," retorts Lob, with considerable more emphasis than politeness, at the same time fixing his eyes vacantly on the decanter, "I shall talk if I like, Creet Sweature—tell me. Won't you be mine? Won't you be your Bobby, Lobby, Wobby's?"

"Lob," laughs Benjamin, gently extracting the decanter from his impassioned embraces, "don't be a fool, there's a dear boy."

"Fo-ol," cries Lob, looking up in boosy amazement, "Fo-ol! Benj'min (*hic*) That ish too much. Thish ish an inshult. Fo-ol! (*hic*) I shall shing if I like. I shay I *shall*; and *will* shing if I like. O-ò-o-oh!"

"Your robe is most awfully classic,  
 You dear little Tootle-tum-tay;  
 Like the wine that the poets call Massic—  
 But really I'd better not say;  
 For this is an age of excesses,  
 (Lord Chamberlain look to your rights),  
 Since ballets have taken to dresses,  
 The ladies have taken to tights!"



"Restrain him, somebody!" cries Sir Wellfried, but as Lob at this instant utterly collapses, with his face in his dessert plate, the suggested restraint is rendered unnecessary.

"I rise," says Benjamin, planting his foot upon a chair, "for the purpose of proposing another toast. I ask you this time, gentlemen, to drink a bumper to the foreign nations of the world, and I beg to couple with this toast the name of Dord Lerby."

We clap our hands to as full an extent as we are permitted by the fumes of our '34, and stamp our little feet.

Dord Lerby, in response, begs to remind us of the eminently pacific character of all the nations of the world, and the total absence of dangerous diplomatic gunpowder, and of all elements of war-like explosions and conflagrations. England, he says, is, as we all know, irrevocably determined that Russian batteries shall never command the Hellespont. The politician must be cunning indeed who can construe this into the possibility of war. Russia, on her part, faithful to the traditions of Czar Nicholas and Catherine I., holds with equal stubbornness her determination to one day



possess Constantinople and the whole command of the Golden Horn. This is one of the most precious of all the promises of peace in the future. If we look further abroad the same pacific intentions are everywhere observable. France—proud, exquisitely sensitive, volatile France—lies in wait for the advent of a suitable moment to carry into effect the grim resolve which slumbers in her heart's core of revenge upon Germany, and the redemption once for all by French blood of her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany, the supreme idea of whose statesmen is still absolute hegemony, is patiently watching the flow of events for an opportunity to complete German unity by the incorporation of the German provinces of Cisleitha. The Slavonic populations of Hungary contemplate the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire by the erection south of the Danube of a new grand South Slavonic Empire. The Poles in Silesia and Galicia are only awaiting for the Austro-Hungarian government to become entangled in foreign complications to rise in

revolution, and strike a blow for a new and independent Polish kingdom. Italy, whose unity, like that of Germany, is far from being complete, is anxiously on the look-out for opportunities and alliances to effect a further extension of territory by the annexation of the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria. Spain is at present placidly reposing on the summit of a slumbering volcano of Intransigente Radicalism, which may at any instant burst forth in awful irruption. Russia, our hereditary foe in Asia, still continues her victorious march over the corpses of slaughtered nomads to the confines of Afghanistan, projecting gigantic railways into the core of Central Asia, and slowly but certainly bringing her Empire in the East into conflict with ours. These relationships of the nations of the world are, Dord Lerby thinks, replete with promises of peace that cannot but be satisfactory to Mr. Richard and his friends, and give politicians of all shades the strongest grounds for believing in the speedy advent of the international millenium. Dord Lerby would like, before he sits down, to read us "The Egyptian Alphabet," composed and thrust into his hand by Mr. Stephen Cave and Mr. Goschen.

### The Egyptian Alphabet.

A was an Agent who wanted a loan ;  
 B was the Brokers who made it all known ;  
 C was the Credit that none understood ;  
 D was the Duffers who thought it was good ;  
 E stands for Egypt which wanted the "tin ;"  
 F for the Fools who subscribed it all in ;  
 G was the Goods upon which they might claim ;  
 H was the Humbug surrounding the same ;  
 I the Investors who hoped to grow fat ;  
 J was the Jews who knew better than that ;  
 K was the Khedive to whom it was lent ;  
 L was the Ladies on whom it was spent ;  
 M was the Mission that England sent out ;  
 N was the Nothing the mission found out ;  
 O was the Offer by which it was met ;  
 P was the Pockets affected by it ;  
 Q was the Queries the cunning conceived ;  
 R the Replies that they never believed ;  
 S was the Scheme of a learned old gent ;  
 T was the Time that it took to invent ;  
 U was the Usurers who feared to be bled ;  
 V is the Views that they hold on that head ;  
 W 's the Way they're enforcing their claim ;  
 X the Xpenses attending the same ;  
 Y is the Years that the holders must wait ;  
 Z is the Zanies who thinks it's all right !

We applaud boosily.

I have been entrusted with a very delicate duty, and I here rise to perform it. "Gentlemen," I say, "I beg to propose a toast. I call upon you to drink a bumper to the trades and professions represented at this festive board to-night. I ask you to drink with me to our two eminent Cabinet-makers, Benjamin and Sweet William; to the equally eminent marine store dealer, Mr. Hard Hunt; and to the still more eminent stock and share broker, Dord Lerby. With this toast I beg to be permitted to couple the name of Benjamin. (Benjamin subtends.) Gentlemen, I have been requested, on behalf of a large body of subscribers, to offer Benjamin, as a slight proof of their admiration of his invariable courtesy and truthfulness, a full-length portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield. (A curtain is adroitly drawn back by the O'Gorman, and the following portrait stands



revealed, amidst tremendous cheering.) This portrait, gentlemen," I go on to say, throwing myself into an approved oratorical attitude, "is a fitting climax to a long and laborious life of ambition in the national senate, and a fitting reward of the author of all the glorious achievements of the last session of Parliament. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it was the good fortune of the last session to bear to the country, under the paternity of Benjamin, a crop—a beautiful crop, I may say—of unripened and unmatutable fruit that has no parallel in the annals of Parliamentary harvests. (Cheers.) The past session has been a session of contemplated reforms. (Cries of "It has," &c.) Among other things, a great revolution in the administration of the prisons of the country was projected, neglected, and forgotten. Subsequently, two magnificent measures of University reform were adroitly elaborated, and then quite as adroitly exposed to the frosts of neglect and the certain influence of premature blight. Bankruptcy reform, marched into the House with such a tremendous blast from the Ministerial clarion, bade fair to become an accomplished fact, but, like many of its peers, found an insuperable obstacle in a second reading. Conferment of tenant-right on Scotch farmers, awaited with so much anxiety on the other side of the Tweed, and Scotch poor-law amendment, experienced the luxury of being still-born. The disgraceful stain upon the fair fame of the Government of the Slave Circular was cunningly removed by the application of a sort of Parliamentary benzoline called a Royal Commission. Then Benjamin, by dint of a totally unexampled sacrifice of private Bills, of the rights of private members, and of the legislative conscience, was mainly instrumental in carrying a Merchant Shipping Bill which possesses the peculiar power of repealing several of its own provisions. (Cheers.) Then, again, Benjamin, gentlemen, was at the bottom of a subtle stroke of foreign and financial policy by which this country has bought the Suez Canal Shares for twenty times their real value. Under the ægis of the same clever Benjamin, Mr. Cave was sent to Egypt, and many favoured recipients of Government secrets made fortunes on the Stock Exchange. (Cheers and laughter.) Above and beyond all this, the title of her Majesty the Queen has been 'writ large.' The Queen is

now an Empress, and, as Benjamin predicted at the time, the Russians have precipitately retreated to Moscow from the banks of the Amoo Daria. Finally, this session of glorious achievements had its moribund movements made lively by the carrying by the exercise of pure *force majeure* of an Education Bill which endows the country with the beautiful anomaly of handing over Imperial funds to voluntary schools unsupported by local rates. This crop of unmatutable and immatutable fruit, gentlemen, I say, and an additional penny on the income-tax, are the nett results of the past unparalleled session of Parliament. (Deafening cheers.) Benjamin, in the name of my own personal admiration, in the name of the esteem of the millions of subscribers whose names are appended hereto, in the name of an amazed and grateful country, I beg to offer thee a full-length portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield." (Loud and prolonged cheers, stamping of feet, and rending of scalps.)

Benjamin, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and piquantly flirting with his *pince-nez*, rises to respond. He first smiles lusciously upon me, and then gracefully subtends to all of us at an angle of 45, adding greatly to our intense admiration of the whole proceeding. Benjamin then carefully adjusts the beautiful white rose-bud in his button-hole, and after delicately waving his hand into space to restore silence, proceeds as under—

"Unexpected honour, &c., &c.,

"Words fail, &c., &c.,

"Proudest moment, &c., &c.,

"As long as I live I shall cherish, &c., &c.

"It isn't the intrinsic value, &c., &c.,

"Heir-loom in my family, &c., &c.,

"It will be an incentive, &c.,

"Children's children, &c., &c., &c.

"Gentlemen," he then proceeds, "I thank you for your handsome gift. With respect to the very flattering terms in which I have been spoken of by my friend—may I say my dear and beloved friend?"

I say he may.

"My dear and beloved friend, Thunder and Lightning, I am too much overwhelmed by gratitude to do more than quote from the poet a few lines which, you will easily perceive, are singularly appropriate to myself.

## I.

You've heard the name of Paris, and you've read  
the siege of Troy,  
And your cheeks have burned to crimson at the  
doings of that boy ;  
Though he stole a monarch's daughter and he  
gloried in her shame,  
Do you think he'd got the courage for to steal a  
monarch's name ?

## II.

You have heard of Torricelli and the wonders that  
he wrought  
By exhaustion of a tubing with its ending in a  
moat ;  
Do you think that Torricelli with his vast *abilitee*,  
Could have made a pump whose suction would  
have drawn the truth from me ?

## III.

Then the philosophic Plato—such the wisdom  
that he taught  
That the world still stands astounded at the subtle  
things he thought ;  
Do you think the learned Plato, full of logic to  
the brim,  
Could have proved he said the opposite attributed  
to him ?

## IV.

You have heard of Doctor Johnson and his man-  
ners rude and grim,  
How he snubbed the simple people that addressed  
themselves to him ;  
Do you think that Doctor Johnson, rude and  
brutal though he be,  
Could come up to half the rudeness that's in-  
herently in me ?

## V.

But I really beg your pardon if I've said or done  
amiss,  
And I pray you drown its record in a bumper deep  
as this ;  
For I vow unto this party by my aged locks and  
curl,  
I will try and mend my manners now I've got to  
*be an Earl !* "

Benjamin resumes his seat amidst a perfect  
furore of stamping and clapping.

We drink a deep and strong bumper to the  
immediate reformation of Benjamin's manners,  
and the return of his ancient politeness.

By this time the atmosphere has become of a  
Cimmerian density from the smoke from our  
Havanas.

Lob Rowe, with his elbows in his dessert plate,  
sits blandly smiling into space.

Sweet William is observed at this juncture, after  
several and sundry efforts, to do justice to his  
literary reputation by lighting his cigar with his  
"Vatican Decrees."



Benjamin, brimful of the best of good humours,  
and smiling his olive-oiliest upon everybody, sits  
smoking his cigar only vaguely conscious of the  
general situation.

He tries to galvanise us into a semblance of  
hilarity by telling us the plot of his forthcoming  
new novel, and by asking us for suggestions for a  
title.

But we do not become hilarious.

Lob Rowe, apparently beginning to appreciate the situation through the dim indistinctness of things generally, suggests, "Down in the Mouth," by the author of "Up in the Tooth."

Sir Wellfried, more spontaneous than usual, suggests, "Nothing for Him," by the author of "All for Her."

Sweet William suggests, as more appropriate to the times, "Cut off his Coupons," by the author of "Sue his Canal Shares."

Dord Lerby scowls upon William with great fury for suggesting a title so personal, and Benjamin finds it necessary to change the topic of conversation.

"A song, someone," cries Benjamin. "Come, Newdegate—you hilarious old investigator of nunneries—pipe up!"

Mr. Newdegate replies that having recently been on an expedition of inquiry into the conventual and monastic institutions of America, he does not mind singing a negro minstrel ballad which, truth compels him to say, was softly warbled in his ears one evening as he reposed in the tender embraces of a coloured nun.

Sir Wellfried remarks that a man who would allow himself to fall into the embraces of a nun was a nun-entity, but this is poor.

On the restoration of a perfectly hushed silence, Mr. Newdegate sings us, with much feeling, the following pathetic ballad:—

### The Ballad of Hoary Anna.

#### I.

Ah, yes, I 'members what you say,  
Hoary Anna.  
I often tinks about dat day,  
Hoary Anna,  
Which robbed me of a lubbin' wife  
An' changed de current ob my life,  
Hoary Anna,  
An' cut me up wuss den a knife,  
Hoary Anna.

#### II.

You used to lub me 'ears ago,  
Hoary Anna.  
Dat's when I 'gun to dig an' hoe,  
Hoary Anna.  
Dem eyes wuz 'tractive speres to men;  
You wuz a lubly nigger den,  
Hoary Anna.  
I wish dem times wuz here agen,  
Hoary Anna.

#### III.

We used to meet us in de dusk,  
Hoary Anna,  
When Massa slep' upon his busk,  
Hoary Anna.  
Dat mouf wuz roses ob de glen;  
Lord bless dose 'ours dis nigger spen',  
Hoary Anna.  
I wish dem cheeks wuz dat agen,  
Hoary Anna.

#### IV.

I stoled out by de star's pale light,  
Hoary Anna.  
De boss wuz fast asleep dat night,  
Hoary Anna.  
I clustered top de water tub,  
An' whispered o'er de wall my lub,  
Hoary Anna,  
With nuffin' but de stars above,  
Hoary Anna.





## V.

Dis heart kep' tickin' loud and fast,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dis'nigger wuz in lub at last,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dis soul wuz bustin' wid my bliss,  
 You must hev' seed dem sighs I guess,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dat Cupid's darts warn't made to miss,  
     Hoary Anna.

## VI.

I 'voked dem stars den 'voked de Lord,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 I ope'd dese lips to say de word,  
     Hoary Anna;  
 When—glanced dat cussed lid aside,  
 An' dropped your lubbin' Sam inside,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Your Sam what woo'd you for his bride,  
     Hoary Anna.



## VII.

You slutched me by dis curly pate,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dem curls wuz small, dat strengf' wuz great,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dis wool most nobly stood de strain,  
 I scrawled dat cussed tub agen,  
     Hoary Anna  
*Dat duckin' had not cured de pain,*  
     Hoary Anna.



## VIII.

Dat lid was fixed what warn't secure,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dat dampin' made me lub you more,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 It could not squench de fire wid'in,  
 It only bust it out agen,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 I'd 'gun dat race an' meant to win!  
     Hoary Anna.

## IX.

You blushed at what I goed to do,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Perked on dat lid I knelt anew,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 De boss jest come a creepin sly,  
 Then dropped your Sam one in de eye,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 Dat cussed lid—an' den—good bye!  
     Hoary Anna.

## X.

I tried to scramble up de top,  
     Hoary Anna.  
 De boss he said, "I guess you'll stop,"  
     Hoary Anna.

He bobbed me down den bobbed agen,  
Jes' let me out as life wuz spen'.

Hoary Anna.

You wuz a lubly nigger den!

Hoary Anna.



More and more the minds of us are visibly setting in the direction of a glorious and blessed obscurity.

Benjamin, at spasmodic intervals, appears to recover his volatility.

"More wine! Thunder and Lightning?"

I help myself to a substantial reminder of that dearest of all dear widows, Veuve Clicquot.

"Another Havana?"

I take another Havana.

"Gentlemen," cries a voice from the lower end of the table, "I've got an idea!"

"Nonsense!" cry several voices; "I don't believe it." "Where is it?" "Let's have a look at it!" and much laughter.

"But I have," insists the Member for Peterborough. "I have," repeats Whalley. "It's a conundrum."

"A conundrum," says Sir Verdant, gruffly, attempting to be sarcastic. "Of course it's a conundrum. Who ever heard *you* say anything that wasn't a conundrum?"

We smile sickly.

"Why—Hard Hunt, Forecit, William, and Sir Verdant," proceeds this irrepressible Papistical

inconveniencer, "why did her Majesty the Queen confer a peerage upon Benjamin? Also, I want to know under what treaty the same was conferred?"

The legislative mind cogitates—at least that portion of it which is in a condition to cogitate.

The legislative mind cogitates again.

"Whalley," cries Sir Wellfried, "I have it! The Queen conferred a title upon Benjamin because she thought Benjamin *Dis-raeli* deserve it."

We put our hands on our stomachs.

"No, Lawson," says Whalley, exultingly. "Very good; but nothing like it. Try again."

We try again.

We give it up.

"It is obvious," says the joyous Whalley, "that the Queen conferred a peerage upon Benjamin because he was peerless!"

We groan audibly.

"Now I want to know," persists this miserable hanger-on of Joe Miller, "under what treaty the peerage upon Benjamin was conferred?"

We decline to guess anything more about it, and give it up at once.

"The answer," replies Whalley, "is as obvious as the other (which it may easily be, and not be obvious at all). The treaty under which the Queen conferred the peerage upon Benjamin was the Reciprocity Treaty. (Oh!) The *Quid pro Quo* Treaty. (Oh!) The I'll-make-you-an-Empress-if-you'll-make-me-an-Earl Treaty." (Oh!)

"And that, Whalley, says Sir Verdant, turning very red in the face, "you have the audacity to call a conundrum?"

"I have," says Whalley. "What do you call it?"

"Well, if you must know my opinion," says Sir Verdant, "I call it a confounded piece of impertinence!"

"Tush, Verdy!" says Sweet William.

"Fie, fie!" says Benjamin.

"I *do*, Ben," cries Sir Verdant, hotly. "I'm distantly related to the Marquis of Lorne, and through him to the rest of the Royal Family, and if Whalley thinks I'm going to sit tamely down here while my illustrious relatives are being openly pelted with the mud of his coarse ribaldry, he is

grossly mistaken. Benjamin, if I have not already said so, I will say so now—I'm distantly—very—related to the Marquis of Lorne, and with the authority which that distant relationship confers upon me, I tell you, Whalley, that the man who would propound such a conundrum as yours is a cad and a coward!"

"Verdy," retorts Whalley, "you go to Jericho!"

"I'll Jericho you in two minutes!" cries Sir Verdant, in a towering passion, turning up his sleeves.

"Tush, tush, Verdy," says Sweet William.

"Fie, fie!" says Benjamin.

"You'd better not," retorts Whalley, "or by the Conventual and Monastic Institutions. Bill I'll——"



"No, you won't, Whalley," says Sweet William. "Be quiet!"

"No, no, Verdy," says Benjamin. "Calm yourself."

"Tell the wounded tiger to calm himself!"

says Sir Verdant, striking an attitude. "No, Benjamin, no. My dander's up!"

But at this instant the bell rings, and the threatened hostilities are happily averted by the entrance of Plush.

At the first glimpse of Plush the belligerents sit down.

It is a curious fact that a gentleman who does not hesitate to forfeit the good opinion of his peers will brave death itself rather than lower himself in the good opinion of the waiter.

Plush departs, and Benjamin, fearing the renewal of the scene, calls upon Mr. Marmalade Yenkins for a song.

Mr. Marmalade Yenkins, after roundly protesting that he does not know a song, and that he never sung one in his life, obliges us by singing the following:—

### Hot Dear Invalided Old Thing.

#### I.

You'll take me and make me your pet  
In a villa on bank of the Thames,  
You'll doat on me, darling, and let  
Me escort you to Baden and Ems!  
You will kiss me and love me by night,  
In winter and summer and spring,  
You'll make me so happy and bright,  
You dear invalided old thing!





"BENJAMIN IS NO LONGER COGNISANT OF THE EXISTENCE OF HIS GUESTS."



## II.

You'll give me a carriage to ride,  
 With footmen so powdered and tall,  
 And you'll doatingly sit by my side—  
 Your dear little queen of it all!  
 You'll love me and kiss me all day,  
 And hang on my lip when I sing,  
 It's naughty—you *musn't*, I say,  
 You dear invalided old thing!

## III.

You'll take me to parties and balls,  
 And crushes and routs when you can;  
 You'll deck me in laces and falls,  
 You sumptuously gouty old man!  
 You'll kiss me and love me anew,  
 In summer and winter and spring;  
 It is wicked—be quiet, now *do*,  
 You dear invalided old thing!

The mental energy of all of us visibly wanes more and more under the influence of Mousseux and the ever-to-be-praised-and-be-lauded Veuve Clicquot.

"Come, Cross, you little Bacchus," cries the still spasmodically volatile Benjamin, "recite us that little poem you wrote about a cabbage."

"Poem!" says Cross, in mimic amazement.

"Poem, Benjamin! Cabbage!"



"Yes," says Benjamin, with a sly wink; "you know what I mean, eh, Cross? You know what I refer to, though you pretend you don't, you sly little spectacled old dog!"

Whereupon Cross, in his blandest tones, recites

us his little poem (which we are subsequently informed is founded upon fact), as follows:—

## Ode to a Cabbage.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SUGGESTIVE PRESENT OF A CABBAGE MADE TO YOURS HUMBLBY BY TWO YOUNG LADIES, ANNO DOMINI, 1876.

O, some may love the lofty palm  
 That waves along a foreign strand,  
 And some prefer the soothing balm  
 Of "Ole Virginny's" dusky land;  
 The sweetest thing that blooms for me  
 In garden bower or arid dene,  
 Is—emblem of simplicity—  
 The ever-verdant cabbage green!

O luscious cabbage, rich and rare,  
 Would gender mine were feminine  
 That I might wear thee in mine hair  
 And garlands round my forehead twine!  
 O thou should'st be the nice bouquet  
 By bonied lover pressed between  
 Mine hands upon my wedding day,  
 Thou ever-verdant cabbage green!

But as I am denied this lot  
 By reasons which I can't control,  
 Surrounded by forget-me-not  
 I'll wear thee in my button-hole!  
 And when admiring maids shall see  
 Thy beauty but with envious e'en,  
 Thou'lt mirror their simplicity,  
 Thou ever-verdant cabbage green!

But this is too much.

One or two of Benjamin's guests are now no longer aware of the existence of themselves or each other. This poem of Cross's has done its deadly and somnolent work. O, awe-stricken constituencies, if ye could only see your legislators now!

"Icarno'er Power," cries Benjamin, "the Grat-tan of the present Parliament and 'Hibernia's future king, sing us a song."

"The only one I know," replies Icarno'er Power, "is the one I've sung every night in the House of Commons since last February, and I don't intend to sing it here to-night for anybody. That's the true Irish tip. The 'Wrongs of Ould Oireland' was the name of the song last session, but this next session I mean to re-christen the song, and to call it the 'Rights of Ould Oireland.'"

"Wrongs of old Ireland," says Benjamin, rather tartly, "or rights of old Ireland, it is a song we can very well dispense with both here and in the House of Commons."

We applaud.

"Thunder and Lightning," he says, turning round upon me with a smile of exquixitive sweetness, "will you oblige us with a song?"

"Benjamin," I reply, "I will oblige you with



anything. I am, as you, perhaps, don't know, distantly related to the Marquis of—no,—I beg pardon—distantly related to a prima donna. Her illegitimate child married a cousin of my aunt's niece's great-grandmother. You will accordingly see, Benjamin, that I am musical by descent, and

that my distant relationship to the prima donna aforesaid constitutes me, as Sir Verdant would say, the champion of the French and Italian stage. Benjamin, I know but one song, but that song I will oblige you with with pleasure.

I warble as follows :—

## Beautiful Flo.

### I.

**O** Flo, beautiful Flo,  
Filling men's hearts with a passionate glow ;  
Pride of the river and pride of the lawn,  
Queen of the dance till the break of the dawn.  
Dancing—flirting—laughing at me ;  
Beautiful Flo, I could die for thee !  
Glancing, dancing, trilling a song,  
Beautiful Flo, thou canst do no wrong !  
Brighter than stars are in Heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love !

### II.

Flo, Flo, beautiful Flo,  
Dragging my heart out wherever you go !  
Scorning my love for a maddening fun,  
Hotter than sunshine yet colder than moon !  
Racing—chasing—hurrying by,  
A smile on thy lip and disdain in thy eye.  
Sweet little archer, oh, heed not the smart,  
Send that swift arrow, love, straight to my heart,  
Quenching for ever its passionate glow,  
Cruel, disdainful, but beautiful Flo !

I observe, in resuming my seat, that the attitude of most of us has become by this time more striking than classic,

The grand old dining hall wears the aspect of a finished banquet, and Benjamin's guests that of finished gentlemen.

Some of us are talking in our sleep. Whalley is heard to say that if ever his legs get right again he'll go over to Rome and beg the Pope's pardon, and wash his hands in the Pope's golden ewer, and receive absolution, and count his beads in some contiguous priory to the end of his natural life.



Sweet William is heard to ask, in the name of the public, if the rod of satire is worth the pickling, but the answer to this conundrum dies away on his lips.

Gathorne Hardy is heard to move for supplementary estimates for the army—now the *Hardy annual* of the House of Commons.

"Gentlemen," says Benjamin, rising with difficulty to his feet, and smiling benignantly into space at nothing, "gentlemen, I rise (*hic*) to propose another toast. I—I ask you to drink to the health—health of the ladies (*hic*). I couple with this toast the name of Mr. Bruce."

There are some faint attempts at applause, but they are scarcely audible.

Bruce is lying with his face in his dessert plate.

"Brucey, old man," says Sir Verdant, digging his fist into the small of his back, "wake up! The toast of the ladies proposed. You've got to respond, old man."

"Shan't!" says Bruce, from the top of his dessert plate. "Smother the ladies; let 'em respond for themselves. I'm asleep."

"Four o'clock in the morning!" says Sir Verdant, repeating his dig in the small of Bruce's back. "Wake up! d'ye hear, Bruce? Where should I be if the royal family were to come in?" Another dig.

"Smother the royal family!" says Bruce, waking up and staring around the room in the greatest astonishment. "Where am I? What do you want me to do?"

"Come, Brucey, dear," says Benjamin, "you inebriated old toper, wake up! You've got to respond to the toast of the ladies. Sing us a song, or give us a recitation."

"I only know one song," stammers Bruce, "and that's a recitation."

"Very well, then," cries Sir Verdant, becoming impatient at Bruce's impenetrable obstinacy, "give us that. Go on."

"It is called——"

"Never mind what it's called," breaks in Sir Verdant—"recite it."

Bruce hereupon hoists himself upon his legs, and recites—we say "recites" charitably—the following:—

## The Belles.

### I.

Oh, the dancing of the belles,  
Silver belles!

What a world of merriment that glancing group  
foretells.



How they dance, dance, dance,

In the white and heated light,  
Till the berries that o'ersprinkle  
Every picture seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight.

Keeping time, time, time,

To the valse-exciting rhyme

Of Der Schönen Blauen Donau that so musically  
wells;

Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles.

Oh, the dancing and the glancing of the belles!

### II.

Oh, the Court-invited belles,

Golden belles!

What a world of plush and paint their dazzling  
grandeur tells.

Through the balmy air of night,

Through a vision of delight,

From the jarring city notes

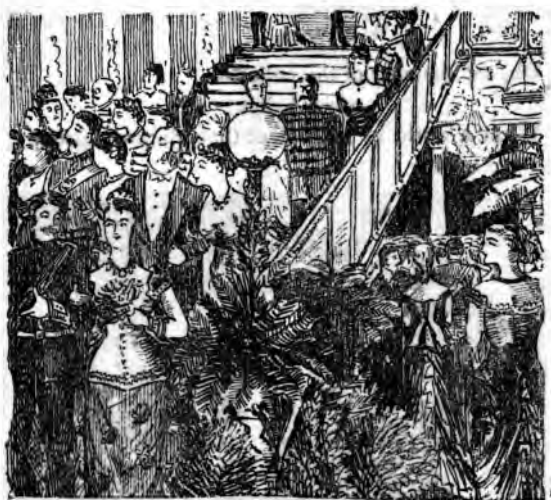
Out of tune,

What a splendid vision floats

To the eyes of Miss Belinda Fitz-Neotes

Of Aroon!





Oh, the crushing and the rout,  
And the gathers that come out!  
How the agony voluminously wells.  
How it swells!  
How it dwells!

On the temper how it tells!

To what anger it impels.

Oh, the rushing and the crushing of the belles!

Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles.

Oh, the tearing and despairing of the belles!

### III.

Oh, the belles of the Mabile,

Brazen belles!

What a world of lying love their honied accent  
tells.

In the glare and in the light

How they dance out their delight,

Thinking of the future never,

Dancing on and dancing ever,

With a weary simulation of a love they cannot  
feel,

In the glare and in the glitter and the hell of the  
*Mabile*.



Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour

Now—now to win or never,

Golden youth!

Oh, the belles, belles, belles,

What a tale their laughing tells

Of despair.

How they dance, dance, dance,

With a weary smile and glance,

In the glare and in the glitter that are there!

Yet the eye it fully knows

By the sighing

Lips and dying

How the hoping ebbs and flows.

Yet the eye distinctly tells

How the hoping sinks and swells,

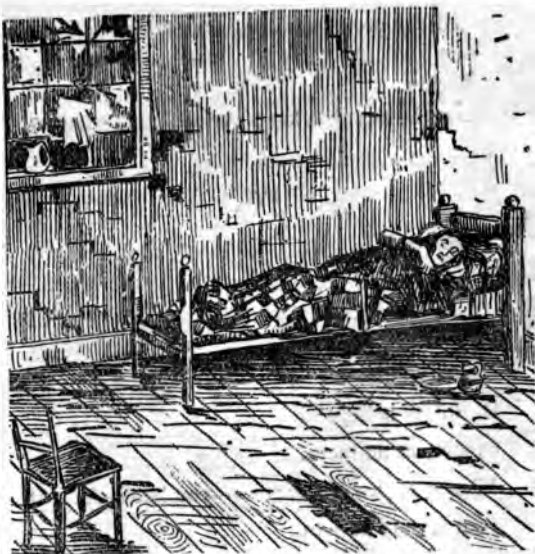
By the dancing, and the glancing, and the  
prancing of the belles,

Of the belles—

Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,

Belles, belles, belles,

By the sighing lips and dying of the belles.



But the way in which Bruce drones out this song is too much. It is the *coup de grace*, the finishing touch, the last straw that breaks the convivial camel's back.

Benjamin has lapsed at last into a condition in which he is no longer cognisant of the existence of his guests.

Dord Lerby, with his head gracefully reclining upon his breast, has already followed his leader to that land where all things are forgotten—yea, even Bulgarian atrocities, and Berlin Memoranda.

Hard Hunt, after colliding with the chandelier, the decanter, and everybody and everything, has sunk at last like another "Captain," and dreams of mermaids and our submarine navy.

Sir Stafford stares into space with his pockets turned inside-out.

Dr. Gonenearly—poor, dear man!—clasps his umbrella in the convulsions of some horrid nightmare.

Even Sir Wellfried—our well-beloved and trusty Momus—has fallen a prey to the prevailing liquor *quemadmodum profanum vulgum*.

Two of us only—myself and Sir Verdant—now remain unconquered by the seductions of Bacchus.

We two eye each other sympathetically, with the consciousness of superior moral strength.

"Thunder—you will excuse me if I omit the Lightning—Thunder," he asks winningly, "are you an admirer of poetry?"



**CLEANED OUT;**

I remark that I am—that I adore poetry.

"Then, Thunder and Lightning," he says, "while those other fellows are snoring away allow me to send you to sleep by reciting a verse or two I composed *myself*. Would you like to hear them?"

I reply that I should, merely adding that if I have any preference at all it is for verses composed *not* by himself.

"I composed these verses, Thunder and Lightning, myself, in the short space of five minutes, while waiting for the salad at my club."

I nod my head very profoundly in admiration of his most extraordinary genius.

"I think they are true, Thunder and Lightning," he adds, "even now."

I express a hope they may be.

"I haven't got a title for them," says Sir Verdant; "perhaps they are too good to require one, but they go like this:—"

## I.

The clouds of war and thunder darkly lour,  
 The Flag of Freedom to the breeze is flying,  
 The Prophet's sword is drawn ; the hated Giaour  
 On many a field lies panting, gasping, dying.  
 The cannons roar ; wave yataghan and dirk ;  
 O curst the hand that's raised to save the Turk !

## II.

Oh, what a plague-spot to be wept with tears—  
 This curse of Islam on earth's fairest bowers !  
 A fest'ring curse beyond the cure of years,  
 And leagues of kings, and statesmen's arts and  
 powers,  
 That blasts and kills with pestilential breath,  
 Whose rule is ruin and whose presence death.

## III.

Thou, Russian Eagle, hail ! brave hearts are near  
 thee,  
 Guard of the wronged and rock of the oppressed ;  
 The voice of England's people's raised to cheer  
 thee,

Speed thy proud mission, ark of the distressed.  
 "Down with the Turk !" It echoes through the  
 world ;  
 O, curst the lies that keep our ensigns furled !

## IV.

Thou———"

But the rest is blank.

Memory fails me.

Darkness is beyond.

I recollect no more.

*Vinum ! Quanta magna*—you know the rest.

Man is only human.

I can only say, in conclusion, that I owe my  
 sincerest thanks to the waiters, butlers, footmen,  
 cooks, chambermaids, housemaids, kitchenmaids,  
 boots, and bottlewashers for the liberal supply of  
 soda-water forthcoming in those small hours of  
 the morning.



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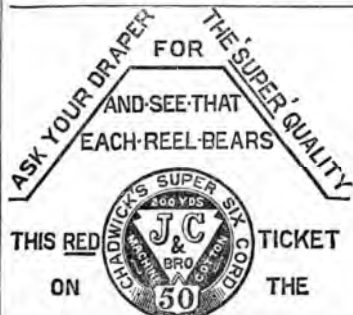
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14, Senior Street, Paddington, Feb. 25, 1874.—Dear Sir,—I write to say that I have taken one box of the Pontardawe Worm Lozenges, and I am thankful to say with most miraculous effect. They are most inestimable, for they have done what three months' physicking at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, did not do. I have taken as much as four ounces of castor oil in one day, with other medicine, and a quantity of strychnine in prescribed doses, authorised by eminent physicians, yet a day or two after I suffered from seat worms as bad as ever. I beg you will send me another box, for which I enclose stamps, as I shall not feel safe without them in case of a relapse.—Yours respectfully,

J. W. FRANKLIN.



## Our Agony Column.

## I.

We own that in ailments there's nothing to jest at,  
 And beg to remark we've a horror of scoffing,  
 Yet men of all climes have agreed and confessed that  
 There's little to choose 'twixt a cough and a coffin!  
 Then here's health to thee, KEATING; thy lozenge can  
 save us  
 From coughs and bronchitis that else would en-grave us!

## II.

To write about worms you'll admit is not easy,  
 Though Baudelaire wrote a great deal on that head too,  
 But then all his verse is so awfully wheezy  
 That it's only by worms—that is bookworms—he's  
 read through!  
 Well, WILLIAMS's lozenge, so pungent and sappy,  
 Will make a poor worm feel most awful unhappy!

## III.

Then for ills in the bowels, and wind on the chest,  
 Which will, unrelieved, e'en the strongest man  
 flummock,  
 The pills of PAGE WOODCOCK's undoubtedly best,  
 (And few of us care for cyclones in the stomach);  
 While a great many windbags inflated with cant  
 Might take a Page Woodcock and get what they want.

## IV.

Whence gout was imported has puzzled for ages  
 The wise and the learned again and again,  
 'Tis strangely reserved for the lore of these pages  
 To state that it came from Oporto in Spain.  
 BLAIR's pills are the best you can take, if you care to,  
 For gout and the twinges that gout is the heir to!

## V.

Whence issued rheumatics we give no opinion,  
 And fervently hope we may not fall a victim,  
 Yet even the fear of its curse and dominion  
 Shall never restrain us from printing this dictum:  
 For twinges rheumatic the sterling transfixer  
 Is doubtless a dose of the WOODHOUSE Elixir!

## VI.

Of the cure for all ills we shall never find traces,  
 However persistently wisdom may hunt her,  
 Yet for cure of all ills of our nerves and our faces  
 We owe a vast deal to the science of BUNTER.  
 For tic and for toothache the cure most deserving  
 Of praise at the hands of the public's his Nervine!

## VII.

A row of white teeth are accounted more precious  
 Than the light of an eye or the bloom of a cheek,  
 And the fragrant perfume of the breath more delicious  
 Than those roses of Gál that forced Byron to speak.  
 Here's a drain to thee, GOSNELL; it's been to me very  
 Remarkably useful the paste thou call'st cherry!

## VIII.

The teeth of mankind seem half blessing and curse;  
 When needed most out most refusing to come,  
 And when needed most in—which is just the reverse—  
 Declining to stick there in spite of the gum.  
 But JONES, bless his name, and hang rival pretensions,  
 Is a match for our teeth with his dental inventions!

## IX.

It passes our wonder that man should inherit  
 A temple a cold in the head will make gloomy,  
 Yet even this plan has one obvious merit—  
 The smallest of temples is thereby made rheumy!  
 But one thing is clear—it was part of the plan  
 That colds should be cured by the medicine of MANN.

## X.

Botanical research has been the salvation  
 Of men in all climates, the torrid and frigid,  
 And WHELPTON has wrung from us this assevation—  
 His pills in their course are resistless and rigid,  
 And heads philosophic pronounce them the best  
 For ills in the bowels and kidneys and chest!

## XI.

We suffer enough who inhabit this isle  
 From head-ache and sickness, eruptions and nausea.  
 Can anyone sum up the evils of bile  
 Or picture the pains that these horrors can cause you?  
 For rescue from sickness these thanks be of mine  
 Dear LAMPLOUGH to thee and thy Pyretic Saline!

## XII.

That man is a compound of earth and of gases  
 Is older by far than the records of fiction,  
 To sufficiently praise BRAGG's charcoal surpasses  
 The strength of our pen and the flight of our diction.  
 For absorbing bad gas when the stomach most queer is  
 There nothing like charcoal of BRAGG on this sphere is!

## XIII.

That blood is the life is a truth from the Bible  
 That flourishes still 'neath the ægis of wisdom,  
 Bad blood has been christened the fountain of libel,  
 As well as of ailments that speed man to *his* doom!  
 Here's a health to thee, CLARKE, for thy Mixture's  
 done good  
 To the world and thyself by improving our blood!

## XIV.

Great GOODALL, to thee, be our bumper drained this  
 time,  
 For next to the man who keeps healthy our blood  
 Is the man—Abernethy asserted in *his* time—  
 Who gives us enjoyment in taking our food.  
 The Relish of GOODALL, like coquettes in poesy,  
 Is piquant, delicious, and awfully *saucy*!

## XV.

To fatten your babes, mamas, out of a window  
 A heartless young cynic once told you to throw them;  
 He gave as a reason, as p'raps, you remember,  
 The fact they'd drop plump on the pavement below  
 them.  
 A far better way's Dr. RIDGE's than that—  
 If you give them his food why they're bound to *get fat*!

## XVI.

The world has admitted and medical sceptics  
 Have said BROWN & POLSON's Corn Flour is delicious,  
 And invalids, infants, and even dyspeptics  
 Will find in it aliment richly nutritious.  
 And anyone's doubts of its nutritive power  
 Will be nipped in the bud if they get in the flour

## XVII.

To adulterate Cocoa's become such a practice  
 That really the State must step in to protect us,  
 The Faculty tell us to drink, but the fact is  
 The stuff is so starched they can hardly expect us.  
 Who wish for pure cocoa in all its quintessence  
 Will certainly find it in CADBURY's Essence.

## XVIII.

"I want a good cheese and don't know where to get it,"  
 Is a cry that goes constantly up from the pater;  
 If he bought one at WEBBER's he'd never forget it,  
 There breathes not a man who is trimmer or straighter.  
*Pork, poultry or butter—he equally pleases;*  
*Long Lane, seventeen's, the depôt of his cheeses.*

## XIX.

The HALF-GUINEA ALE is so pleasantly wholesome,  
 So brisk and so sparkling, so warm to the blood,  
 There exists not a cynic who doubts we ought all some  
 To get in of liquor so bright and so good.  
 Who is fond of a brew that is good and not dear  
 Let him stick to this ale till he takes to his bier!

## XX.

The friends of cold water, obtrusive in manner,  
 Our ancient old vices are taking a dig at,  
 Dogmatic Good Templars are flaunting their banner,  
 Proscribing our drink with the zeal of a bigot.  
 The best British liquor for warming a fellow  
 Is GRANT's Cherry Brandy, the sterling Morella!

## XXI.

Strong clothes to resist the coarse treatment of boyhood,  
 Their romping and racing, and frolicsome glee,  
 The hearts of fond parents brim over with joy would;  
 Then SAMUEL BROTHERS, a bumper to ye!  
 Whatever the fashions the beaux bring about  
 Resartors of tailors, ye cut them all out!

## XXII.

Then SAMPSON AND Co. have achieved themselves  
 famous;  
 The shirt they call "Surplice" is startling, surprising,  
 For dress where it's torrid, for flannels no name has  
 In London than their's been more steadily rising.  
 The luck that withdraws us to India should thank its  
 Stars that this firm sells rugs, drawers and blankets.

## XXIII.

First for serge of all mixtures, wools, staple, elastic,  
 Stand the Devonshire factors, great SPEARMAN and  
 SPEARMAN;  
 For boots—riding, walking or hunting, the plastic  
 Of leathers is BIRD's: may they always be near man.  
 While as for kid gloves the most notable dealer  
 And vendor's *sans pareil* undoubtedly WHEELER.

## XXIV.

For silks and for satins we much recommend  
 A purchase at VENABLES, Whitechapel Mart;  
 And MADAME SCHILD's dress patterns highly commend  
 As the true *ne plus ultra* of cheapness and art.  
 And then there is CHADWICK—we'd nearly forgotten  
 To mention the claims of his six-corded cotton.

## XXV.

The finest of cambric our noses are heir to  
 Is sold ready hemmed at half-guinea a dozen  
 By ROBINSON, CLEAVER, of Belfast; and there, too,  
 Are the sweetest of gifts for a lady—hem!—cousin.  
 If stitches be needed your duty is clear,  
 Despatch along with it the “Zephyr” by WEIR.

## XXVI.

Ah! could we look back through dead ages and answer  
 How mothers got on when they stitched with their  
 fingers,  
 When time had not heard of our dear little Wanzer—  
 That awful slow time that so painfully lingers.  
 If a stitch can save nine, sure a WANZER, in fine,  
 Is at least the salvation of ninety times nine.

## XXVII.

By the turn of a wheel, by the throw of a dice,  
 Some thousands of fortunes have quitted the perch;  
 Can anyone tell us particularly nice  
 How many 've been lost for a pen'orth of starch?  
 While we pause be our cry as we live and the pen wield,  
 No starch in the world can come up to the GLENFIELD!

## XXVIII.

Of all the adornments dear Nature provides us  
 (And really we trust what we say there's no harm in),  
 A wealth of rich tresses whatever betides us  
 Is the one the most *rooted* and precious and charming.  
 Though we cannot lay claim to the mantle of Coleridge,  
 We pen this odd verse to his BALM and to OLDRIDGE.

## XXIX.

Messrs. WILKINSON, Sheffield, so vast their ability,  
 Make Magical Drops, which of medical modes  
 Are reputed the best in lumbago, debility,  
 And scurvy and cancer, boils, blotches and nodes.  
 It answers to reason that if you would stop 'em,  
 The briefest of methods is simply to *Drop* 'em!

## XXX.

As the friends of the Act most persistently premised,  
 Education has given a spurt unto science,  
 The smallest of urchins expands to a Chemist,  
 And calls for the aid of the latest appliance.  
 If pestered with calls and a wish to allay them,  
 Of course we can best recommend you to STATHAM!

## XXXI.

Oh, the COVENTRY BICYCLE—that's the machine  
 For racing, for travelling, for all evolutions,  
 No lighter, or stronger, or better has been  
 Since bicycles wrought in the land revolutions!  
 If you want the machine o'er its kind holding sov'reignty  
 With the greatest of pleasure we send you to Coventry!

## XXXII.

Oh, HODKINSON, CLARKE, we must vow and protest;  
 Its shocking the horrible way you remind us,  
 Your mode of protecting our windows is best,  
 And if we approve you'll be happy to *blind* us!  
 Then, come, don't you think we have horrors to sup,  
 When you add your revolvers can shut us all up!

## XXXIII.

A bundle of rose-trees—a guinea—from Bath  
 Seems a kind of announcement that savours of fooling;  
 Not often such bargains come crossing our path,  
 Yet you'll find it is true if you write unto COOLING.  
 But talking of cooling—the JAPANESE CURTAIN  
 Admits not a rival—that's perfectly certain.

## XXXIV.

For the ailments of dogs try BENBOW and his science;  
 His soap medicated's a wonder to wash 'em.  
 For salvation from thieves try TANN's safe—the  
 RELIANCE—  
 The subtlest of prigs is unable to smash 'em.  
 For coughs that distress you—we use no compulsion—  
 Just try, if you like, TURNER's famous EMULSION.

## XXXV.

For restoring grey hair, and for baldness and dandriff,  
 A host of good people give SANDELL the preference;  
 We know well, of course, no restorer can stand if  
 It finds not a rock in the popular reference;  
 We only can say—Let them differ who've tried 'em;  
 That if there are better we've never applied 'em.

## XXXVI.

“LICHEN ISLANDICUS”—that's the strange name of  
 The ICELAND MOSS COCOA that sell Dunn and  
 Hewett;  
 It's good, but it's sad that we can't say the same of  
 A host of strange cocoas that claim to outdo it!  
 Here's a word—though p'raps strange, and incongruous  
 very—  
 To MILLARD and also his dentifrice CHERRY.



## XXXVII.

Of all the home sounds the decidedly best is  
 The click of the SINGER machine at its sewing ;  
 The SINGER adapted to stand every test is,  
 As thousands of feminine lips are avowing,  
 Declaring, proclaiming—who ventures to doubt it ?—  
 No home in the land can be happy without it ?

## XXXVIII.

For knives and for forks we can much recommend  
 SLACK's at three hundred and thirty-six Strand ;  
 But where all is so good where's the need to commend ?  
 And the firm are the BLAND-est of men in the land.  
 E'en their blades are good-tempered and never prove  
 fickle,  
 And their forks are superbly electro'd on nickel.

## XXXIX.

The pianos of BRINSMEAD are much in repute  
 For beauty of finish and brightness of tone—  
 The medals they've won have removed from dispute  
 The practical truth that their rivals are none ;  
 Wherever contending—in each exhibition—  
 They have carried the palm against all competition.

## XL.

A musical box for two shillings at BAUM's  
 Is the greatest of wonders this age has produced us,  
 Except DYER's watch—sing its praises with shawms—  
 Or BROWN and GREEN's stove that's so often seduced  
 us ;  
 Yet p'raps if it came to a bet we'd bet on a  
 Lock-stitch hand-sewing machine—PRIMA DONNA !

## XLI.

The collecting of stamps has become a fine art,  
 And WHITFIELD and KING can aver it's no blunder.  
 This firm are importers—at Ipswich their mart—  
 Their "Imperial" Album is truly a wonder ;  
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## XLII.

That Messrs. Tegg and Co.'s books—have you seen the  
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 diction  
 Remain to this day unsurpassed in the land.  
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## XLIV.

Our task is completed. In bidding adieu  
 To the friends whose announcements embellish our  
 pages,  
 We hope we've cemented old friendships anew,  
 Till they're firm as the rocks and as sure as the ages ;  
 We wish all our friends—for the season is here—

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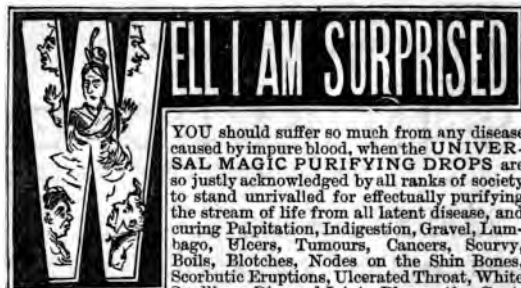
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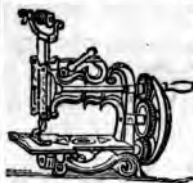
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# PAN THE PILGRIM:

## A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

By the Authors of "BENJAMIN D——"



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London:

WELDON & CO., 15, WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1877.

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COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT,

BEING A SEQUEL TO "CONSUELO."

By GEORGE SAND.



IN PREPARATION, UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE,

LITTLE FADETTE.


By GEORGE SAND.

---

LONDON: WELDON & CO., WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET ST.

## DEDICATION.

---

 ES ; be it so. We dedicate this lay—  
This idle, simple, unpretentious lay—  
Its merits, few—its faults, innumerable—  
To Sodom—in other words “Society.”  
Set out the word in capitals—SOCIETY !  
Without a starting in the human strata,  
Nor an end ; with all its wealth of subterfuge  
And wantonness ; with all the past traditions  
And deceits that pampered human forms  
Hold to be precious, and amidst perfume—  
Myrrh of Belgravia and frankincence  
From the patrician West of all the Clubs—  
Bow to and make the Baal of their lives.  
Be this lay dedicate to *it*, and may  
It see, as in a mirror, in its lines  
The hideous, foul, and treacherous thing  
It is ; and—fierce in scorn of its own image—  
Tear off the spangled velvet that hides up  
The festering wounds below corrupting it.

And now a word. We’ve sometimes heard it said—  
One here and there, and sometimes one again—  
Books in the tone of ours do harm. P’raps so ;  
We fight in the ranks of others of our time  
Who hold their country’s morals to be precious,  
And yet have got to learn that shaven priests,  
Who in Confession wake new thoughts of sin,  
And taint pure lives and hearts—we’ve yet to learn  
That they and others who like poisoned cups  
Keep ready for the daintiest human lips  
*Hold a monopoly of doing harm.*

But that our books do harm is our just pride—  
Harm like the lash upon the felon's back,  
And in the same good cause, intent, and need.  
Our one regretful theme is that the harm  
Inflicted 's so minutely small compared  
With the Colossus to be scourged for sin ;  
And that the furrows which are red with gore  
Beneath the knotted thong upon its hide  
Get healed between the rise and set of sun.  
We'd like to work sometimes the direst harm  
Upon the rotten base of mundane things  
That even Jove, in myriad thunders clad,  
Could do or dream of. When the critics say  
That books like ours do harm 'tis but our due,  
And they but pay the compliment we claim.

And now, sweet reader, let us ask a question—  
Do *you* feel hurt at what we've written down ?  
For if you *do*, you've truly earned the pain,  
The lash, with all the cruel blows laid on ;  
And we are glad we've ploughed into your hide,  
And hope to plough it many times again.  
But if you *don't*—if there's no knot that bites,  
Then pray you don't cry out until you're hurt.  
But, *satis superque*, and *quantum suff.*

We dedicate—as we have said—this lay  
To Sodom (and we throw Gomorrah in) ;  
And if it has the luck, and if it does  
As much of harm as its forerunners have  
In their opinion who are scathed and scourged,  
Then we will rest our pen with the conviction  
We have not wrought entirely in vain.




# PAN THE PILGRIM:

## *A VISION OF JUDGMENT.*

### CANTO THE FIRST.

#### *The Talisman.*

I.

UTSIDE of Heaven, by the Celestial portal,  
St. Peter, keys in girdle, sat and dozed;  
The gate was locked and none but the immortal  
Had seen whatever 'twas the door enclosed;  
Silence lay deep on all things, and no sound  
Disturbed the heavenly calm that reigned around.

II.

Saint Peter dozed. 'Twas really no great sin;  
His wicket was well barred and doubly locked,  
While if a pilgrim sought admittance in,  
Saint Peter always heard him when he knocked;  
Which served all needs, but—sad to say—of late  
They troubled neither Peter nor his gate.

III.

And that is why he dozed. Still as pale death  
In hush of sleep and calm did Zion lay  
When, lo! a sound—faint as a zephyr's breath  
Wrecked on 'a rose—awoke the sleeping day,  
While Peter—startled—to the wicket ran  
To wait the advent of the coming man.

IV.

The moments sped; deep—deeper grew the roar  
As of a chariot cleaving many winds;  
'Twas clear the pilot sought the Heavenly shore;  
His cargoes lately were of motley kinds,  
And this might be some more odd human scraps—  
A baby,—or an idiot,—perhaps.

V.

Soon, with the voice of thunder pealing near,  
Celestial soil the chariot rose upon;  
"Pilot," called Peter, "welcome and good cheer!  
"What have you brought us now—a whitened bone?  
"Ben D——? the Coming K——?—of course not—no;  
"Think you that Ben e'er dreams of where he'll go?"

VI.

But for reply the Pilot, with a laugh,  
Just hummed in Peter's ears some bars by Marriott;  
While Peter—sage and much resenting chaff—  
Looked black and walked off to the soared-up chariot,  
Pushed back the spring and, flinging wide the door,  
Bade the new-comer step on Zion's shore.

## VII.

"Hold! hold!"—the pilot roared—"Saint Peter, hold!

"Back with the door—how dare you touch the car!

"He aint a saint—and so, old boy, you're sold;

"I wish you'd stick to your own business more!"

"He aint a saint!" shrieked Peter, "yet you station—"

"Why, can't you see the man's a DEPUTATION!"

## VIII.

"A what!" cried Peter, "Can I trust my ears?"

"A Dep—u—ta—tion—What on earth is this?"

The Pilot laughed—"And you have lived these years

"And don't know what a deputation is!"

"I don't," smiled Peter; "p'raps my memory fades—

"Or deputations all go to the Shades!"

## IX.

"A deputation, let me tell you, Peter,

"Is God's black plague-spot on man's high estate;

"The gall that's in the honey—the sequitur Of putting little folk to govern great;

"Ask statesmen—bishops—all who ruled earth's sphere;"

"I can't," laughed Peter, "we've not got 'em here!"

## X.

"Well, he I've brought you comes to plead the case

"Of spirits—thousands—waiting to be hurled

"To Hades, or, if not, this higher place,

"From Purgatory's intervening world.

"The latter's choked with a rebellious crew,

"And Satan's howling daily for his due!"

## XI.

Then, with the air of one who's got a plan,

The Pilot swung the portal of the car;

Whence—slow and fearful—issued forth a man

Who would have raised his eyelids if he dare,

Which points a moral—he whom sins allure

Shrinks ever like a coward from the pure.

## XII.

"Of course I'm counsel for this trembling sprite?"

The Pilot asked; "I know his weary tale;

"I've got his sins on parchment a ton weight,

"His virtues writ across my finger nail;

"We'll first proceed with logic's war of wits;

"Hear what the balance is and—p'raps—cry quits.

## XIII.

"But first just let me mention one good reason

"Why this soul's case should be most promptly settled;

"They're crowded down below and threaten treason,

"While Satan's certainly profoundly nettled;

"You've hardly let him have, if you remember,

"A soul worth anything since *last* December.

## XIV.

"This thing, Saint Peter, can't go on much longer,

"At least unless you're quite prepared to put a

"Guard of black angels several thousands stronger;

"The place smells like the black hole of Calcutta;

"I'm always dreading when I pass the spot

"To find asphyxia has killed the lot!

## XV.

"What is proposed, Saint Peter's, briefly this—

"That you should try the case of this young blood;

"Map out his crimes—find what he's done amiss,

"And strike a balance 'twixt the bad and good;

"Hear what he has to say upon his side,

"And damn or save him as the laws decide.

## XVI.

"And, furthermore, Saint Peter, 'tis suggested

"(Since he's a perfect sample of the rest)

"His fate shall rule the others interested;

"That if his soul be cursed shall theirs—but if he's blest

"Shall they be blessed also. That is my plan.

"Come, dear old Peter, shall we try this man?"

## XVII.

Saint Peter thought—scratched his celestial pate,  
 And mused him much the course he should  
 pursue;  
 Then thought he'd summon Michael to the gate  
 And ask his saintship what he ought to do,  
 Premising that, if Michael thought they ought,  
 He'd bid him blow his trump and call the  
 court.

## XVIII.

Saint Peter went and threw the wicket back,  
 Calling out "Michael!" in his loudest tones.  
 Responding angels answered in a crack,  
 And so his name went echoing through the  
 zones;  
 But scarcely had the echoes died away  
 When entered Michael, radiant as the day.

## XIX.

Saint Peter ran and kissed his brother light,  
 And bade him come without the outer wall;  
 Explained the facts of his most sorry plight,  
 And dashed the souls who'd put him in a  
 hole,  
 Drew pictures of the intervening gloom,  
 And how the souls were clamouring for their  
 doom.

## XX.

Now when Saint Michael clearly saw the case  
 He seemed alarmed to learn th' arrears below;  
 Implored Saint P. to look it in the face,  
 And let him raise his trump of gold and blow.  
 The æther'd scarcely winged his awful note  
 When out came trooping the celestial court.

## XXI.

First the recording angel took a seat;  
 The patriarchs behind sat as a jury;  
 Saint Michael certified the court complete,  
 While as for Peter, to make doubly sure he  
 The patriarchs thrice counted—all being there,  
 They called the prisoner to the heavenly bar.

## XXII.

The Pilot, who in the forensic art  
 Had had much practice in the course of ages,  
 Took up the cudgels on the spirit's part  
 To save his client's soul from hell's dread  
 wages;  
 Adjusted his cravat, coughed dry and short,  
 And, humbly bowing, thus addressed the court.

## XXIII.

"My client—sirs—slept early with the dead;  
 "They knew him earthward as Sir Worldly  
 Man;  
 "Young—rich—and proud, Death snapped his  
 slender thread,  
 "Though none have less deserved his fate or  
 can.  
 "Why Death thus cut his cotton's still a mystery,  
 "But p'raps I'd better tell the Court his his-  
 tory.

## XXIV.

"His infant days passed off with no variety;  
 "His parents left his training to his nurse,  
 "Who scarcely saw the good of early piety,  
 "And brought him up an heathen, if not worse,  
 Save teaching him and all his infant brothers  
 "To say 'A little ship,' 'Bless father,' and  
 some others.

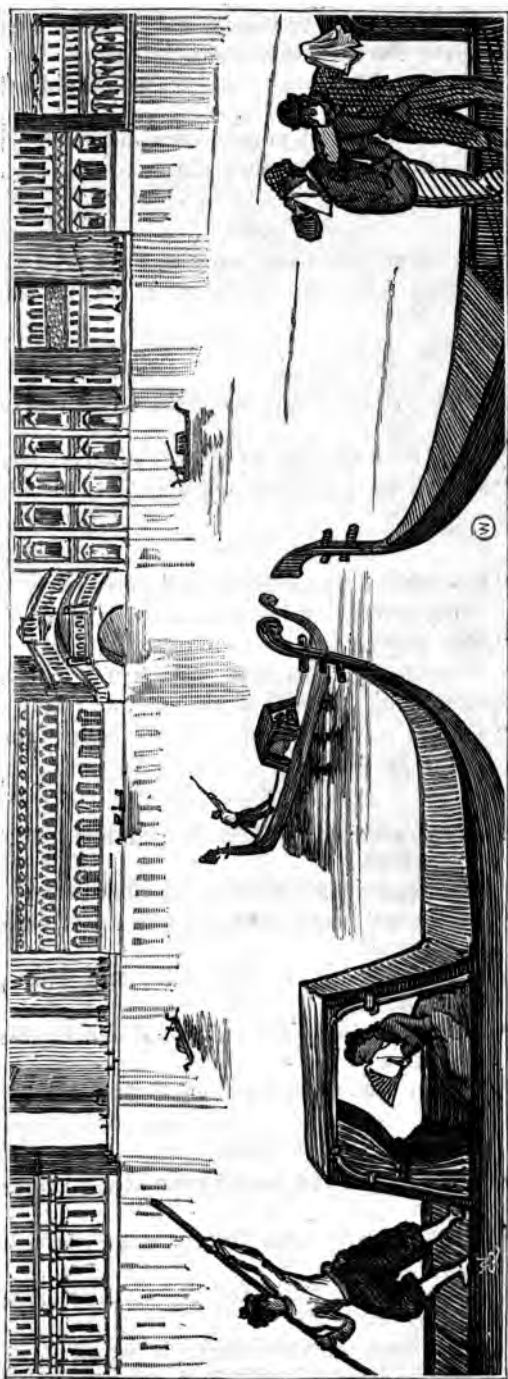
## XXV.

"When quite a boy they shipped him off to  
 school,  
 "To open out his mind as sun does roses;  
 "He learned some Greek—wrote Latin verse  
 by rule  
 "Twixt fishing, bathing, foils, and bloody  
 noses;  
 "Fell deep in love—boys will—and shocked his  
 tutor  
 "By more than once appearing as a suitor.

## XXVI.

"Youth's bright and honied years went creeping  
 on  
 "Till through some few resolves—through  
 many a slip—  
 "Through all the hopes and fears time's heap-  
 ing on—  
 "The down protruded on his upper lip;  
 "Which much suggests—if I may name it  
 now—  
 "A quite appropriate rhyme I've heard below.





## The Young Man to his Moustache.

### I.

Sign that the Rubicon's crossed—that the Pruth  
Of boyhood is passed,  
Passed and for aye;  
Farewell to the charming old nothings of youth,  
Comes manhood at last,  
Maturity may;  
Life seems bright if the battle be rough,  
Thou downy fluff!

### II.

Clincher of days when by virtue of hair  
On this long smooth lip  
I may flirt and woo,  
Whisper sweet things I can't feel anywhere  
Of Cupid's hard grip,  
As most fellows do;  
Break hearts—but I fancy most women's are tough,  
Thou downy fluff!

### III.

Herald of Noras—of Doras—to try  
Arch wiles that would bind  
In bonds of sweetness;  
Pressing of hands with a meaningless sigh,  
Vows the wild wind  
Surpass in fleetness,  
Kisses that pall on themselves soon enough,  
Thou downy fluff!

### XXVII.

"Next went to Cambridge, where between hot  
suppers—  
"Fish breakfasts—wine and cards—and some  
times worse—  
"Triangles—verbs—philosophy—*not* Tupper's—  
"Duns—dons—and 'bull-dogs'—folly and  
remorse—  
"Giles' crams—fierce tutors—prayers in the  
early grey,  
"He got triumphantly through his B.A.

### XXVIII.

"They sent him off to travel. Oh, 'tis fun  
"To dare the rolling waves and *mal de mer*;  
"To swoon beneath old Seville's burning sun;  
"To slip down a crevasse and perish there;  
"To mix the old in Naples with the new age,  
"And hold your nose o'er Venice' classic sewage!

## XXIX.

"To Paris first—of course—he started off,  
 "Where sin haunts grottoes—lives in fairy  
 bowers,  
 "Defying the cold Saxon's frigid scoff—  
 "The city of romance—of love—of flowers;  
 "Where modern innovation's moral blast  
 "Still leaves this charming victim till the last.

## XXX.

"Thence by the cold sweet blue eyes of the  
 Rhine,  
 "Where 'mid the roses Deutschen maids sit  
 singing;  
 "Whose blood, alas! but mocks the generous  
 wine  
 "The golden suns of summer-time are bringing;  
 "He did not more than pause by the Rhine's  
 tide—  
 "He never liked an iceberg for a bride!

## XXXI.

"Then pressing to the South, where poisoned  
 flies  
 "Buzz circumvented round protective mus-  
 lin;  
 "Where lurking passion lights Italian eyes—  
 "So warm—so clear—so plain—and yet so  
 puzzling,  
 "My client found in their impassioned glow  
 "A brief respite, he thought, from things below.

## XXXII.

"But finding love the portal of remorse,  
 "He cursed all gondolas—acacias—vines;  
 "Damned all guitars—all zithers and—what's  
 worse—  
 "All maids from Scylla to the Apennines;  
 "And with his trunk some trifles light at least,  
 "Set out in search of knowledge further east.

## XXXIII.

"Across the deep and dark blue rolling waves  
 "He went—like Joseph's brethren—down to  
 Egypt;  
 "Arabia thence—saw harems—eunuchs—  
 slaves—  
 "The Nile—the Pyramids—Mahomet's  
 crypt;  
 "Took notes of all he saw—except his Susan—  
 "But could not clear his mind of some confusion.

## XXXIV.

"Took notes of all he saw! Would that he had—  
 "Twas rather all he saw *took notes of him*;  
 "Until his credit looked so awful bad  
 "Hewished Leander'd taught him how to swim:  
 "So true is it that from the hour of starting  
 "Your travels are abroad so full of *parting*.

## XXXV.

"He journeyed back through Spain, admiring  
 more  
 "The sylphs of Old Castile, the maids of  
 Aragon,  
 "Than all the beauties more than once before  
 "He'd settled *finally* as nature's paragon;  
 "And, having drunk his fill, for England parted,  
 "More wise—if not more moral—than he started.

## XXXVI.

"Years passed. He grew the pink of all propriety,  
 "An idol to Pall Mall—*crème de la crème*—  
 "The *dahlia blanche* of all approved Society,  
 "Where life's begun in sleep and closed in  
 dream.  
 "He filled Beau Nash's rôle to all the beaux,  
 "And rode the sleekest nag that pranced the  
 Row.

## XXXVII.

"His garments—well, the softest silken strands.  
 "His meat—well, nothing but the daintiest  
 food.  
 "Cigars—the cream of Cuba's rarest brands.  
 "His wines—well, nectared vineyards' ripest  
 blood.  
 "His means—well, credit; their extent—his will.  
 "His joke—his awful scores; his hate—a bill.

## XXXVIII.

"He had some virtues even rarer still;  
 "They knew him at the Marlborough for a fool,  
 "Smoked his cigars and drunk the sort of swill  
 "The fool is made to pay for as a rule,  
 "Played him when drunk for money loaned  
 from Jews,  
 "And, having rooked him, forged his I.O.U's.



## XXXIX.

"Played him, in short, the wildest sort of pranks  
 "The wary play the weak the whole world  
 over;  
 "He—still a fool—met all their wrongs with  
 thanks,  
 "And thought the nettles that he lived in  
 clover;  
 "Suspecting neither robber—fool—nor guile,  
 "He payed his debts of honour with a smile.

## XL.

"And yet withal he often used to rise  
 "To heights of love in spite of all his slips;  
 "Could read romances in the bright blue eyes—  
 "In burning glance—in ruddy cheeks and lips,  
 "And finding other nectars than of wine,  
 "Would worship beauty often at her shrine.

## XLI.

"He knew some ladies of the ballet corps;  
 "(A common fault with Plutocratic sinners)  
 "Adèle and Constance—Marie and some more;  
 "All charming *vis-à-vis* for Richmond dinners;  
 "But then he'd never married, though that's not  
 "Of much protection in Calypso's grot.

## XLII.

"But, as I've said, Death met with him one day  
 "And shot his bolt—p'raps prematurely—  
 through him.  
 "The papers wrote some lines about his clay—  
 "He died, they said, beloved by all who knew  
 him;  
 "Though half his creditors around Pall Mall  
 "Held like the Gospel that he'd gone to—Well,

## XLIII.

"He had his foibles—all men kind have theirs,  
 "And women kind p'raps even more than  
 men;  
 "He died—but still he left no lack of heirs  
 "To walk life's stage and play his part again;  
 "To win the self-same meed from the same  
 crowd—  
 "Welcome — a cheer — indifference — and a  
 shroud!"

## XLIV.

The Pilot with this wholesome peroration  
 On human vanity resumed his seat ;  
 Saint Peter rose and, with much perturbation,  
 Forestalled a charge 'twas clear he'd have  
 to meet  
 Of calling out the Court to try a soul  
 Whose guilt was palpable—whose life was foul.

## XLV.

Saint Peter first explained the facts—he'd got  
 Ten thousand others waiting in the Tomb,  
 Who cast in with Sir Worldly Man their lot,  
 And on his fate staked their collective doom.  
 The spirits thus held back, he went on stating,  
 Were West End club men and some lords-in-  
 waiting.

## XLVI.

The Marlborough mustered strong with thou-  
 sands two,  
 St. James' aggregated near that total,  
 The Guards and Brooks' also sent a few  
 Who found themselves turned back at Heaven's  
 portal.  
 There also were a few odd Kings and Queens,  
 And several ladies, too, from the Orleans.

## XLVII.

Saint Peter then detailed the strange excuses  
 To stay their doom by which he'd been be-  
 guiled ;  
 That angels turn to demons where the deuce is ;  
 That gods where mud is needs must get de-  
 filed ;  
 Wherefore if Satan tempts mankind to wrong  
 We should have shut up Satan all along !

## XLVIII.

The angel with the records and a frown  
 Upon Saint Peter for his awkward notions,  
 Read through the evidence he'd taken down ;  
 Named all the spirit's sins—and some were  
 cautions ;  
 Drew out a long account of good and evil,  
 And found a deuced balance with the Devil.

## XLIX.

Then with a smile of pity for his fate  
 (He pitied sin as much as angel durst)  
 He bade the trembling soul arise and state  
 His reasons why he should not be accurst,  
 Why sin's dread penalty should not be paid,  
 And hell's avenging scourges be delayed.

## L.

The spirit rose—a skeleton of woe—  
 And in the radiance dared to lift his head ;  
 His pride lay shattered and his voice came low ;  
 Oh ! such a change from when he used to tread  
 The carpet of his lovely Mayfair villa,  
 Or London club-rooms, smoking his Manilla.

## LI.

He meekly said " I wish to say one word ;  
 " Set you a saint to tread earth's sinful shore ;  
 " Let him be Emperor—King—Archbishop—  
 Lord—  
 " Decrepitude or beauty—rich or poor,  
 " And if he get through life sans soil or guile  
 " I'll turn my head to Hades with a smile !

## LII.

" It isn't fair for you enthroned in air,  
 " Where sin can't enter your embattled portals,  
 " To sit in judgment with your ledgers there,  
 " And judge by your celestial standard fallen  
 mortals,  
 " When really all you know of earth's her name ;  
 " Why don't you get experience of the same ?

## LIII.

" Send an ambassador to mundane things—  
 " An angel pilgrim—let him take a spin ;  
 " He won't pass muster? Yes—slip off his  
 wings—  
 " And if, as I have said, he does no sin,  
 " Imbibing naught from Tyndall—Huxley—  
 Lyell—  
 " Then damn all future spirits without trial !



## LIV.

"'Twill save a lot of your celestial time ;  
 "Add tons of weight to all your Court's  
 decisions ;  
 "You're sense of justice will be more sublime ;  
 "You'll deal, of course, with facts instead of  
 visions.  
 "Besides all that, you'll rather solve a matter  
 "That's been the subject of much learned  
 patter."

## LV.

The Court in consult sat for the whole day ;  
 The spirit's proposition seemed so novel ;  
 They thought 'twould be a joke to put on clay,  
 And try existence in some earthly hovel ;  
 But then should Sin succeed—they thought he  
 wouldn't,  
 And Satan get them—but they felt he COULDN'T.

## LVI.

Then came the question—Where's the saint  
 who'll go ?  
 Well, Abraham, Moses, Noah, all volunteered ;  
 But David said he wouldn't have it so,  
 Suggesting Peter—but the others sneered ;  
 At last when things were getting rather hot,  
 The happy thought occurred to go by lot.

## LVII.

'Twas so agreed. The lots were made out, when  
 First Moses—Noah—then Abraham all drew  
 blanks ;  
 Then Michael had a draw—then David—then  
 The lot fell to a saint in the back ranks  
 Named Pan ; we needn't make apology—  
 You *must* have seen his name in the mythology.

## LVIII.

The rest—of course—looked somewhat rather  
 sold,  
 But most of all the patriarchal three ;  
*They passed to Pan a Talisman of gold*  
*That could transport him where he chose*  
*to be—*  
*Transform him—in a wink—to king or priest,*  
*Saint—devil—courtier—actor—knave or beast.*

## LIX.

Armed with this power he set out on his way ;  
 The saints in thousands rushed to see him  
 start ;  
 Tocry "God Speed"—to beg him watch and pray  
 Lest sin should enter his unguarded heart ;  
 To always bear in mind his lord and saviour,  
 And what depended on his good behaviour.

## LX.

Pan swore he would be good—fly from all wrong,  
 Eschew all peril—be supremely better  
 Than many a saint within the realms of song,  
 And carry out his duties to the letter.  
 Then—waving from the car a long adieu—  
 He sunk, 'mid cheers of angels, out of view.

## CANTO THE SECOND.

## The Holy C—

## I.

**S**WIFTER than wind the Pilot drove his  
 car ;  
 He'd had a deal of practice cleaving  
 space ;  
 'Twas rather fun to knock against a star,  
 Or beat old Coggia's comet in a race,  
 Or wake a myriad thunders with a cough,  
 Or strike a match and let the lightning off !

## II.

Pan passed the time of making his descent  
 In musing on the rôle he'd fill the best ;  
 He thought the Church looked rather like his  
 bent,  
 And promised him a snugly-feathered nest,  
 While surely if a man were safe from evil  
 'Twas where the priest hurled slander at the  
 devil.

## III.

Poor Pan ! He clearly had not been to grope  
 In search of portents of the brighter days,  
 Nor knew that the tiara of the Pope  
 Has not quite wholly scorned the harlot's gaze ;  
 Some other facts he did not know, and that  
 The Scarlet Woman loves the scarlet hat.

## IV.

Then other reasons weighed in his decision ;  
 The priests went nearly always to the shades ;  
 And if, by dint of faith, of prayer, and mission  
 He should repulse old Satan's wily raids,  
 'Twas clear 'twould stamp with much additional  
 force  
 His triumph o'er his artful foe, of course.

## V.

And so, when somewhere near the moon, he bade  
 The Pilot steer for that Old Albion's shore  
 Where angels whispered that the Church was  
 mad—  
 Or would be, if the canker reached her core ;  
 For Pan hoped, not unkindly, he might be  
 Despatched to earth to cure her malady.

## VI.

'Twas midnight when the car touched earthly soil,  
 And so Pan's coming brought no gaping  
 crowds ;  
 The woodman slept from hunger, thirst, and toil,  
 And all that makes death welcome with his  
 shrouds.  
 The stars alone were waking—hushed was sound,  
 Except the whispering of the trees around.





## VII.

The Pilot helped poor Pan to jump to land,  
 And spoke some words of comfort in his ear,  
 Cried, "Fare thee well!"—then one long grasp  
 of hand,  
 And then the car rose slowly into air.  
 Pan waved his handkerchief and strained his  
 eyes  
 Until the chariot vanished in the skies.

## VIII.

Then turning his wild gaze down from the moon,  
 He looked for solace for his weary head;  
 Before him and behind lay woods—but soon,  
 Far through the moonlight, in a flowery mead,  
 His eye fell on a cot where burned a light,  
 And there he bent for shelter from the night.

## IX.

'Twas not a cot, Pan found, but a new villa,  
 A structure much suggesting G\*lb\*rt Sc\*tt;  
 You'd scarcely call it Gothic, and yet still a  
 Most Gothic aspect seemed to mark the spot.  
 Brass clamped the door—you trod encaustic  
 tiles;  
 It seemed, in brief, a church without the aisles.

## X.

Gregorian music floated from within;  
 The glow of tapers lay upon the blind;  
 Pan had not dared to ask admission in,  
 Had flesh and blood been stronger than the  
 wind;  
 But as the frost seemed freezing his heart's core,  
 He dropped the Gothic knocker on the door.

## XI.

The music ceased—then paler fell the glow  
 Of waxen candles that had burned so bright;  
 A chain, a bolt, a latch,—then, sweet and low,  
 "Who's there? What do you want?" 'Tis past  
 midnight."  
 "Lone lies the road," said Pan, "and long's the  
 way;  
 A pilgrim asks for shelter till the day."



## XII.

The door swung slowly back—a voice said  
 “Come,  
 “Thou wandering pilgrim from the midnight  
 blast ;  
 Thou’rt welcome to our humble fare and home ;”  
 And so Pan found his Paradise at last—  
 Or thought he had ; supped, talked and passed  
 to bed,  
 To salve his mind and rest his weary head.

## XIII.

He woke amidst the chirrup of the birds,  
 And thought how lovely nature looked and  
 fair ;  
 Then found his heart too full to vent in words  
 The world of gratitude imprisoned there ;  
 Then seized his staff, and would have wandered  
 on,  
 Had not his course been stayed—but this anon.

## XIV.

He’d even gained the door, when, lo ! there  
 smote  
 Upon his ear last night’s sad monody ;  
 Then sweet and clear, in a Gregorian note,  
 A woman sang—*Miserere Domine*.  
 He found the music acted like a spell,  
 And drew him on to—what we’re going to tell.

## XV.

And then he found him in a spacious hall  
 Where four fair maidens knelt at early prayer,  
 And saw a lisping priest—young, thin, and tall ;  
 Heard a sweet organ ; saw a sweeter player ;  
 And then—we don’t know why—he glided in,  
 And heard a lot about the world and sin.

## XVI.

The morning prayer was over very quickly,  
 And then the lisping priest came smiling to  
 him,  
 In stock and tasselled hat—all pale and sickly—  
 And said in treble tones that quite cut through  
 him,  
 “Sir, I presume (*of course the Talisman*)  
 “That I address the Reverend Mr. Pan?”

## XVII.

“Yours to command,” said Pan. He’d got this  
 phrase—  
 Well, God knows how, but somehow it came  
 pat ;  
 (But lacqueys all go heavenward, as a race ;  
 Perhaps that was it.) Pan bowed and raised  
 his hat ;  
 “And you, if I may so—and I’m sure o’t—  
 “Are labouring in God’s vineyard as a curate.”

## XVIII.

“Yes, as you say ; I’m curate here in charge.  
 “This is the rectory in which you stand ;  
 “The living ? snug, the parish ? rather large,  
 “Society ? well, not what you’d call grand ;  
 “The previous rector much misread his Bible,  
 “And so, of course, he spurned our great Re-  
 vival.

## XIX.

“But since his death—his one act of discretion—  
 “Two years ago—I’ve actually worked won-  
 ders ;  
 “I can’t quite say I’ve introduced Confession—  
 “It takes a lot of time to cure old blunders ;  
 “Still I’ve removed some stains that did  
 besmirch—  
 “But p’raps you’d like to walk and *see* the  
 church.

## XX.

“But I’d forgotten—let me introduce you ;  
 “The Reverend Mr. Pan—my sisters—Ma-  
 bel—  
 “Mary—Annie—Jane. The fate that chose you  
 “To work for Heaven in this most Augean  
 stable  
 “Has sent you, in these girls, a flaming sword ;  
 “They toil unceasing for our Church and Lord.”

## XXI.

Pan bowed, and felt a deep carnation flush  
 Glow on his cheeks while shaking hands with  
 Mabel ;  
 He’d given worlds to stem the rising blush.  
 In its inception—but he wasn’t able ;  
 Then Mabel coloured up with much profusion,  
 And both turned on their heels in great con-  
 fusion.

## XXII.

The bolt was shot; the target—poor Pan's heart;

He felt his frame all glowing like an ember,  
And then his hand flew somehow to his heart,

And then a sickly sinking seized that member;  
The curate's arm—a fitful pause to dart a  
Short amorous glance at his *inamorata*—

## XXIII.

And he was on his way to view the church,  
Which seemed so much *apropos* to his feelings;

Still Cupid loves to leave us in the lurch,

And isn't always upright in his dealings;  
Would we could differentiate th' atomic forces  
Whereby love born in smiles dies in divorces!

## XXIV.

They walked—the curate babbling like a brook

Upon the darkness of the previous rector;  
He ridiculed his reading of The Book,

But did not throw much light, *being no reflecter*;

The Church, he argued, must get on the track  
From which it wandered some odd centuries  
back.

## XXV.

To get her on this track he'd not ceased striving  
Since Fate had sent him grace and light mous-  
taches;

E'en now the heavens were breaking—light  
arriving—

And from old Lutheran creeds' expiring ashes  
The Phoenix was arising of a creed  
That *must*—and from State trammels—*would* be  
freed.

## XXVI.

Pan could not have replied, had he been able

To rouse himself from love's absorbing dream;  
No world lay bright before him—only Mabel,

She was the sun's warm ray, the skylark's  
theme—

The El Dorado Love was sent in search—

But here he quite came to—and was in church.

## XXVII.

There was no glow of Ritualistic tapers;

No altar's charming bouquets' scented wiles;  
No sound Gregorian; no incense vapours;

No march to chaunted music down long aisles;  
A boy was busy dusting sundry banners,  
With unclean hands, and scarcely neater man-  
ners.

## XXVIII.

"Just think," the curate cried, "the fearful  
darkness

"Which hung upon this parish when I came;  
"The church was naked, even unto starkness;

"The altar—music—ritual—all the same;

"And then the rector's sermons gave the blues,

"For half the people snored behind their pews.

## XXIX.

"So—big with horror—down upon my knees

"I begged the rector have the church restored;

"Try surpliced choirs—much good has come of  
these—

"And have the prayers intoned on a G chord.

"This was his answer—'The four-footed Beast

"Shan't enter *my* church—while I live, at least.'

## XXX.

"Apt reservation—for he died just after;

"And then I fell reforming, as you guess;

"I cleaned the edifice from floor to rafter—

"Each nook and niche—Boy, rub that I.H.S.

"(This to the lad.) The people shied at first;

"The clerk stuck out—but that's not quite the  
worst.

## XXXI.

"I, day by day—then slowly hour by hour—

"Insidiously—with caution—worked my will;

"The women came and saw—fell in my power,

"Rushed to my arms—in metaphor—and still

"Expose to me their inmost soul's recesses,

"Stuffed chiefly—cynics say—with *modes* and  
dresses.

## XXXII.

"The church restored, it made me deeply grieve  
 "To oust the females from the choir, and  
 stick in  
 "Lads ; but the rankest heathen can't believe  
 "Your woman's voice is fit to praise Old  
 Nick in.  
 "This caused a stir—and then I filled their  
 places  
 "With ten white choral boys, and four gruff  
 basses.

## XXXIII.

"We next got a new hymn-book, more mediæval,  
 "Sung florid music, and intoned the prayers ;  
 "Dropped down at 'Jesu,' taught mankind the  
 evil  
 "Of dying in a faith so wrong as theirs.  
 "Some wrote and said, 'Go join the church thou  
 apest !'  
 "Some cried, 'He's off to Rome !' and others  
 'Papist !'

## XXXIV.

"I didn't care ; time passed and then came calm,  
 "And with it other changes—the Processional,  
 "With Early Celebration ; then the balm  
 "Of swinging censors ; changes more pro-  
 fessional—  
 "Hood, alb and stole and cope, and then—please  
 list !  
 "We christened the Lord's supper the Eucharist !

## XXXV.

"You can't conceive the hubbub that arose ;  
 "Some even mentioned Luther—the cursed  
 Teuton !  
 "The papers squibbed about my *Sunday clothes*,  
 "And wondered how I fixed my Romish suit  
 on,  
 "While others, skilled in music, stated squat  
 "My best Gregorian G's were weak and flat.

## XXXVI.

"It wasn't nice their coarse and brutal manner ;  
 "I didn't like it *much*, as you suppose ;  
 "Boy, here—look sharp ! Has Miss M—  
 sent that banner ?  
 "How well she's done that lamb ! What's  
 'neath its nose ?  
 "An olive branch ! It's not a dove—no ; then  
 "She means p'raps (women do) goodwill to men.

## XXXVII.

"The flowers there in that vase—Boy, get some  
 water !—  
 "Came from Miss H—— ; she's going to  
 join our guild ;  
 "That banner there's the work of Lord C——'s  
 daughter,  
 "Who fixed this altar—quite *the* latest  
 build ;  
 "This altar-cloth and all those pretty laces  
 "Were worked by scrumptious girls with *lovely*  
 faces.

## XXXVIII.

"You see those candles—Boy, go fetch the  
 snuffers !—  
 "They're six feet high and cost a guinea  
 each ;  
 "I've twenty score of three feet—but they're  
 duffers ;  
 "Go get the ladder, boy—how *can* you reach ?  
 "Now mind the chalice ; there, you've torn the  
 veil ;  
 "Deuce take the lad !—he's broke the altar rail.

## XXXIX.

"You see this sacramental spoon—'tis gold ;  
 "The M\*rq\*\*s R\*p\*n kindly sent me that ;  
 "Twas I converted him in days of old ;  
 "You know his lordship always *was* a flat—  
 "A dreadful mental quicksand—*now* I've done  
 it—  
 "That sucks in anything that settles on it.

## XL.

"You've seen all there's to see—shall we re-  
 turn ?  
 "Our fare is humble and, you know, to-day's  
 "Saint Clytia's. Yes. This eve the tapers burn,  
 "Sweet incense will be swung and in the blaze  
 "Of God's theatre rises praise and glory !  
 "You've heard of Clytia—do you know her story ?

## Saint Clytia.

## I.

In silks in gliding when the choir has risen,  
 Eyes down,  
 Hands crossed ;  
 A dainty curtsy at her prim pew prison.

## II.

A pale straw glove, glance bent, unfastened slowly,  
Scent of  
Patchouli;  
Grey eyes of the gazelle, averted, lowly.

## III.

A dainty book of murmured prayers and pauses,  
Gilt leaves  
That rustle;  
A fur from off her neck—what it discloses.

## IV.

A sea-gull's wing with Satan hidden in it,  
Guarding  
Dark tresses;  
A throbbing breast—the thought of what beats  
in it.

## V.

Red lips pursed to a rosebud for a lover,  
With dews  
Of Gül;  
The holy incense in a cloud above her.

## VI.

A fan of doubt to untold kisses holden,  
Where love  
Found Eden;  
A hope of bliss in downcast eyes unfolden.

## VII.

A form in dreamland through the exhortation  
The preacher  
Droneth;  
A wistful looking for the peroration.

## VIII.

An obolus held out by waxen fingers,  
Dropped  
Daintily;  
The organ's dirge—a last look while she fingers.

## IX.

A kneeling form in church in feigned contrition;  
For her  
Priest's pardon;  
The lecher's eye and her retreating vision.

## X.

A Mayfair Villa when the stars are shining  
And day  
Becouched is;  
A weary waiting doubtfully divining.

## XI.

A form that clasps hers on the stairs when lips  
meet—  
His doubt  
And hers;  
A red rose in the sun—a bee that sips sweet.

## XII.

A small dim garret—on a pallet lying,  
Untended,  
Pain-wracked;  
A grim duenna cursing her for dying.

## XIII.

A doghole in a corner scooped out for her;  
A grave  
For dog made;  
With not a soul who loved her to weep o'er her!

## XLI.

To say Pan heard one half were quite untrue  
Of what the curate gabbled on so gaily;  
He simply mused on Mabel—wouldn't you?  
Though love's made half the sorrows of Old  
Bailey,  
With Lady T\*mp\*ts' stagey flight and scenery,  
And Patti's goings on with N\*c\*I\*ni.

## XLII.

Pan reached the Gothic villa, panged by hunger;  
Love's not a pabulum for which men care—  
(A motto for your peddling wedding monger,  
Who thinks young married couples live on air;  
P'raps young girls do in novels, but in fact  
They pretty soon explore the other tract).

## XLIII.

A snow-white cloth lay spread. Two girls were  
sewing  
Embroidered banners curiously inwoven ;  
Sweet Mabel read a book, her blue eyes glowing  
Love's doubtful puzzling verdict of "Not  
proven ;"  
Pan—feeling like a felon in the dock—  
Took up a comic paper called *The Rock*.

## XLIV.

A line burst on his eye in leaded pica ;  
"Down with the Beast !" the head was, and  
it stated  
That Pan was the new rector, and would strike a  
Blow for the Church — *The Rock's* — and  
seemed elated.  
It likewise brought one other fact to view—  
He'd warm the cockles of the E. C. U.

## XLV.

Pan smiled—as all its readers always do—  
In pity of *The Rock's* Sphinxetic prophet,  
Who's bowled some years now at the E. C. U.  
And has not scored a single run yet off it ;  
And then he turned the page and found, dear  
reader,  
The following lines, *The Rock's* most leading  
leader.

*The Church's Bride.*

## A BALLAD.

## I.

Within the aisles of Cumna Church,  
Where dark the shadows fell,  
A youth of tall and towering mien  
For years had come to dwell.  
His hair grew rank around his head,  
His eye gleamed wild and bright ;  
His only home was Cumna's aisle,  
His only friend—the night.

## II.

And ever on the cold grey stone  
He sat all lone and low,  
Save when some stranger's footstep broke  
The silence of his woe.

Then rising with full glassy eye  
He'd seem to understand ;  
And, venting thus his heart's wild grief,  
Would seize the stranger's hand.

## III.

"I'd sisters six, thou stranger man ;  
"I still have six save one ;  
"I'd sisters six, thou stranger man ;  
"And yet have sisters none !"  
"Nay, nay," the stranger oft would say,  
"Thou haggard youth and lone,  
"Thou cannot both have sisters six,  
"And still have sisters none !"

## IV.

Then would he wring his bony hands,  
And, bursting into tears,  
The story tell that bowed him down  
With age, but not with years.  
"I'd once a sister," he would weep,  
"Oh ! fairer than the skies ;  
"For youth and beauty both were hers,  
"And love lived in her eyes.

## V.

"Oh, sweeter was she than the morn,  
"Than lily fairer far ;  
"And purer than the radiant forms  
"Where God and angels are.  
"There came a dark and swarthy man  
"For pastor where we dwelt ;  
"There came a dark and swarthy man  
"In tasselled hat of felt.

## VI.

"His garments were all strangely cut  
"In divers mystic ways ;  
"Men said he wore a Popish cross  
"Suspended 'neath his stays.  
"And strange things said this swarthy man,  
"The strangest things said he ;  
"But maidens rushed to hear him preach,  
"For they love mystery.

## VII.

"My sisters six that very night  
"Each hung a wooden cross  
"Above their beds, and took a vow  
"To count the world but dross.

"And she I loved, with hair of gold,  
 "With eyes so sweet and blue,  
 "Grew fairer to this swarthy priest  
 "With every hour that flew.

## VIII.

"And often in the morning grey,  
 "And oft when eve drew nigh,  
 "My gentle sister stole away,  
 "Nor knew we how or why.  
 "She never spoke—she never smiled,  
 "Her face grew pale and wan,  
 "She was so bright before he came—  
 "This dark and swarthy man.

## IX.

"The colour left her rosy cheeks,  
 "The brightness left her eye,  
 "She seemed beneath some dreadful curse  
 "To droop away and die.  
 "And so from day to day she drooped,  
 "From day to day she died,  
 "Until the awful truth leaped out—  
 "SHE WAS THE CHURCH'S BRIDE!

## X.

"Oh, myriad curses fall on him!  
 "Oh, myriad curses fall  
 "Upon that dark and swarthy priest,  
 "The greatest curse of all!  
 "And I can see her as she lay  
 "All in her shroud of white,  
 "Her babe, all icy, by her side,  
 "In the dim rush's light.

## XI.

"Oh, God rain curses down on him,  
 "Bid myriad curses fall  
 "Upon that dark and swarthy priest,  
 "Who's been the curse of all!  
 "My sisters five I loved so much,  
 "In shame have gone to dwell,  
 "And weep away a sister's sin,  
 "Within a convent cell."

## XII.

And so with wringing of his hands,  
 And tears the livelong day,  
 The haggard youth of towering mien  
 Would weep and turn away:

"I'd sisters six, thou stranger man,  
 "I still have six save one;  
 "I'd sisters six, thou stranger man,  
 "And now have sisters none!"

## XLVI.

The same sweet face—blue eyes—blonde hair  
 Still haunted Pan as he drew up to table  
 That followed him in church—road—every-  
 where;  
 He longed to quench the fire, or to be able;  
 'Twas rather hard to find love's arrowy dart  
 Should be so soon embedded in his heart.

## XLVII.

He knew—like all men—when he'd loved he'd  
 taken  
 A step tow'rds—God knows what—p'raps  
 bliss—  
 P'raps the Divorce Court—p'raps to be forsaken  
 For an insidious friend—he dreaded this—  
 P'raps—well, he daren't review the fates before  
 him;  
 Love's flame burned bright, but threw some sha-  
 dows o'er him.

## XLVIII.

The curate gabbled wildly—with no rival,  
 A drunken patron—zeal still undiminished,  
 The glorious work of Catholic revival  
 Might still progress, if Pan wished, till it  
 finished.  
 "I feel no doubt," he said, "you'll carry on  
 "The noble Popish work so well begun.

## XLIX.

"You won't for rich materials look about;  
 "The Holy Cross Society sends that;  
 "It's got a bran new work soon coming out;  
 "It's called 'Seduction: What the Priest is  
 at';  
 "You've read, of course, their latest filthy  
 manual;  
 "It's said they're going to print a Leclier's  
 Annual.



"Whither we drift—Beware of the Priest."







"The *raison d'être*—well I've plainly told you ;  
 "The monk's grey habit does not make a saint  
 "More than a scarlet tunic makes a soldier ;  
 "A priest—like me—seems moral—but he aint.  
 "Poor Antonelli !—half the heads of Rome  
 "Have—or *have* had—their "Church's brides" at home.

## LI

"Why is it so ? The reason's no amazer,  
 "A priest's a man, and men are born with passions ;  
 "You cannot quench a furnace with a razor  
 "Passed o'er a tonsured head, nor kill with fashions  
 "Of Bond Street Ritualistic tailors' arts  
 "The appetite that gnaws — the wound that smarts.

## LII.

"And what deters your ordinary fellow  
 "From rushing in to sin deters no priest ;  
 "So that the rose be sweet, the fruit be mellow,  
 "And brutal passion seethes within the beast  
 "He pays your women kind for their pollution ;  
 "By granting them—and him—God's absolution

## LIII.

"How can he dare avow ? How dare he not ?  
 "He hears your maid's confess, and so he gets  
 "The information that's too surely put  
 "To his base purposes. Her tale but whets  
 "His appetite. He feels there's naught to dare  
 "When he can share her sin and pardon her.

## LIV.

"So that, you see, if from infernal fires  
 "An imp had been sent up to form a plan  
 "Whereby your priest might compass his desires  
 "Free from suspicion and his fellow-man,  
 "With power to mark his game—calm fears trans-  
 gressional,  
 "The imp could not have beaten the Confessional

## LV.

"Fathers who send their daughters to confess  
 "Send them to dangers greater than hell's fires,  
 "To win a fictitious pardon—to win less—  
 "The priest's corruption less the pay that hires—  
 "His girls to harlotry—his sons to worse—  
 "To share with the foul priest Mahomet's curse."

## LVI.

Months passed. Through subtle logic Pan gave way—

With one brief struggle—to the curate's wiles ;  
 The church with music echoed every day,  
 And clouds of incense floated down the  
 aisles ;  
 The choir, with cross and banners, formed pro-  
 ceSSIONS,  
 And Pan sat daily hearing girls' confessions.

## LVII.

So things went on and on, until one day  
 (For man is mortal and the flesh is weak,  
 And one's not always on his guard to pray ;  
 One's lamp goes out sometimes for want of  
 wick)

Events occurred by which the grand career  
 Of Pan was changed entirely on this sphere.

## LVIII.

The sun pierced down the aisle with a dim ray  
 Through saints in vulgar hues daubed upon  
 glass ;  
 Pan sat within his box—maids went away,  
 And came and went—and then it came to  
 pass  
 His Mabel came—the maid he loved so well—  
 And she—eyes down—hands crossed—before  
 him fell.

## LIX.

Oh! lovelier than the flowers of Göl, Pan thought  
 His Mabel seemed, and fairer her great  
 beauty  
 Than that of angels when his soul had caught  
 Their raptures in the skies. He knew his duty,  
 But thrilled with fear lest human flesh should  
 fail,  
 And his weak bark should perish in the gale.

## LX.

No word broke on his ear, but only sighs  
 From the deep hollows of a pleading heart ;  
 Pan took her hand (which wasn't very wise)  
 And sighed himself (a blunder on his part),  
 And then—well, nothing happened then, except  
 Pan called to mind the angels' parting precept.

## LXI.

~~Pan~~ felt that Satan stood behind his back,  
 While over Mabel radiant spirits brood ;  
 He'd read up Swinburne—had, of course, no lack  
 Of hopes to stem the tide's devouring flood ;  
 And, with her hands in his, breathed—all ten-  
 dresse :  
 "Confess, my child—the Church bids you  
 confess."

## LXII.

No word left her red lip. She raised her head—  
 All tears and smiles—with a bewitching grace ;  
 Satan stood grinning while the angels fled ;  
 He clasped her in his arms and pressed her face  
 To his—and felt her heart beat fast and faster—  
 And then his human passions got the master.

## LXIII.

"Mabel, my sweet, I love thee ; for one hour  
 "Upon the couch of ecstasy—thou'rt mine—  
 "I'd dare the doom I even now see ~~lour~~—  
 "My brain is burning!—reeling with hot wine!  
 "That pressure!—You are mine ! God, 'tis a  
 jest—"  
*He tore the Tallsman from out his breast.*

## LXIV.

"Ah, thou arch serpent ! here—within the jaws  
 "Of Death itself—I rob thee of thy prey ;  
 "One breath of wish on this—and that fair rose  
 "Escapes the blight of sin's December day ;  
 "I breathe, defying thee ! " Then in despair  
 Pan kissed the charm and vanished into air !

## CANTO THE THIRD.

## Guelph and Guelpho.

## I.



ROWDS read in the *Gazette*—"Sir  
Arthur Pan  
Succeeds Sir Maundeville Plantagenet  
As Holder of the Royal Water Bottle an'  
Bearer of the Royal Pepper Box." Sweat  
Beaded men's faces when full contemplation  
Revealed the hardships of Pan's situation.

## II.

E'en Reynold's self, with his long lotus eyes,  
Perspired with rage, and the red flag unfurling  
Of the Republic shrieked out his surprise  
To learn a paltry—mean—ten thousand ster-  
ling  
Was to be paid to Pan for th' obvious slavery  
Of bearing a small bottle—it was knavery !

## III.

But Reynolds shrieked in vain, and so Pan wore  
The links of grinding office for ten "thou"—  
A mere ten thou ! Just think of it ! Pan tore  
His hair ; his cheeks dyed a carnation glow ;  
Ten thousand pounds to bear a pepper-box !  
Pan set it down as some malicious hoax.

## IV.

Ten thousand pounds per annum ! Be all ears :  
The honest man who builds your house could  
earn  
By toiling hard for some one hundred years  
And twenty the amount a "Sir" would spurn  
For doing nothing for a single year—  
So true it is men find their country *dear*.

## V.

But—happy thought ! Pan knew the Coming  
K——,  
Who was his friend, and had been good to him ;  
And so he slyly whispered him one day,  
"They want a bearer of the Mace—not Jim—  
"And I would like to add it to my 'screw' ;  
"If you can work it for me, Guelpho, do !

## VI.

"I hold some other offices, of course ;  
"But that won't matter—I can do the work ;  
"If you *can't* get it, I must sell my horse,  
"Cut off my wine (my club, perhaps) like  
the Turk ;  
"Come—you don't care for Democratic howls ;  
"A precedent—the late Sir William Knowles." \*

## VII.

A whisper from the Coming K—— in that  
Arcanum where they furbish the *Gazette*,  
And settle fortunes upon every brat  
Who's family pedigree adorns Debrett,  
Procured for Pan the honour that he sought,  
And Pan became a minion of the Court.

## VIII.

Pan loved his Queen—and not without a reason :  
His reason was his offices and "thou" ;  
Its only poverty that threatens treason,  
And but despair that ever strikes the blow ;  
But sinecures set one's opinions right,  
And help to show things in a different light.

## IX.

And therefore Pan was loyal, like the crowd  
Of men who batten upon Royal pay,  
And maketheir creed—High Church, or Low, or  
Broad—  
"Believe in all God's profits; watch and prey ;  
"Maintain the Civil Service Gospel's true,  
"And do to others as they do to you !"

## X.

Pan found the Court in Scotland. As the French  
Would say, "*Cela va sans dire*," and we—"of  
course."  
The Guelphs adore the Caledonian wench,  
(She's rather cheaper to the Royal purse)  
The Court don't like her, nay, detests so much  
To be loch-ed up with gillies, grooms, and such.

\* *Not Knollys.*

## XI.

They like th' excitement of the London Season ;  
 Love Drawing Rooms, and doat on Chiswick  
 parties—  
 Barbaric lion potentates in reason—  
 Ambassadorial *levées* and *écartés*—  
 Grand nights at Covent Garden—while they  
 curse  
 The braes of Doon— or any other ass !

## XII.

Pan found the Court in throes of an *émeute*,  
 The lords all cursing and the ladies wailing ;  
 Poor Madame Guelph's Scotch *penchant* didn't  
 suit—  
 Instead of reigning she was always ailing.  
 Pan could not understand it all at first,  
 But got within a month to know the worst.

## XIII.

Oh, happy Scotland ! that can claim to be  
 The head of Britain, since the capital  
 Has been removed to Crathie, and poor we  
 In London lap sour milk, and lap it all.  
 Thrice happy Scotland ! Guard thine English  
 Crown,  
 Thy Bibles, bastards, Calvins, and J. Brown.

## XIV.

The canker gnawed at Pan's erotic core ;  
 He saw his Queen in melancholy moping ;  
 He'd hoped her days of sadness had been o'er—  
 That love's regret had changed to Christian  
 hoping ;  
 And learned, with blank dismay, but still with  
 yearning,  
 The Court had had its day—at least its *mourn-*  
*ing*.

## XV.

Shall sorrow reign for ever ? Does the bird  
 Robbed of its mate, repining in its nest,  
 Refuse to let its joyful chaunt be heard  
 That woke the woodlands once to life—gave  
 zest  
 To its own being—made all nature glad !—  
*Life's* far too short for ever to be sad.

## XVI.

Some West End tradesmen much persuaded  
 Pan  
 When he went up to Scotland to get seen  
 Their triste petition. This is how it ran—  
 "To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen :  
 "Your loyal subjects, loyal greetings send,  
 "A thousand tradesmen down in the West End—

## XVII.

"(Bond Street and Regent) humbly dare to pray  
 "Your Majesty as follows, namely, that—  
 "Trade's neck and neck with ruin—*Ton's* away—  
 "The Season's dreadful and the *Monde* is flat  
 "There was a time than London nought wa  
 gailier,  
 "But now the *modes* may rot in our *ateliers* ;

## XVIII.

"For not a soul, in flush of fashion's craze,  
 "Comes in to buy our wares as once they used  
 "In those not-far-off bright and halcyon days  
 "When London rivalled Paris—when i  
 chosed ;—  
 "Excelled the Empire—surer if more slow—  
 "And there was life for high and bread for low.

## XIX.

"But all is dreary as the desert now ;  
 "The *Monde* for pleasure flies to other shores—  
 "Berlin, Vienna, Dresden—where the flow  
 "Of royal kindness traverses men's doors ;  
 "Where there's no frozen north wind's pipin  
 moan  
 "To tempt their Queens to pine away forlorn.

## XX.

"The grandest genius of the age—poor Worth  
 "(Who makes the ugliest lovely for ten 'thou  
 "With his art studies—who's sent dresses forth  
 "That broke a *Cresus* many times e'er now,—  
 "Who's fairer worshippers then did adore  
 "Diana in the zenith of her power),—

## XXI.

"The mighty Worth ! writes all despairingly—  
 "I cannot sell a dress in England now ;  
 "Has fashion left your shores, or can it be  
 "Your Puritanic instincts are aglow ?  
 "A Duchess called upon me yesterday,  
 "Inspected my *atelier*—walked away,

## XXII.

"First buying—can you guess?—a mere plain robe ;  
 "It cost her nothing—seven thousand francs ;  
 "And you're the richest people on the globe !  
 "I choked with rage ; I couldn't e'en say thanks ;  
 "Why my next call—a mere *patissier's* daughter  
 "Excelled by worlds your duchess's grand order.

## XXIII.

"It was not always so. I recollect  
 "The time when my *atelier* groaned beneath  
 "Its wealth of dresses—when I decked  
 "The fairest fairy forms the diamond wreath  
 "Of Plutocratic fashion sat upon  
 "In Britain—but those halcyon days are gone.

## XXIV.

"The German, Russian, French—these are the *mondes*  
 "Swayed by the classic hand of the *modiste*  
 "Your god of Monte Carlo decks his blonde  
 "Better than your princesses, and the least  
 "Stiff Deutschen Graf, hid in his Rhineland cot,  
 "Buys costumes for his wife your dukes dare not.

## XXV.

"The pastry-cook's *grisette* ; the young and fair  
 "Boutiquière of the Rue Rivoli ;  
 "The Café bureau blonde all smiling there,  
 "She who sings *chansonnettes* where you would be—  
 "Have been, perhaps, when you were last abroad—  
 "These chase your English *haut ton* off the road.

## XXVI.

"Tastes differ : that's an axiom. God designed  
 "Some lips to kiss and others to be kissed ;  
 "But I, alas ! can't mirror in my mind  
 "A sentient being loving a Scotch mist  
 "In preference to the fairy light and glare  
 "Of western London when the season's there.

## XXVII.

"You have my sympathies in your distress ;  
 "I'm sorry Madame Guelph deserts you still ;  
 "Ply her with deputations ; nothing less  
 "Will move her ; she'll return—I'm sure she will—  
 "And cast aside for aye the weeds and veil  
 "That make the goddess Fashion weep and wail."

## XXVIII.

"Wherefore we pray your gracious Majesty  
 "To join your suffering subjects further South ;  
 "To really reign—t'awake our gaiety,  
 "And hide all marks of melancholy's growth.  
 "We're faithful, loyal—the Republic's stuff !  
 "Yet though we love our Queen, love's not enough.

## XXIX.

"We want her show her face among us more ;  
 "A monarchy without the monarch ! We are come  
 "Indeed to Hamlet left out of the score.  
 "Who'd recognise St. Paul's without the dome ?  
 "Believe us, Madame, with respects profound,  
 "Your loyal subjects—Regent Street and Bond."

## XXX.

Pan was a lot too fly to dare to thrust  
 Such a petition in the royal face.  
 He saw its justice—everybody must,  
 (Unless he hold some snug *Gazetted* place) ;  
 And then—like Pan—he'll come to the conclusion  
 Some knowledge is *not* better for diffusion.



## XXXI.

Pan found that Court life bored him very soon ;  
 Cail broth and oatmeal, gillies, lochs and cakes,  
 Grooms, tarns, braes, whisky, colliers, *the* old croon,  
 Infernal "whustles," heather, ferns and brakes,  
 Scotch mists, east winds, rheumatics and the like,  
 Soon made poor Pan devoutly think he'd strike.

## XXXII.

The Court seemed more inhospitable than  
 The Court of any Kingdom in creation ;  
 Its show of *little* things disgusted Pan,  
 Who much abominated affectation,  
 And paltry little acts of condescension  
 Sent to the papers with the words "Please  
 mention."

## XXXIII.

He'd read the rhodomontade of the hour—  
 How Madame Guelph had spoke some croon  
 or other ;  
 Had given a Bible here, and there a flower,  
 As if she weren't a human thing and mother ;  
 Why half your poor—your alley-pent-up clay—  
 Make sacrifices greater *every* day.

## XXXIV.

P'raps those who Madame Guelph's good works  
 proclaim  
 With that publicity that's their sheet-anchor,  
 Might deign to add, while dwelling on the same,  
 The thousands Madame's handed to her  
 banker  
 Since the Prince Consort left her—duty free—  
 The miser's passion for a legacy.

## XXXV.

An incident occurred one day that showed  
 The way the Courtly wind had plainly set in ;  
 The day was bleak and raw ; it hailed and  
 snowed,  
 And all the Court was a most dreadful pet in,  
 And so the Chamberlain, with coughs and curses,  
 Sat down and penned the following truthful  
 verses :—



## Im-purse-ible!

## I.

A lady she sat in a dim grey hall,  
 With her footmen all powdered and high,  
 Most eagerly waiting the postman's call,  
 With a bright and expectant eye :  
 Rat ! tat !—then a letter ; she took it with joy,  
 With its great round seal and red—  
 " It looks like a *billet* from Edward, my boy—  
 " It looks like a letter from Ned."

## II.

She tore at the seal with a fine display  
 From her ancient Plantagenic source  
 Of what's scarcely, if ever, been matched in its way  
 As a feat of molecular force ;  
 She got out the missive, and beaming with joy,  
 Peeped o'er the address at the head—  
 " A letter for money from Edward, my boy ;  
 " A letter for money from Ned."

## III.

" A line, *chère maman*, to request you'll permit  
 " Me the use of your palace called Bucks,  
 " For a party—al fresco—invited to it,  
 " Of strictly patrician young ducks."  
 The lady looked daggers— " 'Tis sent to annoy ;  
 " 'Tis sent to annoy me," she said—  
 " You cannot afford it, Edward, my boy ;  
 " You cannot afford it, Ned."

## IV.

" You ask to your party *four thousand ! mon fils*,  
 " Have you summed up the *cost* of it all ?  
 " You will send me the list to reduce, if you please,  
 " To proportions more feasibly small !"  
 This made up a *billet* remarkably dry,  
 With a psalm on economy's head—  
 " You cannot afford it, Edward, my boy ;  
 " You cannot afford it, Ned."

## V.

She slashed his long list of four thousand to one,  
 Denied him her palace called Bucks ;  
 To Sandringham cottage she bade him begone  
 With his " strictly patrician young ducks ;"  
 To cut off his Moët—such things only cloy ;  
 To drink a cheap Médoc instead—  
 " You cannot afford it, Edward, my boy ;  
 " You cannot afford it, Ned."

## VI.

And while she was at it she rather went in  
 For a lot of his foibles and such,  
 With quite a hard knock on his favourite sin,  
 That seemed to unsettle him much ;  
 She bade him look out, for the rocks were ahoy,  
 The breakers were foaming ahead—  
 " You cannot afford it, Edward, my boy ;  
 " You cannot afford it, Ned."

## VII.

" Pray act—as *I* do—on our Guelphic old rule,  
 " If somewhat Levitical plan ;  
 " The miser's a man when the spendthrift's a fool,  
 " So hoard up your cash while you can !  
 " Forget, you young Paris, your Helen's of Troy ;  
 " Cocottes won't provide you with bread—  
 " And you cannot afford it, Edward, my boy ;  
 " You cannot afford it, Ned."

## XXXVI.

Pan having naught to do, and being bored,  
 Used to explore long winding ways, in hope  
 Of finding something to relieve. He scoured  
 In this way half the building. He would  
 mope  
 Often and long in some neglected spot,  
 Where owl and bat had thrown their common  
 lot.

## XXXVII.

One day Pan rather thought he'd found a prize—  
 A monster chest—and ran and called a maid—  
 " That box !—that chest !" he asked, with wonder-  
 ing eyes—  
 " That's *Eddy's money-box*," she smiled and  
 said :  
 " Thanks !" collapsed Pan ; " I'm awful bad at  
 riddles ;  
 I thought it might be—hem—where he kept  
 his fiddles !"

## XXXVIII.

Then—happy thought ! " Ed's rather fond of  
 play—  
 " I mean his fiddle?—plays solos on the yards  
 " When he's at sea?—starts " Amen " when  
 they pray ?"  
 " Well, if he does—better than playing cards,"  
 The maid replied, " like all his royal brothers ;  
 " It's better to *amuse* than *ruin* others."

## XXXIX.

"Pert maid!" cried Pan, "and yet a trifle logical;  
 "You're rather thinking now, I guess, of  
 S\*ff\*\*\*ld;  
 "He didn't lose a sou—its mythological;  
 "Or if he did, the wound was quite enough  
 healed  
 "To let him ply—with caution—some time  
 later—  
 "Suff.'s like Vesuvius—a hottish "crater."

## XL.

"But to the box—what's in it? Money?  
 Hum!"  
 "He's one like this in all his mother's palaces  
 "In which he stows his cash?" "I don't believe  
 it. Come,  
 "You're plying me with pretty jokes and fal-  
 lacies.  
 "No, on your honour?—if you put it so,  
 "I *must* believe." "In woman's honour?" "No,

## XLI.

"I don't mean that exactly, *ma chère belle*,  
 "Though I have faith in woman all the same;  
 "I mean I take in all you've got to tell  
 "Respecting this big box and what's-his-name;  
 "I know he's fond of gold—he's not the first:  
 "I hate a spendthrift, but a niggard's worse.

## XLII.

"He's fond of his princess. No? Not too sweet?  
 "Well, you surprise; I thought he doted on  
 her.  
 "You rather think he likes the great *élite*  
 "Of the—no, no—not *this* time on your  
 honour;  
 "I know what you are driving at—poor Minnie;  
 "The clubs set that about—their joke—you  
 ninny!

## XLIII.

"It can't be helped. Your prince—he's only  
 mortal;  
 "Your actress—not Platonic at her best;  
 "If I told half I knew—threw wide the portal—  
 "'Twould wake, I guess, a panic in the  
 breast  
 "Of that strange cad, your Exeter Hall lick-  
 spittle,  
 "Who talks so much and says so very little"

## XLIV.

Here, plush. A letter from the Coming K—.  
 Pan broke the seal. The Coming merely  
 wrote  
 Some hieroglyphic strokes, in which to say  
 If Pan—as he had heard—was tired of Court  
 'Twould please him much—for Pan was tall and  
 slim—  
 If he would join his *entourage* and him.

## XLV.

Pan seized the offer like a shark its prey;  
 Aught—but your Sabbatorial Scott's rigidity;  
 Aught—but your heather, mountain fogs, and  
 clay;  
 Aught—but your Scottish Calvinists' acidity.  
 Pan left at once and joined the noble band  
 Who stalk by Albert Edward through the land.

## XLVI.

Pan got to view with deep and stalwart love  
 The Coming K— at once. Brimful of mirth,  
 Warm at the core—just—gentle—he's above  
 His brothers more than Heaven's above  
 earth.  
 He never made an enemy, or can;  
 At least so in his cranium settled Pan.

## XLVII.

Lax unto looseness; genial—jovial—jolly;  
 Quick to a wrong, but generous to a friend;  
 Irresolute to weakness; wild to folly,  
 Distinctly needing his late father's hand  
 To guide him safe through shallows, shoals, and  
 these  
 Of those who lead him on through dangerous  
 seas.

## XLVIII.

Bright, gentle, pliable—in these three words  
 Love pictures truthfully our future King;  
 Not fond of study, pageantry, or hoards  
 Of the red gold of Eddy's worshipping;  
 But proud of Poole, his tailor—princely dressed;  
 Fond of a prime cigar, "fiz," and the rest.



## XLIX.

Not caring overwhelmingly for pretty women ;  
 Surrounded by his chums, he loves them  
     more  
 Than all the objects of your poets' hymning,  
 Or eyes and lips his brothers so adore ;  
 Devoted unto sport with all his soul,  
 And shooting rather nicely on the whole.

## L.

Led easily by three sweet kindred sages—  
 By H—— and S——, and by another one  
 Whose name shall not adorn these moral pages—  
     To do whate'er of recklessness he's done ;  
 Yet good and pure as gold in his own heart,  
 Though swayed with ease to play the royster's  
     part.

## LI.

Perhaps, had his father lived, swayed at his  
     beck,  
 Some cleric set he'd joined—some prim  
     cravat  
 Of linen blanched had swathed his royal neck ;  
 Fame and philanthropy stuff he'd have at  
 His heart for pabulum, and he had been  
 A fit and meet companion for the Queen.

## LII.

But as it is—good, noble, pure at core,  
 He's as a baby's boat adrift on ocean ;  
 He floats with the set current, hurried o'er  
     Dread shoals of bad intentions without motion  
 To save himself from being dashed to pieces  
 Whenever current, wave, or wind increases.

## LIII.

These philosophic thoughts occurred to Pan,  
 What day that Guelpho, with a jovial air,  
 Smiled round about him, and his finger ran  
     Between Pan's first and second rib, and there—  
 Upon exclaimed, " My little 'snug' at eight ;  
 " Three Lion Comiques coming down to night.

## LIV.

"Suff. will be there, and Giff., and Bob, and lots ;

"The Jolly Smash will sing his latest song,  
"And Comic Fance—he gives 'The Jolly Sots!'

"While Slaybourne sings 'It's nicey, but it's wrong!'

"Oh, *such* a lark!—but, heigho! as you guess,  
"We keep it from the children and Princess."

## LV.

"Just so!" thought Pan, "and it were quite as well

"If he kept Comiques from *himself* also,

"And cut the crowd of *other* snobs, who swell

"His roystering *entourage* where'er he go ;

"Cut *F\*\*le* the actor, Smash, and Fance, and these,

"And Caddy Georgey with the funny knees."

## LVI.

And so life passed, with variation small,  
Around the pivot of the Coming K——  
'Mid billiards, shooting, polo, cards, and all ;  
Odd days at Prince's ; odder days away ;  
A banquet—a foundation stone—to change  
The sporting level of the royal range ;

## LVII.

Until one day occurred events that threw  
Pan in a new career—changed altogether  
His finest mundane prospects ; did undo,  
Or near, his life, and made it doubtful  
whether  
He'd not deserved the awful Stygian gulf,  
Much as he battled to behave himself.

## LVIII.

'Twas at the Marlborough. They were playing pool ;

"You'll join us, Pan," said *S\*f\*\*\*d*, rather gay ;

"Thanks, no," said Pan ; "Come, don't you be a fool ;

"Till Bob turns up ? There's just enough to play ;"

"I've said you no," said Pan with animation ;  
(*To gamble would involve his sure damnation.*)

## LIX.

Then came the Coming K— ; "Pan, won't you play?"

"No thanks." "You're seedy?" "No excuse so lame ;"

"The stakes are nothing ; if you lose I'll pay ;

"Come, just a decent board to start the game ;"

But Pan held firm ; "You'll pardon me, I'm sure."

And so the Coming K— pressed him no more

## LX.

Then *H\*rd\*\*\*k*—~~face~~ all daggers—turned his head

To *Suf\*\*\*d*, standing by the tempting baize,

"I'll bet a 'thou' I make him play," he said,

"As you saw no-one play in all your days ;"

"You'll take me ? *Done!* As I'm alive,

"He plays at pool to-night—a thou' to five!"

## LXI.

Then *H\*rd\*\*\*k* took him all in hand alone,

Plied him till late with wine and heavy wet ;

And when the Coming K—— had played and gone,

He led him forth to try and win his bet ;

His victim looked, indeed, an easy tool—

"A hundred to five, Pan, that you daren't play pool."

## LXII.

"A hundred to five," Pan *hicced*, "I daren't play pool !

"I'll take it (*hic*) ; my stake's already down ;

"I daren't play pool I *insulting* me, by jowl!"

They played ; then Pan—when *H——* said  
with a groan,

"You follow me, Pan—t'other end of cue ;

"Don't be afraid, old man, I'll pull you through."

## LXIII.

Pan eyed the cue long, wildly, if in pain,

Then startled all who watched him with a yell ;

"*Thou arch, foul fiend!*" he cried, "*here* once again,

"Upon the very verge of doom and hell,

"I rob thee of thy prey! There!"—and he drew  
The talisman—breathed—and was lost to view!

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

*Les Deux Mondes.*

## I.



IRLS at their toilets fairer than the lily;  
The streets alive with myriad hurrying  
feet ;

A whirl of cabs down classic Piccadilly ;  
Two policemen at the corner of a street ;  
Gruff voices warning coaches and their drivers ;  
A neighbouring "public"—hot and strong re-  
vivers.

## II.

A house ablaze with light from base to roofing ;  
A lot of guests of fashion's pink and flower ;  
A world of plush and powdered wigs improving  
(Like Watts' busy bee) each shining hour ;  
Old staid mamas in search of fresh variety ;  
Young throbbing hearts just going in society.

## III.

'Tis Lady M——'s grand party ; the West End  
Had for a month or more been expectation—  
Your older man to talk or meet some friend ;  
Your younger one to find some new flirtation ;  
Your lady-killing beaux for further slaughters ;  
Your poor mamas for husbands for their  
daughters.

## IV.

The eve was much advanced when Plush an-  
nounced  
Lord Arthur Pan of Clarges Street, with whom  
Came M. Bonnehommeville, who'd of late re-  
nounced  
The rule of M. Cassagnac, and struck dumb  
M. Rouher's clique as prefect of the Rhône,  
And been appointed *Chargé* for a bone.

## V.

A ready tool where that false traitor Mac  
In epauletted glory rides upon  
The gilded horse's high Imperial back ;  
Trampling out Liberty so dearly won ;  
Dragging the Phrygian maid into a snare,  
And on her very altar strangling her.

## VI.

Pan was received with sparkles from all eyes,  
Was Plutus' pet—Society's adored ;  
(Society that's such a pack of lies,  
And such a hollow cavern when explored) ;  
A hundred women's eyes lit when he entered,  
And for an hour or more around him centered.

## VII.

With many a gentle bow and gracious smile ;  
With here pressed fingers—pearly laughter  
there ;  
'Mid buzz of many whispers all the while ;  
A joke with some mama who'd laid her snare ;  
Pan found him free to turn upon his heel  
And introduce his friend M. Bonnehommeville.

## VIII.

M. Bonnehommeville thought England motley  
strange,  
The *élite* barbarous, the tongue a Babel,  
But like all men of his restricted range  
He looked a little through the eye of fable ;  
Some things we find in France as much provoke  
us  
When seen through English glasses' moral focus.

## IX.

M. Bonnehommeville was much inquisitive ;  
Your Gallic doats on knowing who is who ;  
Of all great folks the French are the most visitive,  
And M. le Duc is never lost to view ;  
A villa on lake Como or at Nice  
*Some fond intime* will surely spoil his peace.

## X.

" *Comment se nomme cette personne là ?* " " That is  
" The Duke of Ed——, *mon cher* M. Bonne-  
hommeville ;  
" As you observe, his sailanship has got his  
" Strong wooden money box of varnished deal."  
" He saves his money ? *Pis !* " " You thought  
him wiser ?  
" He's the first English prince we've had a miser.

## XI.

"Ah, yes—*la jolie femme* there on our right;  
 "She's rather 'neath a cloud—*legere ombra*;  
 "But you can see her almost any night  
 "Play very pretty parts at the Alhambra;  
 "She crossed from other shores and has been  
 since  
 "(So rumour says) the mother of a prince.

## XII.

"Her *vis-à-vis*?—the Countess Lambertini;  
 "Her father?—Antonelli; Countess Marconi—  
 "The fair signora—her mama, and—*bene*—  
 "The Pope all in the secret; and when bony  
 "And grisly Death stepped in and took the  
 Cardinal  
 "He left this legacy to the Quirinal.

## XIII.

"A somewhat odd bequest to Holy Church,  
 "That's rather let in light on Papai doings;  
 "And put poor Pio Nono in the lurch  
 "With threats of more exposures, costs, and  
 suings,  
 "Which shows the need of public purge and  
 drastic  
 "To cleanse the stomachs of the horde monastic.

## XIV.

"That sweet young girlish thing of twenty-one  
 "Sat 'mid the ferns—all *chic* and prepossessing?  
 "That's Lady T—; who, loved and wooed and  
 won,  
 "Has tried elopement; for the Church's  
 blessing  
 "Had borne for fruit dishonour and distress;  
 "Once noble's wife—now commoner's mistress!

## XV.

"They'll drive her from Society?—not they!  
 "They doat on scandal—hug it to their souls;  
 "Will harness in their horses any day  
 "And drive them to the confines of the poles  
 "To peep on some sweet pair who dare defy  
 "*Both law* of man below and God on high.

## XVI.

"The *bien mariées* think it rather fast,  
 (Or say they do to reassure their spouses),  
 "But when the odour of the deed is passed  
 "This dotard's new *cocotte* lolls in their houses,  
 "To sow her poison-germs with favouring winds  
 "Of easy virtue and romantic minds.

## XVII.

"The *Papillons*—they think it rather jolly,  
 "Nay, brave and valiant, knightly and  
 gallant;  
 "Another victim offered to La Folie—  
 "Your goddess without clothes—at least  
 they're scant;  
 "It pleases, too, your lecher old and hoary—"  
 But here we wander rather from our story.

## XVIII.

"That face of adamant is Justice Blank's,  
 "Who throws back counsel's banter with a  
 laugh;  
 "But if a prisoner's freed he owes no thanks  
 "To lips that bore new terrors with their  
 chaff;  
 "The prisoner's guilty till it's proved he's not—  
 "The bran new notion Justice Blank has got.

## XIX.

"And now you've told so much," said Bonne-  
 hommeville,  
 Improving his Imperial with a twirl,  
 "I ask one question; make me true reveal—  
 "What's that young man there doing with  
 that girl?"  
 "Where?" "There, alone." "Ah, flirting,  
 dear Monsieur;  
 "You *are* surprised! Dash, all we English do.

## XX.

"You!—(he scattered interjections from his eyes,  
 And gave his shoulders their most Gallic  
 shrug)—  
 "Make love in public!"—(looking very wise).  
 "Oh, we in France, where love is quite a  
 drug,  
 "Leave love for our *salons*—take it *au lit*;  
 "Is love in England meant for folks to see?"

## XXI.

"No ; not a bit ; it's really the reverse ;  
 "They *flirt*, not *love*—the things are quite  
 distinct—  
 (And after all flirtation's not the worse,  
 And may come handy when pure love's ex-  
 tinct)—  
 "I can't explain—but this I may assert,  
 "Your language has not got the verb 'To  
 flirt.'"

## XXII.

"Your girls in France, so closely hedged about  
 "With etiquette and knowing chaperone,  
 "Are mere nonentities, if e'er brought out,  
 "And may not stir a single step alone ;  
 It's but the *married*, as all travellers tell,  
 Who form the *Monde*, and not the *demoiselles*.

## XXIII.

"In England things move in another groove ;  
 "Your married woman's crabbed and sour,  
 and knows so,  
 "She shows to all who look she does not love  
 "Another man except her darling *sposo*,  
 "And if *he* dared to flirt she'd call him rather  
 "Quick to his sense of duty as a father.

## XXIV.

"With these conditions in the *Monde* we name  
 "(The proud, prim, moral *Monde* of which  
 we've sung)  
 "With old and married cut out of the game,  
 "The sport is left entirely to the young—  
 "A sport which, while it softens down your royster,  
 "Seems like an acid squeezed upon life's oyster.

## XXV.

"Given married couples who are sour and glum ;  
 "Given young folks who may meet and talk  
 and laugh,  
 "With no French etiquette to strike them dumb  
 "With fears of Lethe's deadly drain to quaff,  
 "And you have flirting their joint product just  
 "As you've effect from cause—have always—  
 must.

## XXVI.

"In France the parents practically choose  
 "The husband their fair Marie is to wed ;  
 "'Tis seldom, as a rule, the maiden knows  
 "Monsieur who worships at her bridal bed ;  
 "Perhaps having seen him once or twice at  
 dinner—  
 "Advised beforehand he had come to win her.

## XXVII.

"That's what you call your *mariage de conve-  
 nance*—  
 "That's marriage without love—for wealth—  
 position ;  
 "Your husband finds *amours*—your wife does  
 penance,  
 "Till years bring misery unto its fruition ;  
 "Your wife finds his seraglio ('tis not easy—  
 "They swarm in myriads round the Champs  
 Elysées).

## XXVIII.

"Then for reprisals. Not a wordy war  
 "Of fishwives' passions let out of a sluice ;  
 "No bouncing to some big-wig at the bar  
 "To kick up legal shindy—play the deuce  
 "With their small fortune ; but a simpler way,  
 "That's turned the tables when it's lost the day.

## XXIX.

"Your wife has got her Alphonse in the army ;  
 "Her girlhood's dream—so young and brave  
 and smart,  
 "So tall—so handsome—she can't see what  
 harm he  
 "Could do her now her husband's crushed  
 her heart ;  
 "When flowers have lost their scent they're tossed  
 aside—  
 "(Which is Voltaire and Jacques Rousseau be-  
 side).

## XXX.

"And from the dragon's teeth of wife's reprisals  
 "There spring armed warriors—deep in-  
 trigue—  
 "Lies—false pretences—compromising missals—  
 "Night assignations—hideous plot and league ;  
 "Until at last a friend makes some disclosure,  
 "And nought is left them but their own exposure.



## XXXI.

"Two men—a whisper—and a rapier bright—  
 "A muffled form from a grand café rushing—  
 "A cat-like gliding in the dark midnight—  
 "The guilty pair—a stab—a shriek—blood  
 gushing;  
 "This is the common history—vulgar, tragic  
 "Of those who're *made* to love, "Hi!" as in  
 magic.

## XXXII.

"In Britain youthful folk are left to find  
 "By frequent, long and free communion,  
 "Those wizard bonds of sympathy that bind  
 "Their hallowed loves in Artemis's union;  
 "It has its snares, deceptions, and what's worse,  
 "It sometimes is no blessing but a curse.

## XXXIII.

"With some, to flirt's a game, like draughts or  
 chess;  
 "Society's the board; hearts are the pieces;  
 "He wins the game—as probably you guess—  
 "Whose store of conquered hearts most fast  
 increases,  
 "And though his own be colder than the Alps  
 "He hangs them up—like Indians do their  
 scalps.

## XXXIV.

"His method's even worse than your red sav-  
 age's,  
 "Who meets at least his victim in fair fight;  
 "Not coming like the maggot to his ravages,  
 "Nor hiding, like the thief, behind the night,  
 "But battling honourably or not at all,  
 "Despite his code of honour's rather small.

## XXXV.

"Your *petit crève* finds things getting flat,  
 "And looks around for something worth a  
 shot;  
 "He knows, of course, exactly what he's at;  
 "Where is your *petit crève* who does not?  
 "Then boldly, when at last his foe he sees,  
 He rushes in like Hector on Achilles.



## XXXVI.

"A sweet young thing yet scarcely out of school,  
 "And not out of her teens—fair, timid, slow ;  
 "That is the sort of game that, as a rule,  
 "Your *petit crève* seizes in his maw,  
 "For as the proverbs say—you cannot catch  
 "Old birds with chaff, and addled eggs won't hatch.

## XXXVII.

"And having settled finally upon  
 "The callow maiden sacred to his wiles,  
 "He's introduced—'tis very quickly done ;  
 "He twirls his blonde moustache, and drawls  
 and smiles,  
 "And then there dawns athwart him through his  
 trysting  
 "A sort of vague idea that he's existing.

## XXXVIII.

"He stands and yawns—draws pictures with his  
 heel,  
 "And offers ices pressingly—cads do ;  
 "Then talks of passions that he cannot feel,  
 "And gloats o'er raptures that he never knew ;  
 "And when his hunger for the maid's content,  
 "He trots away—For nothing's really meant.

## XXXIX.

"So, as you see, M. Bonnehommeville, *mon cher*,  
 "You have your tragic lovers, *we* our flirts ;  
 And if you ask me which I most prefer—  
 "A trifling with or daggering of hearts—  
 "I think I like the flirting far the best—  
 "A murder's much more awful than a jest.

## XL.

"All beauty, as you know, is very frail—  
 "The bloom upon the peach, the rose's flush,  
 "The smile of death, the glow before the gale,  
 "The purple sunset and the maiden's blush—  
 "But that reminds me of a line or two  
 "I found quite lately in an old review.

## Those Evening Belles.

## I.

Those evening belles, those evening belles,  
 How much of faded youth it tells  
 That red red rouge thick painted on,  
 Of waning charms, of beauties gone.

## II.

Soon e'en red rouge will pass away,  
 And sunken cheek and mind's decay  
 Will dull those eyes where sparkle dwells,  
 Leave old and grim those evening belles.

## III.

Yet then, as now, when they are gone  
 Some red rouged belles will still laugh on,  
 And yawning o'er them other "swells,"  
 Discourse their charms, rouged evening belles.

## XII.

Pan might have talked to Monsieur for a year  
 Had not a vision broke his cogitation  
 Of Mabel sitting silent very near ;  
 (The Merope of the bright constellation  
 Formed of his hopes and longings)—so he  
 stepped  
 Where lovely Mabel as in dreamland slept.

## XIII.

A look—a blush—a dainty hand withdrawn,  
 And then these words, "I've not the honour,  
 sir !"  
 A start—a swimming head and then a moan—  
 "You don't know me—not Pan ! Mabel, *ma*  
*chère* ;"  
 And then a look—a shriek—then, lost to day,  
 A fainting girl borne tenderly away.



## XLIII.

Pan for a moment stood in sore amaze,  
 Helpless and speechless, as when he were  
     born,  
 Things ran into each other all ablaze,  
 And seemed to leer and point at him in scorn ;  
 The men looked fit to seize him by his throttle,  
 While every lady got her smelling bottle.

## XLIV.

"What has the horrid creature dared to say?"  
 Said Tippins, miss, the coral-nosed old maid ;  
 "To make the dear thing faint so dead away,"  
 Chimed in Miss Pippins, shaking her red head ;  
 While numerous fellows clenched their fists and  
     said  
 Their simple duty was to punch Pan's head.

## XLV.

This for a second ; then a man rushed in  
 Who was his friend and whom he muchly loved  
 And cried, "She's fled ! She's gone off in a cab !  
 "Your hat, old man ; your coat, and then he  
     shoved  
 Pan down a flight of stairs into the street,  
 And took a hansom—driving very fleet.

## XLVI.

"I guess we'll catch them yet—I think we shall,  
 "They've only got the Underground astart !  
 "I really never *thought* it ! *Sacré ! Mal !*  
 But if we catch them, Pan, trust me they'll  
     smart ;  
 "I'll trample on them, Pan, literally trample ;  
 "At least I'll make 'em furnish an example.

## XLVII.

And now a station—steam and noise and bustle ;  
 A hundred people hurrying to and fro ;  
 The slam of doors and then a black guard's  
     whistle ;  
 A snorting engine and—away they go !  
 With palpitating hearts and breasts that swell  
 To solve the mystery we've concealed so well.

## XLVIII.

"Ah, Pan," said he who'd been so very rude,  
 "I never thought she'd rend my breast like this;  
 "Nor I," said Pan, "that I should be so jewed.  
 "But such is life; we cannot help what *is*."  
 The Rude: That I should fall in mine own pit,  
 And Pan: That I should nothave seentthrough it.

## XLIX.

And so they mused, like pirates in a drama,  
 O'er all their separate nature's did inherit;  
 We cannot quote or we're convinced we'd cram a  
 Page full of verbal fortunes for Paul Merritt,  
 And those the tragic produce of whose liver  
 Is sent to feed the *gamins* o'er the river.

## L.

But he, the Rude One, rose and stamped his foot;  
 His blood was on the boil! Pan said he'd  
 thought  
 His Mabel had been true as steel was—but  
 The Rude One roughly round his throttle  
 caught—  
 Which frightened Pan—and cried, "Confound  
 your Mabel!  
 "My girl's decamped!" as loud as he was able.

## LI.

"O, Mabel, woe is me! and hard our lot,"  
 Said Pan. "You said she'd gone off in a cab;  
 "And now I've come these miles you say she's  
 not:  
 "You've wronged me!" "Stuff! You're simply  
 talking bab!  
 "I never heard of Mabel in my life—  
 "I always understood you'd *not* a wife."

## LII.

Said Pan, "I never had; she was not that:"  
 "Just so," the Rude One said, and put his finger  
 Athwart his nose, and, grinning, sat him squat,  
 And did for details for a moment linger;  
 But Pan kept silence till the Rude One rose,  
 And said he would his own affair disclose.

## LIII.

Said he—"Who did this thing was my best friend,  
 "One whom I loved and one who loved me  
 much;  
 "But whispers reached me—ceaselessly—no end:  
 "Naught clear—that mere St. John's Wood  
 double Dutch,  
 "Those *potpourris* of rumour that so goad  
 "Your titled rascals dear to Fulham Road.

## LIV.

"At last a happy thought: I ~~bribed the maid~~  
 "I paid to serve and wait ~~upon my fair~~,  
 "To let me hide one evening ~~'neath her bed~~.  
 "And so things fruited, and I clomb the stair,  
 "And crept beneath the bed, and bided there  
 "To ~~spring a mine~~, for she was unaware.

## LV.

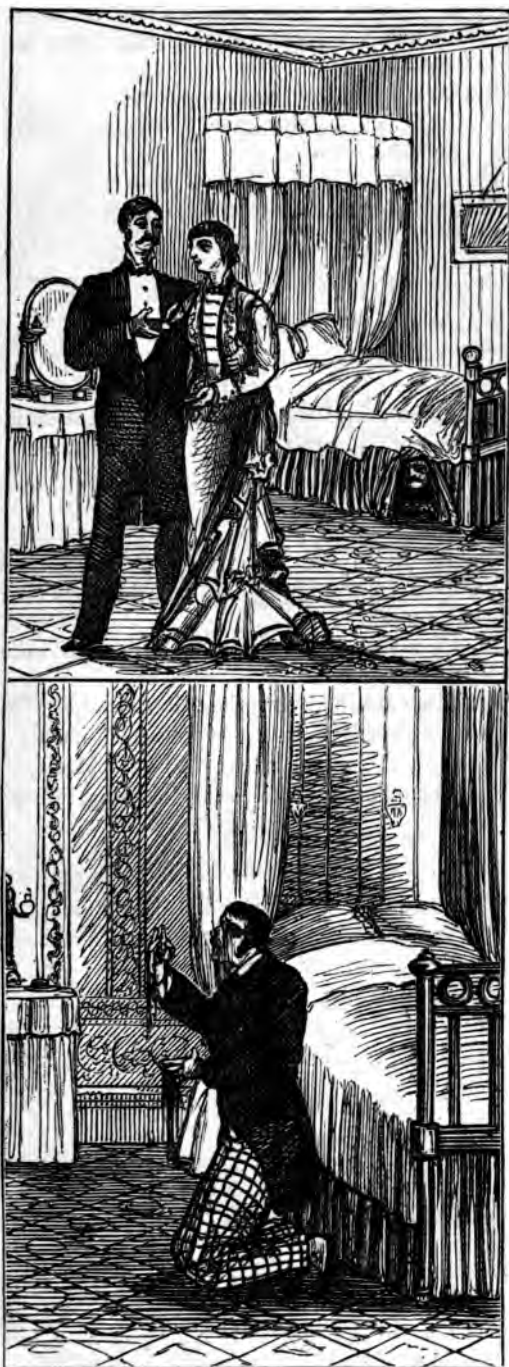
"Soon strode straight in—for this was her  
 boudoir—  
 "He whom I ~~fear~~—tall, with a blonde  
 moustache;  
 "And drew out netherwards a silk *mouchoir*  
 "All redolent of scents—then with a dash  
 "Towards the corridor he called out 'Marie,'  
 "And then the lady's voice said, 'Coming, Harry.'

## LVI.

"Tipped in a second ~~move~~ her dainty foot;  
 "I ~~saw~~ them kiss; at least I heard a smack;  
 "Now for a spring from out my ambush—but  
 "I quite as plainly ~~heard~~ her kiss him back;  
 "Wherefore I lay quite still; I thought I'd tarry  
 "And bring it rather smart on Master 'Harry.'

## LVII.

"~~Me afore~~, the villain said, "last night you  
 told  
 "Me you'd no bracelets; Arthur's all looked  
 shiny;  
 "I've brought you these; I know they're solid  
 gold;  
 "They're Dyer's best. Now you must kiss  
 me, Tiny!  
 "'They're perfect loves!' she said; 'and did  
 you pay  
 "'That little bill you took the other day?'



## LVIII.

"Of course, my pet ; it's settled—every sou ;  
 "A hundred pounds and ten—see, here it is ;  
 "Your arm around my neck. Had it been  
   'thou'  
 "I'd paid it, Tiny. Now another kiss.  
 "Good : can you guess what I have bought  
   beside?  
 "That pouting rose-bud mouth—there ; not  
   so wide.

## LIX.

"I passed through Regent Street to-day, *ma  
   chère* ;  
 "Louise et Cie. seemed tempting—in I went ;  
 "Passed El Dorados, love, of bonnets there ;  
 "Adored them all and many guineas spent ;  
 "And you, *petite*, to-morrow will have loads  
 "To make your choice in all the latest *modes*.

## LX.

"*Vous-êtes bon enfant !* Pat my face again ;  
 "Where did I learn my French ? In Paris ;  
   why ?  
 "C'est bon Français ; n'est-ce pas ? Fair ; not  
   Fontaine,  
 "Nor yet Voltaire I doat on, by-the-bye ;  
 "It's more like Collins' (Mortimer's)—it's lame ;  
 "Learned late in life, p'raps, from an English  
   dame.

## LXI.

"But, Tiny dear, why do we sit like this ?  
 "Come closer, love, and put one hand in  
   mine ;  
 "Your arm put round my neck ; now one long  
   kiss—  
 "One long, delicious kiss ; there—that's  
   divine !  
 "(The brute had no idea those kisses stung me)  
 "So at this pretty juncture out I sprang me."

## LXII.

"At least I didn't ! First I struck my head  
 "With impact dreadful—(howling I recoiled)—  
 "Against the oaken girder of the bed ;  
 "Which gave them warning—so my plan was  
   foiled  
 "Of seizing hold of that Thug of an Hindoo  
 "To pitch him head and heels out of the window.

## LXIII.

"And then I blundered on—no matter what—  
 "And made my hands look like a butcher's shop,  
 "With pieces sticking in; till, looking at  
 "Myself in Marie's glass from toe to top,  
 "I came to the decision—hang that girder!—  
 "I'd been the victim of some dreadful murder.

## LXIV.

"I bathed my hurts in Tiny's scented water;  
 "I carried plaister; philanthropists do;  
 "But could not hide the sanguinary slaughter—  
 "The cuts I mean—quite wholly out of view;  
 "My hands looked like—well, decorated tripe,  
 "Each injured finger counting as a stripe.

## LXV.

"And while I swore, and cursed a bit likewise,  
 "Fate dealt me, Pan, the unkindest cut of all;  
 "In *mufti* dressed, before my very eyes,  
 "Wearing the sealskin—nay, the very fall—  
 "I bought her, Harry and she got in a hansom,  
 "Drove off, she throwing me a kiss as ransom.

## LXVI.

"And I am in pursuit, and so are you;  
 "So don't look glum, old man; cheer up a bit;  
 "Look spick and jolly, as you used to do;  
 "You're reading something—may I look at it?"  
 (Lines of his own, and which he really wrote;  
 They weren't worth much, but as they're his, we quote).

*Je T'aime!*

## I.

Pensive eye of forget-me-not;  
 Wizard dream of a Fairy Thule;  
 Two strokes of a wand; love let me not  
 Die the slave of their golden rule;  
 Eye and dream,  
*Je t'aime!*

## II.

Burning love of an August noon;  
 Juice of the grape from loaded vine;  
 Oh, from the blight of the waxen moon,  
 Save them, Marie, those things divine!  
 Love and wine,  
*Je t'aime!*

## LXVII.

A slowing down of motion, and the train  
 Stood grim and silent, like a monster dead;  
 Feet hurrying up—feet hurrying down again;  
 A puff—a snort! away the monster sped;  
 Pan and the Rude One did not pause a minute,  
 But faced the darkness, boldly plunging in it.

## LXVIII.

A roadside "public" soon they came unto;  
 The Rude One led the way right boldly in;  
 The landlord was a pal of his; he knew  
 Him well; had seen him several tussels win  
 With Bob the Slogger, Joe the Cockney Bantam,  
 The Staley Infant and the Fighting Phantom.

## LXIX.

"Oh, Mike, my boy," the Rude One said at once,  
 "A lady with a gent—speak! Have they passed?"  
 Then Mike the Mauler slowly scratched his scone  
 To say the pair described *had* passed, at last,  
 Perhaps half an hour ago; the Rude One chinked  
 A bag of gold in Michael's face and winked.

## LXX.

"Your fastest mare have yoked in like the wind;  
 "Let Stiffy drive her and you sha'n't want gold;  
 "You're sure we're only half an hour behind;  
 "The night is pitchy for a deed so bold."  
 Then Mike the Mauler ordered the brown mare  
 To be yoked in, and Stiffy to be there.



## LXXI.

Poor Mike was quite a study of his race;  
His hair was stubbly, like a reaper field;  
His nose had wandered widely o'er his face;  
His bull-dog mug a crescent scar revealed  
Which spoilt the details of this ugly male;  
But Mike was proud of it—it told a tale.

## LXXII.

Whence Mike was never tired of telling how  
That Guelpho came there often with his chums;  
Drank Mike's old beer, and egged him on to show  
The way he'd mauled the Linnet of the Slums;  
How Guelpho's pals, when sparring was their  
whim,  
Would try the little that they knew on him.

## LXXIII.

And how the Guelpho would laugh out until  
The tears were fairly standing in his eyes;  
And how sometimes himself would have a mill;  
And take his chums all greatly by surprise;  
How once or twice he'd had a butchered nose,  
And how the drops were got out of his clothes.

## LXXIV.

And then he would relate how, one fine day,  
More frisky than his wont, the Guelpho came  
And sparred him gaily in his playful way,  
And caught him on the lip, and slashed the  
same  
Slant downward from the top—yet proud he'd  
sing  
How he'd been decorated by his King.

## LXXV.

A "Hi!" without, and ready stood the mare,  
With Stiffy, thickly muffled, up behind;  
"How much—a fifty?—if I know their lair,  
"And save a search for game you cannot  
find?"  
This said the Mauler Mike. "A fifty?—done!"  
"Step softly as grim death and all is won."

## LXXVI.

The Mauler led the way with noiseless tread,  
 Slow up some stairs—for both their feet were  
 socked—  
 And listened for a moment at the head,  
 Then sprung upon the door, but found it  
 locked.  
 A voice of thunder—"Who the devil's there?"  
 And then the Rude One—"That's his voice,  
 I'll swear!"

## LXXVII.

And then a long, fierce beating on the door,  
 Compared to which the siege of Troy was  
 nothing;  
 And then a portal crashing with a roar;  
 And then a pretty scene of sin and loathing;  
 A maid in *deshabille*, like some Melinda,  
 And then a fellow popping through a window.

## LXXVIII.

The maid, with eye lit with supernal scorn,  
 Drew her tall figure up to its full height—  
 "Why is that portal from its hinges torn?  
 "Who dares to break thus on us in the night?"  
 Then said the Rude One—"You have played it  
 well;  
 "I'll murder *him*—your blonde fool of a swell!"

## LXXIX.

"And as for *you*—now I've discovered all—  
 "Return me all the golden gifts I've made—  
 "The lace I bought you for the Duchess' ball,  
 "The cob I got you that you might parade,  
 "That *point d'aiguille* habit you've just had dyed,  
 "With Regent Streets of other things beside.

## LXXX.

"The host of bracelets that you said were 'shiny,'  
 "The half a dozen diamond rings, at least;  
 "With all the letters that I wrote you, Tiny,  
 "Including some I penned you from the East,  
 "When out with Guelpho on his Eastern tour,  
 "When of your goodness I felt almost sure."

## LXXXI.

The lady threw herself in graceful *pose*;  
 And in a wordy torrent silenced him.  
 She said she was fatigued of him, of those  
 Eternal waitings on his every whim;

She'd sickened of caprice, and meant to get  
 Some *other* dotard for her lord and pet.

## LXXXII.

Bulls were not fixed to one herbaceous spot;  
 They cropped the herbage where the grass  
 was sweet,  
 And she had yet to learn why cows should ~~not~~  
 Crop other grass than that beneath their ~~feet~~  
 Without invoking such a dreadful riot—  
 For love, like other things, liked change of diet.

## LXXXIII.

Your man said: "Sweet, I'm going to my club."  
 Who knew that he went ever there at all?  
 His wife did not, and there came in the rub;  
 He went more likely to a Surrey ball,  
 Or with his lips still warm with his wife's *kiss*  
 He left its dew on some pert ballet miss.

## LXXXIV.

Here rose a scuffle in the room below,  
 A cry "You cannot go; your bill's not paid."  
 "Ah, ah, he's there!—I'm ripe for murder now;  
 "I'm maddening, Marie; and I'll punch his  
 head!"  
 This said the Rude One—in a second more  
 He'd clenched his fist and bounded through the  
 door.

## LXXXV.

"I thank you, sir;" the lady said to Pan,  
 "That you have cast no fuel on the fire,  
 "And some day I'll reward you, when I can;  
 "The Rude One's mad. Excuse me; I desire  
 "That you will leave me, that I may retire,  
 "And so prevent more outbursts of his ire."

## LXXXVI.

And then she came and pursed her rosy lip;  
 And Pan bent forward gently for a kiss—  
 Then! with a shriek (for he felt Satan's grip),  
 He cried, "I'm caught, in such a trap as this?"  
 "No, Satan, no!"—and then he quickly drew  
 His magic charm, and disappeared from view!



## CANTO THE FIFTH.

## Hearts and Clubs.

## I.

**A** LONG a river bank's soft sedgy way,  
 Adown a long green lane, and then  
 across  
 A field or two. The morn had broken grey,  
 And threatened e'er the noon to flood the floss.  
 The earth was cloddy from the recent rains,  
 And filled the ruts in all the fields and lanes.

## II.

Ahead—no lark more brisk, nor gay, nor free—  
 The Guelpho walked, in pride of his chibouque—  
 A vulgar briar pipe, but G.B.D.—  
 Set in his mouth. He scorns how he may  
 look,  
 Save when a pretty eye is looking on,  
 And then he'll dress as no man does or can.

## III.

Surrounding him were his five chosen chums,  
 Not one more true of heart, if true of aim;  
 All with their briars fixed between their gums  
 Like five young dragons breathing smoke and  
 flame;  
 All trudging nobly through the watery soil—  
 Six ducks in many things and p'raps in oil.

## IV.

Behind six keepers bore six loaded guns;  
 Then came two others, rich in food and drink,  
 Both dressed in brown, like two perpetual duns  
 Clogging men's heels to even Hellas' brink;  
 And then two lads in livery, bearing bottles,  
 With rows of buttons downward from their  
 throttles.

## V.

And then a dense plantation looming near,  
 A waving belt of fir-trees on a ridge—  
 A zone of dun as far as eye can peer;  
 A dyke—a gate—and then a little bridge.  
 Here they were ripe for slaughtering the birds,  
 With hearts of Bashi-Bazouks or of Kurds.

## VI.

The place was well preserved; that is to say,  
 Had been well guarded from your thieving  
 peasant;  
 Environed close by watchers night and day  
 (A human soul's less noble than a pheasant),  
 The birds protected through the frosts; if need  
 Instructed in the Spring-time how to breed.

## VII.

And like their master's stud, the richest corn  
 Is thrown to bring them to abnormal size,  
 While some poor wretch in smoky hovel born  
 For want of one mere mouthful rots and dies—  
 The pheasant is preserved—the pauper starves;  
 So true it is we don't do things by halves.

## VIII.

A rush of birds as of a myriad winds,  
 A fire from six well-levelled guns 'mid them—  
 Then more hot blazing—then your keeper finds  
 How many head are shot and makes a mem.,  
 And so the sport proceeds, with changes small,  
 Till wind or rain or darkness ends it all.

## IX.

Guelpho and friends had shot two hours or more  
 When down came sauntering Pan, his gun in  
 hand,  
 To join the sport. He had not come before  
 Because he was not of the princely band,  
 But, staying in the House there with his gun,  
 Was asked to join the party later on.

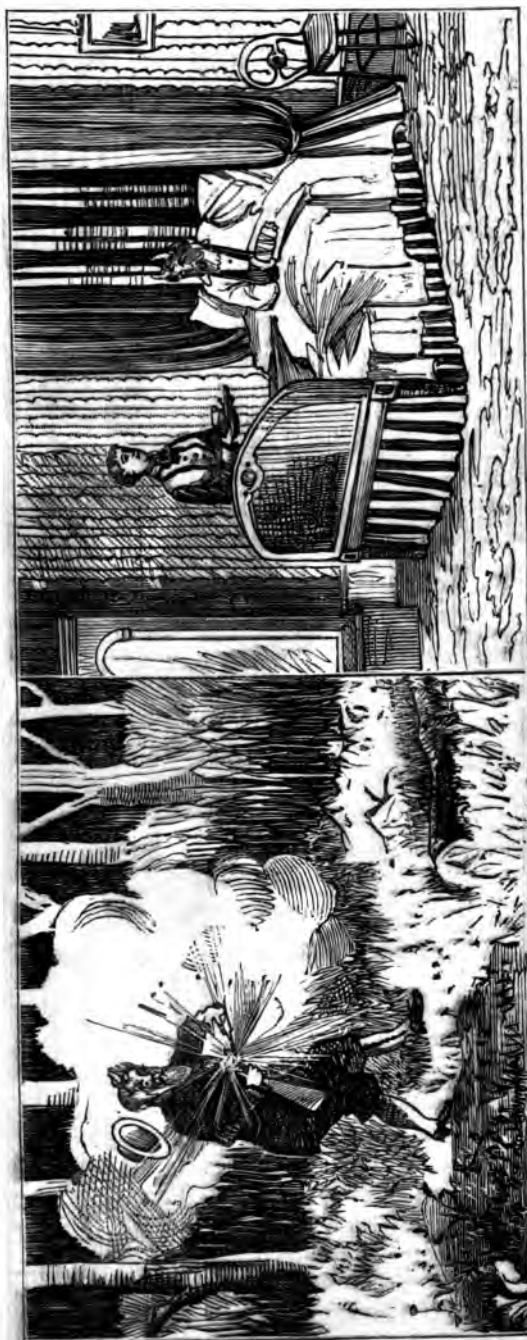
## X.

Pan for an hour or more did muchly slay;  
 (The pheasants were so plentiful and tame)  
 The Guelpho joked and laughed and blazed  
 away;  
 (He's always in his glory shooting game)  
 The sport waxed hot; the fun grew quite uproar-  
 ious,  
 And all agreed the day was simply glorious.





GUELPHO IN HIS GLORY.



## XI.

And so it was, if you consider, first,  
 The fierce and savage nature of the bird,  
 That will not let you stroke it at the worst,  
 Nor bring your muzzle nearer than a yard ;  
 'Tis truly knightly work, that quite o'ershades  
 The days of Richard and the Red Crusades.

## XII.

But, as we've said, Pan, like a doughty knight,  
 Had slain his birds and earned him great re-  
 nown,  
 When, lo ! his barrel burst—a sickening sight—  
 His whole left hand to blackened pulp was  
 blown,  
 And he was carried, much exhausted, to  
 A handsome villa near at hand and new.

## XIII.

And Guelpho sent his favourite surgeon for,  
 And telegraphed him for his own physician,  
 And did as much as all the mines of Or  
 Could bring within the scope of human vision ;  
 And Pan thanked Guelpho, whom he loved to  
 call  
 A man in some things, but a prince in all.

## XIV.

And pretty faces flitted round his bed,  
 When fever and exhaustion fastened him  
 With tortured limbs, and thirst, and throbbing  
 head ;  
 And when their gentleness had hastened him  
 On to the goal of health—when he was able  
 To bear the shock—there burst upon him—  
 Mabel.

## XV.

As comes the water to a fevered tongue,  
 As comes the warrior to his wife again,  
 As to his widow-mother, absent long,  
 The sailor boy comes from the raging main,  
 So came his love to Pan—and then the rate  
 He mended at we really dare not state.

## XVI.

But through the hours of varying convalescence  
 She used to talk—sing—read—do aught to  
 please,  
 And follow him as does the phosphorescence  
 The bounding ship at night in Southern seas ;  
 Pan found her gentle, dignified, and clever,  
 And got to love her even more than ever.

## XVII.

Pan told her once, when somewhat off his guard,  
 The aim and purpose of his mundane life ;  
 And how the Church was worldly, proud, and  
 hard,  
 And how the Court was eaten up with strife,  
 And how Society was sinking down,  
 And how that he was now "About the Town."

## XVIII.

But soon the day came when they needs must  
 part ;  
 Pan for his new-born life of West End Clubs,  
 She for her brother's curacy athwart  
 The world's great city, full of aches and rubs ;  
 But ere they parted they had made a vow  
 That naught should separate them here below.

## XIX.

Pan was a member of the great Orleans—  
 That Anglo-Gallic-Utah sort of club,  
 Where men let woman see behind the scenes,  
 And get a few stray kisses for their "sub.,"  
 And con *Le Journal des Costumes et Modes*,  
 And praise the great club picture—one by  
 Claud.

## XX.

The club where ladies smoke their cigarettes ;  
 Affect in horseflesh to instruct Tom Jen-  
 nings ;  
 Where ladies make up dainty books of bets,  
 With quite an art for getting in the winnings,  
 Give tips for the St. Leger, Derby, Oaks,  
 Which rather turn at times out awful jokes.

## XXI.

Where ladies mix up racing with *Le Follet*,  
 And love alike the tipster and *modiste*,  
 Affecting slang because it's rather jolly  
 To ape the costermonger in the street ;  
 Besides it rather let's the vulgar know  
 They're not (as none suppose) what men call  
 "slow."

## XXII.

And that's important when your Hownslow  
 roughs  
 Wear horseshoe pins or pointer's head or  
 setter's,  
 Or scarlet dogs emblazoned on their cuffs  
 And shirts and collars, like their sporting  
 betters,  
 Intruding their vile weeds upon the course—  
 Perhaps eighteen for a penny, if not worse.

## XXIII.

It's all important they should not suppose  
 You're not more fast than they are—rough  
 and cad—  
 And that although they imitate your clothes,  
 And speak your lingo—which is rather bad—  
 They cannot make a book, or win a race—  
 They lack the stamina that goes the pace.

## XXIV.

Pan found the club in some things not Platonic,  
 Indeed he found it rather the reverse,  
 Though lips were horsey, eyes were still Byronic,  
 And sometimes much affected him, of course.  
 The club—as known—has patented a Nemesis,  
 So no accoucheur now lives on the premises.

## XXV.

Pan stood in converse with the Lady Smash,  
 When in walked Captain Shotten of the Guards,  
 A tall nonentity with black moustache,  
 Who wished to know if Pan would play at cards  
 Up at the Marlborough, with his other pals—  
 The Guelpho—and a lot of "doosid" swells.

## XXVI.

Pan faintly said he would not play himself ;  
 He liked to *see* the play—liked looking on.  
 The Captain said they would not play for pelf,  
 Which settled it. Pan said he'd go for fun ;  
 So with "good nights," and seeing he'd his charm,  
 He walked with Captain Shotten arm in arm.

## XXVII.

They were not long in speeding to their goal ;  
 The Marlborough's handsome, as a club now  
 goes ;  
 They found the usual set—Guelpho and all—  
 Sat drinking "fizz" in every sort of *pose*,  
 Upon settees or "straddled" on a chair,  
 Or lying on a couch with knees in air.

## XXVIII.

This was the smoking room they so adorned ;  
 They waited Captain Shotten of the Guards ;  
 They had not played—indeed they would have  
 scorned  
 To play if Shotten had not dealt the cards ;  
 For Shotten played a hand there every night,  
 And dealt the cards by that prescriptive right.

## XXIX.

And when the Captain came they soon adjourned  
 To tempt good fortune and invoke their ruin,  
 And pulses beat and throbbing temples burned  
 To know they were in luck—(and there are  
 few in)—  
 And eyes grew brilliant as the cards dropped  
 round,  
 And hands were seen, and several duffers found.

## XXX.

And as the game grew deeper and more deep,  
 And brows were knit in quite an anxious way,  
 And strange resolves 'gan over men to creep  
 To hazard all on one stroke of the play,  
 Pan rather came unto the trite conclusion  
 That gambling is a species of delusion.

## XXXI.

And so the play, with variation small  
 In outward form, yet much in inward grace,  
 With luck for ever on the rise and fall,  
 And many thousand guineas changing place,  
 Went on and on, and on again,  
 With several faces much impressed with pain.

## XXXII.

First cheques, then I.O.U's were handed round  
 For heavy sums—all thousands at the least ;  
 And some looked happy : others looked pro-  
 found,  
 But all more earnest as the stakes increased,  
 Save Captain Shotten, who betrayed no sign  
 Of interest much, but smoked, and drank his  
 wine.

## XXXIII.

But just as Pan was leaving for the night  
 A strange "mishap" ('twas called so at the time)  
 Occurred that put the tables in a fright,  
 And made all start, as if an awful crime  
 Had been committed on the Marlborough  
 Brussels,  
 The scene of not a few odd "damns" and tussles.

## XXXIV.

A man who played at Guelpho's table rose  
 And whispered quietly, "I've lost it all !"  
 Then gently put his hand athwart his clothes,  
 And drew a pistol thence and fired the ball ;  
 But not with much effect ; the Guelpho struck  
 It from his hand—just like the Guelpho's luck.

## XXXV.

They kept the affair for days all snugly hushed,  
 (We heard the story first, we think, at Brooks')  
 Afraid their reputation should be crushed—  
 For simple people judge a deal by looks ;  
 But he who threatened all this desecration  
 Composed these lines for us for publication.



## For Want of a Heart.

### I.

A fortune gone! A life undone!  
 For want of a card to lay!  
 A fortune lost that might have been won—  
 Won with a Heart to play!  
 Burst, bursting eyes that will not burst!  
 And fear to meet the day;  
 O that a soul should be accurst  
 For want of a Heart to play!

### II.

Bills—Bills—Bills! on my fortune—all;  
 On my houses, land, and stud;  
 To think the men who will snatch them all  
 Are of human flesh and blood!  
 That I should be left to starve at night,  
 Or to beg a crust by day;  
 I ask thee, Heaven—can this be right?  
 For want of a Heart to play!

### III.

The despot's cursing is just and kind,  
 Contrasted, God, with theirs,  
 Whose soul, alas, is so deaf and blind  
 To misery and to prayers;  
 E'en Ira's self the meanest slave  
 Had not left to Fate a prey,  
 To sink at last in a pauper's grave  
 For want of a Heart to play.

### XXXVI.

The scene both frightened and instructed Pan;  
 In the worst days of idiot George the Third,  
 When gamblers formed a wide and noble clan,  
 When men, from Pitt down to the peasant,  
 dared  
 To laugh at statutes' unenforced compliance,  
 And set the law on faro at defiance.

### XXXVII.

From those days hence there has not been a  
 time  
 When London club men gambled for such  
 stakes  
 As they do now. Is gambling still a crime?  
 Or clubmen out of range of law, that makes  
 It wrong for "cads" to bet, but better souls  
 May bet—*ad nauseam*—at Tattersall's.

## XXXVIII.

Pan called a hansom—drove to the Orleans ;  
 'Twas early, rather, for a Man in Town ;  
 Besides, he liked to see behind the scenes,  
 And know as much as really could be known ;  
 Then several scandals he had need to probe,  
 And con the twelfth edition of the *Globe*.

## XXXIX.

Through the Haymarket. It was one o'clock ;  
 Hour dedicate to Laïs and Thais, and these ;  
 When all your Phrynes from their arbours flock,  
 And swarm like mites, in myriads, on a  
 cheese ;  
 Each goddess seeming everything she ain't,  
 With perspiration trickling through the paint.

## XL.

Through the Haymarket at the witching hour  
 Pan took his hundredth stroll—met Bonne-  
 hommeville,  
 Looking all eyes and much perplexed and sour.  
 "So, ho," he said, "then here is your Mabilie ;  
 "Your love is public even in the streets ;  
 "Tis not in France such things the stranger  
 meets.

## XLI.

"There your *lorette* is prisoned out of sight ;  
 "She has her bower ; the police make free  
 of it ;  
 "She may not leave her arbour in the night  
 "To ply her call ; nor, lest the police permit,  
 "Change her abode. But *here* it seems you  
 have  
 "A sort of Champ de Mars for making love !

## XLII.

"And this is England, that doth boast so much  
 "Her moral code, condemning that of France ;  
 "From Dieppe to Lyons you can't find such  
 "A scene of vice and sin as meets the glance  
 "Of morn at one o'clock, in your Haymarket"—  
 (That is a stubborn fact ; let Anglos mark it).

## XLIII.

"But your Mabilie is ten times worse," said Pan,  
 "And half a dozen others fifty score ;  
 "Then your *Château des Fleurs*—will any man  
 "Say there is aught in London which is more  
 "Disgusting (now th' Argyll is out of sight—  
 "At least until they find another site)."

## XLIV.

"They're Virtue, Pan, herself," said Bonnehom-  
 meville,  
 "Compared with such a scene as now I see ;  
 "Let's take your *Satan* horror, the *Mabilie*—  
 "Le *gai Mabilie*"—and *gay* it used to be,  
 "And *gay* it is, and *gay* for ever may ;  
 "Yet is it *wrong* for people to be *gay* ?

## XLV.

"The French are volatile ; no *Touton* blood  
 "Of dull dark red rolls slowly through their  
 veins ;  
 "They burn to try their strength in field or flood,  
 "Or, eagle-like, scour proudly o'er the plain ;  
 "They cannot sit and pine in destitution ;  
 "They must have pleasure or a revolution.

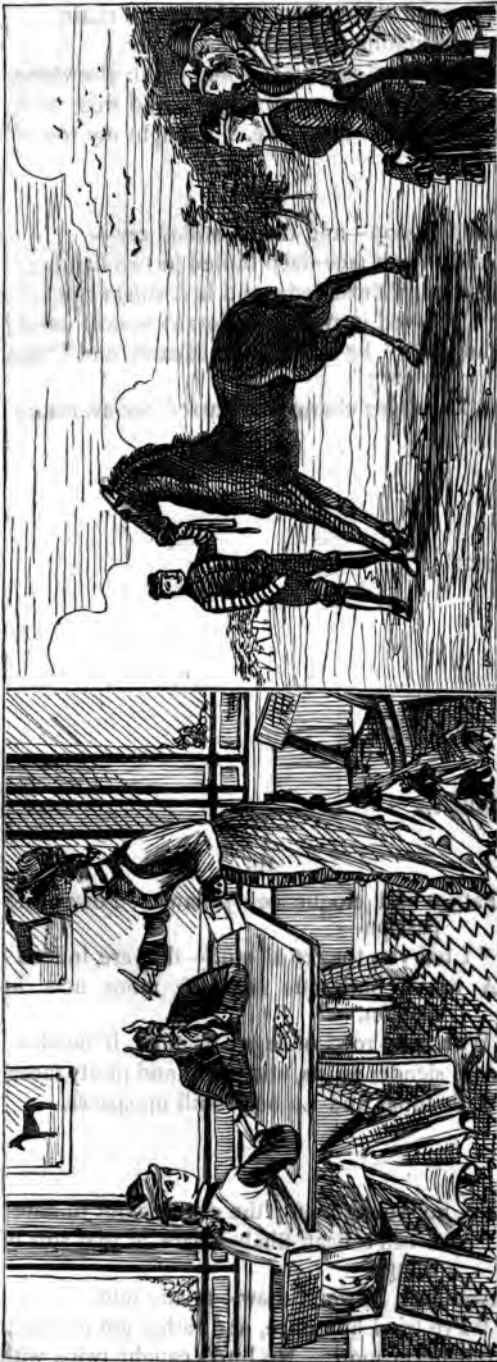
## XLVI.

"This dread Mabilie, dear Pan, is but a garden  
 "Lit up with globes of light, in quaint device  
 "Hung each the trees and arches half a yard on,  
 "With odd and *devious* bowers that half  
 entice  
 "You in to watch the dancing—take an ice—  
 "Hear music—sip your *cognac*—there's no vice.

## XLVII.

"Tis Adolphe's *rendezvous* and his *Lizette's* ;  
 "Twas there they looked upon each other  
 first ;  
 "They dance and kiss, and kiss and dance ; it  
 gets  
 "To ending with the Can-Can at the worst ;  
 "Perhaps Adolphe marries ; perhaps he thinks  
 it better  
 "Had Fate decreed that he had never met her.





## XLVIII.

"But *here, mon cher*, you've but a vulgar crowd  
 "Of painted harlots touting to be hired;  
 "I even hear them ply their craft aloud,  
 "As if the very demons had conspired  
 "To break from out of hell (*say*, picked the  
 lock),  
 "And walk your London streets at one o'clock."

## XLIX.

Here Pan and Bonnehommeville came to a  
 stand  
 Before the mellow light of the Orleans.  
 "Good-night!" said Bonnehommeville, and  
 shook Pan's hand;  
 "Oh, just come in and peep behind the  
 scenes."  
 "Thanks," said the Frenchman with sardonic  
 glance;  
 "We're used to resting early, Pan, in France!"

## L.

Pan felt the sting, and so he pressed him not,  
 But bidding him good-night, he entered in,  
 To find the ladies talking in a knot,  
 Debating 'mong themselves what horse would  
 win  
 The Oaks, in tones of that Sphinxetic sort  
 That indicates a knowledge of the sport.

## LI.

Two ladies played at billiards on his right;  
 Two played "*écarté*" further on his left;  
 A dawdling Gallic Duc of ponderous weight,  
 Of every brave and noble trait bereft—  
 A sort of strolling *parfumeur*—looked on,  
 And paid his compliments to her who won.

## LII.

And one who played was muchly dear to Pan—  
 Disputing e'en with Mabel for his heart—  
 And Pan grew jealous of this Gallic man,  
 And felt disposed to take an active part  
 In snuffing out the Frenchman's weary drivel,  
 And kick him from the club to—well, the  
 devil.

## LIII.

And so the passion grew, Pan knew not why,  
 'Twas only once before he'd seen the Duke ;  
 And yet he could not hear the lady sigh  
 And say whole volumes in a single look  
 Without a wishing that his hands were buffered,  
 That he might be revenged for all he suffered.

## LIV.

And Pan advanced and sat him near his Grace,  
 And tried by reason to control his ire,  
 But quickly found him wholly out of place,  
 Which threw additional fuel on the fire,  
 And so his passion waxed, until at last  
 He must have at the Duke—he felt he *must*.

## LV.

And so for want of reasons more and stronger,  
 He fixed his leg firm in his Grace's chair,  
 Then hesitating not an instant longer,  
 He rose and sent his lordship much elsewhere,  
 Then with a stammer of surprise and woe  
 He bent across the Duke, "I caught my toe—"

## LVI.

A sudden stop—and then a stifled cry—  
 And then a face deep buried in two hands ;  
 And then, "Ensnared—and in a vulgar LIE !  
 "Yet saved in time from Satan's wizard wand ;  
 "Farewell !" he cried, "to Hearts and Clubs  
 galore ;"  
 And kissed his charm and passed for evermore

## CANTO THE SIXTH.

## Sock and Buskin.

## I.

**P**AN—once for all—'twill never do ;  
 that's flat.

"To play your piece would lose me  
 twenty 'thou.'

"'Tis pure and moral ; yes, I feared all that ;

"Know pure and moral dramas never do.

"If you had said 'twas spicy, rude, or smart,

"I might have been induced to read a part.

## II.

"But, as it is, know morals do not pay ;

"The public wants to laugh—to be amused :

"It goes to church for sermons ; for a play

"It seeks the stage ; roars as its fathers used.

"*Double entendres* or some good *bons mots*,

"Are more the class of thing for which to go.

## III.

"Pathos and eloquence—pshaw ! Power and  
 passion—

"I tell you they're all stuff—they are, indeed !

"A broad burlesque is much more now in  
 fashion,

With sixty rows of legs—or more, if need—

"And slender waists, and busts, and pretty faces,

"With Jonas and Lecocq to fill up spaces.

## IV.

"No, no, young man ; the classic's out of date ;

"You can't beat Shakespeare at that sort of  
 thing ;

"And even *he* won't draw—at any rate

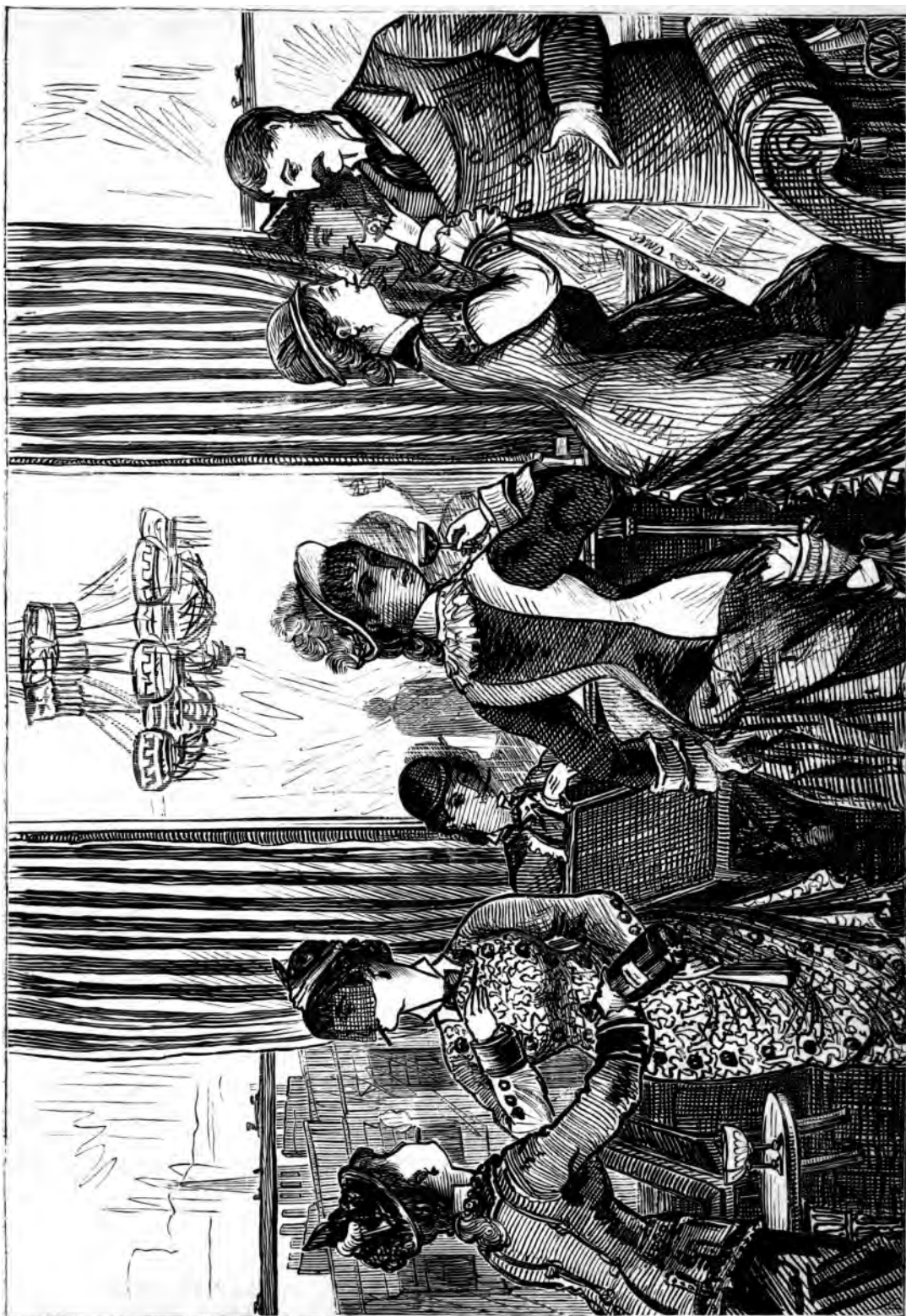
"I've tried him once, and rather got a sting ;

"But never more. No bird's caught twice with  
 chaff.

"I want a piece to make the people laugh.







"Club Life...What we are going to."

## V.

" 'High Art and that!' You're talking like a fool.  
 " Art lives in garrets. When I think I will  
 " Go live me up aloft, starve on a stool,  
 " And breathe those fumes of midnight oil  
 that kill,  
 " Then I'll go in for Art, and oil, and night ;  
 " But not while Byron's left alive to write.

## VI.

" No, Pan, my boy ; *you* trot across to Paris ;  
 " Go study there the style of thing to please ;  
 " Filch like Prometheus. See Windham and Gus  
 Harris  
 " Don't cut you out : they're born to prig and  
 tease ;  
 " And mind the crowd of English authors pap-  
 ping  
 " On French ideas don't one day catch you nap-  
 ping.

## VII.

" The Palais Royal—keep your eye on it ;  
 " Watch Sardou with the keenness of a trivet ;  
 " His best idea—seize instantly upon it,  
 " And hold it as the iron does the rivet ;  
 " Then take the train to London, and adapt  
 " As quickly as you can—ten days, if apt.

## VIII.

" Of course there's one thing you must bear in  
 mind—  
 " The Stage's Grandmama—that old prude  
 Pigott ;  
 " He slashes plays like one that's quite stone  
 blind ;  
 " Is vastly glad when he can take a dig at  
 " A French adapter ; let's a few escape,  
 " But gets a lot entangled in red tape.

## IX.

" That, by-the-bye. *You* go to Paris, Pan ;  
 " Pick up some new ideas—not shells, but  
 kernels ;  
 " A Belleville farce go scream at when you can,  
 " And read the *feuilletons* in all the journals.  
 " Then study Paul de Kock in yellow covers ;  
 " You'll learn a lot about the ways of lovers.

## X.

" And then for tunes—say for a grand burlesque—  
 " Go to the Gaité and filch the best ;  
 " Draw any dress that strikes you as grotesque ;  
 " And copy down a telling pun or jest,  
 " With anything that's novel in the fun ;  
 " In short, prig everything you feel you can."

## XI.

The confab here detailed occurred one day  
 When Pan, with an MS. that weighed a stone,  
 Writ, every line, in a Shakesperian way,  
 Had sought to have an interview alone  
 (He'd met him once in some sort of society)  
 With M. the Manager of the Variétés.

## XII.

He'd been received with much of kindly grace ;  
 The Manager had even heard his tale :  
 Nay, even grinned at size of his MS.,  
 And weighed it in his hand as in a scale,  
 And then returned it with the Stage's firman  
 We give above—a brief but bitter sermon.

## XIII.

This sermon keen had cut him to the quick,  
 And several tears had soiled his grand MS. ;  
 He found he'd got the wrong end of the stick,  
 And made his fingers grimy with the mess ;  
 And then he felt—which seemed to come as  
 salve—  
 That he must hit the public taste or starve.

## XIV.

Pan went and packed his trunk that very morn,  
 September 1—the day the season opens  
 In theatres in Paris ; and when's born  
 A myriad new sensations—things that no  
 pens  
 Or brains not purely Gallic could discover,  
 But which your English author soon brings over.

## XV.

Pan met M. Bonnehommeville, who'd got a hint  
Of something new and smart across the Seine,  
But set his face as firmly as a flint,  
Or as a lord Inquisitor of Spain,  
Against revealing aught about the play.  
'Twould make a noise—that's all he had to say,

## XVI.

Except—(we know how ancient habits cling)—  
He begged Pan not applaud, for people were  
Engaged in France to do *that* sort of thing.  
He said he'd find these worthies duly there ;  
That, further, they were paid to act as backers—  
Sat in a row—had leaders—were called *clacquers*.

## XVII.

Pan saw the piece. It filled him with amaze—  
So new, so bright, so true to art and life,  
He thought he never had, in all his days,  
Gazed on a work so 'bove the critic's knife.  
The plot was novelty itself, and then  
The "business" equalled aught from Byron's  
pen.

## XVIII.

Pan took a hasty sketch of all the plot,  
Drew all the dresses, copied all the scenes,  
Took down the dialogue, and e'en did not  
Disdain the melody that intervenes  
Between the fall and rising of the curtain.  
He'd scored a hit he now felt nearly certain.

## XIX.

He saw Mr. Bonnehommeville and thanked him  
strongly  
For his kind hints about the coming "hit ;"  
'Twould tell in England, or he reckoned wrongly,  
If altered to the public taste a bit.  
'Twas strange the French had a monopoly  
Of such an article as Comedy.

## XX.

"My boy," said Bonnehommeville, "the reason is  
"We scorn adapters in this land of ours ;  
"Our dramatists believe it treason is  
"To rob another's garden of its flowers ;  
"And so they work on independent lines,  
"And independence always wins and shines."

## XXI.

"That's true," said Pan ; "the State upholds  
the art ;  
"You've no confounded Calvinistic crew  
"To preach it down ; to hurl the brazen dart  
"Of damned dissent, as they in England do.  
"You've harmony. The Stage, you know well,  
nourishes  
"The public morals, and of course it flourishes.

## XXII.

"The love of it inflames the highest ranks ;  
"And then, you know, your writers are so  
clever."  
"Thanks, said the Frenchman," thanks, a  
*thousand* thanks,  
(For his *merci* endureth for ever.)  
"Our *entrepreneurs* show a deal of pluck ;  
"Good bye, old boy ; I warmly wish you luck."

## XXIII.

Pan scarce was well in London e'er he ran  
With sketches of his plans to the Variétés,  
Explained the piece in Paris he'd seen done,  
And cut out all that might offend society,  
Or meet with Pigott's prudish disapproval ;  
(Why don't they agitate for his removal ?)

## XXIV.

Pan pleased the Manager beyond all measure ;  
His was a grand idea ; they'd keep it snug,  
And he'd produce it with the greatest pleasure  
When his grand "panto" had run off the "rug ;"  
(In French *tapis*) but fearing a reversal  
He'd put the piece at once into rehearsal.



## XXV.

And it fell so. Pan toiled him day and night  
Upon the huge Colossus of his play ;  
And when, at last, he'd finished it outright,  
It was a fortnight after Boxing Day ;  
And Pan, with his MS., trudged off to see  
The Manager of the Variétés.

## XXVI.

'Twas Saturday, and that same afternoon  
Was a performance of the pantomime.  
Pan got admittance to him very soon,  
But found him hardly pressed for want of  
time ;  
'Twas—most unfortunately—Treasury day ;  
He'd several hundred people got to pay.

## XXVII.

Pan said he'd wait. He went round and explored  
All things behind the scenes—dire operation ;  
Saw the machinery with which they scored  
The glorious hit of the "grand transformation,"  
And tried the traps through which the fairies  
rose,  
And thought it hard to fallthrough one of those.

## XXVIII.

Passed rows of doors with bits of paper on—  
"Miss Fitz-von-Noggin" or "Miss Adèle  
Grace ;"  
Whose "lady's maid" or some old chaperone  
Was rouging youth into their wizen face,  
Or they, being dressed, were waiting for the cur-  
tain,  
Some dreadful swell being in their room for  
certain.

## XXIX.

Passed noisy children—hundreds—in all stages  
Of pantomimic nakedness and dress.  
An owl with half his tail on, or p'raps savages  
With each a rag around his frame or less ;  
With quite unearthly demon-sounds and noises,  
And quite a Babel from their little voices.

## XXX.

Passed "props" that would have filled a warehouse full,  
Or broke a grand emporium fairly down;  
Down from the chariot of the Great Mogul  
Unto the painted poker of the clown,  
Ranged everywhere, 'long every wall and border;  
In seeming chaos, but in greatest order.

## XXXI.

When Pan had seen all that he wished to see,  
He knocked him at the door of Miss Fitz-Pierre.  
A voice enquired "Who's there?" "I. Are you free?"  
"Except that Miss Fitz-Morris dresses here."  
"I don't mind that if I do not intrude,"  
And Pan walked in, much feeling like a prude.

## XXXII.

This Miss Fitz-Pierre he rather had designed  
Should play the wife in his grand coming work;  
And he had come to gauge her fickle mind,  
For sometimes she had fired up like a Turk,  
And often dropped on authors rather rough,  
Unless they came and paid her court enough.

## XXXIII.

Pan shook her hand, and bowed to Miss Fitz-Morris,  
Then plunged in *medias res* without a pausing.  
"Gus, since you saw me last I've been to Paris—  
"Of course a pleasure tour, as you're supposing.  
"How does it look? Well, just as bright and pretty  
"As always *ought* to look the world's gay city.

## XXXIV.

"The same old faces in the *cafés* nightly;  
"The same bad horsemen riding in the Bois;  
"The same theatres playing just as brightly  
"As in the Paris once you used to know;  
"With Offenbach wielding orchestral sway  
"Within the classic Théâtre Français.

## XXXV.

"But, by the bye, I've written a new piece;  
(Here Miss Fitz-Morris peered into his eyes.)  
"It mayn't beat Byron, but it's miles 'bove  
Reece;  
(Here Miss Fitz-Pierre expressed her great surprise.)  
"I think, although I wrote it, every line,  
"There never was a piece to equal mine."

## XXXVI.

"What egotism!" thought Miss Morris, and  
"How vain he's grown!" thought likewise  
Miss Fitz-Pierre.  
"I've got a character, you understand,  
"A sort of Beatrice Cenci crossed with  
Thiers,  
"Which if played well, with *verve* and animation,  
"Is bound to make the lady's reputation."

## XXXVII.

"Oh, that's for me!" cried Miss Fitz-Pierre,  
to play?  
"You dear old Pan, you've written that for me?"  
Pan answered doubtfully; he dared not say  
For whom he thought that splendid part  
would be.  
Then Miss Fitz-Morris begged to have a part,  
With eyes that much affected poor Pan's heart.

## XXXVIII.

"Pan, write a bouffe," she cried, and gently threw  
"Her waxen arms around his yielding neck,  
"With lots of dances—brilliant music, too,  
"And let me have a pretty speech to make,  
"A song to sing—a dance at any odds,  
"And several spicy things to please the gods.

## XXXIX.

"And let me have the most delicious dress—  
"The daintiest little costume ever worn;  
"And let me have a speech—you can't do less—  
"A hundred words, say, with the great Delorme.  
"And let me be much with him when he talks,  
"And leave to me your most delicious jokes.



## XL.

"That's all I ask. You'll please me, Pan, in this ;  
 "(It isn't much) and you will be astounded:  
 "The way I dance ! The way I sing ! 'Tis *bliss*,  
 "And not with *common* bliss to be confounded.  
 "Come, write a bouffe. *Do*, Pan dear, say you  
 will ;  
 "You do not wish to make me cry or ill."

## XLI.

Pan took her hand in his, and said he would  
 Just try a bouffe, and write a part for her.  
 "You will ! You *love* !" she gaily cried, " you  
 should ;  
 "There—there's a kiss !" But here the call-  
 boy tore her  
 From further sweet communion so elating,  
 By shouting that the stage was dressed and  
 waiting.

## XLII.

"You surely woult oblige that pert young  
 hussy !"   
 Cried Miss Fitz-Pierre to Pan when she had  
 gone ;  
 "Her acting's trash—her dancing simply daisy ;  
 "And as for singing, where's her voice? *She's*  
*none*.  
 "But then she's *very* vulgar, though such stuff  
 "Goes a long way—especially in a bouffe."

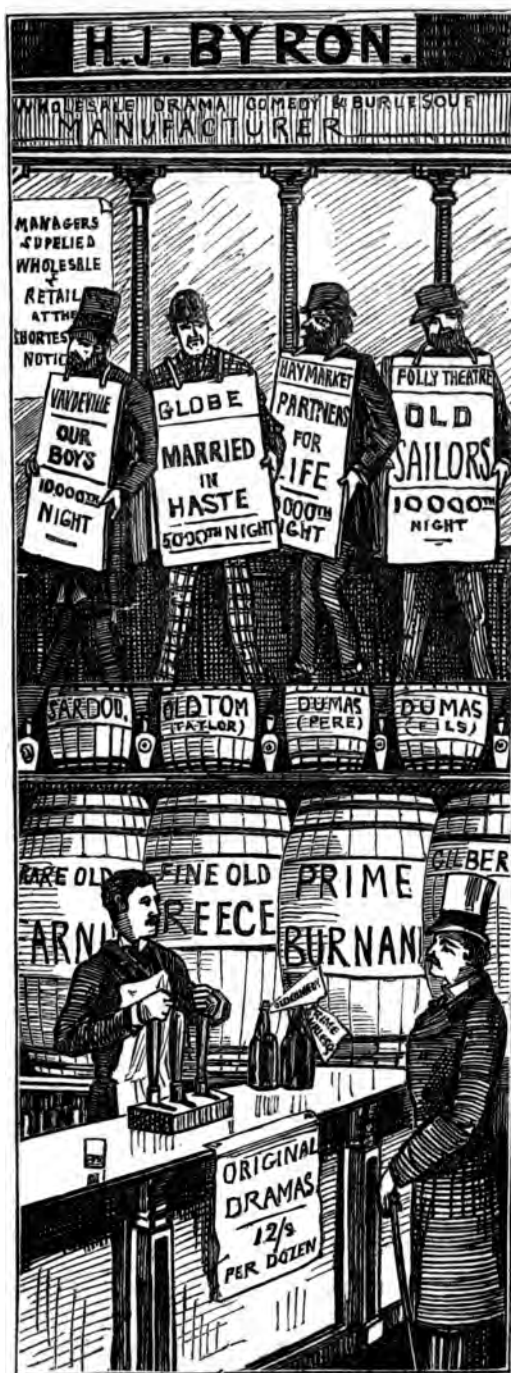
## XLIII.

"I think," said Pan, "she's got a decent voice,  
 "If I'm a judge of music aught at all ;  
 "I've heard her sing quite charming once or  
 twice,  
 "Though not, I own, with that Italian squall  
 "That brings the vulgar clacquer to the fore  
 "To clap a note that's nowhere in the score."

## XLIV.

"A *decent* voice !" the [great Miss Fitz-Pierre  
 cried,  
 Her face with hectic passion pinked and  
 flaked ;  
 "I think the truth lies on the other side—  
 "'Tis *indecent*—at least I know its *naked*."  
 Pan had replied, but thought of his MS.,  
 And rather wished he'd said a trifle less.





XLV.

Here Miss Fitz-Morris came, all blushing, back  
 With a bouquet as large as a cart-wheel.  
 "Oh, love—my eye!" cried Miss Fitz-P., (her  
 knack

Of hiding up the pain she could but feel  
 To see a younger and a prettier rival  
 Get a bouquet—forestalling her arrival).

XLVI.

But here the call-boy, like relentless Fate,  
 Told Miss Fitz-Pierre the precious moments  
 pressed ;  
 Who darted off enormously irate,  
 But with her temper smothered in her breast,  
 She even danced, and sang, and smiled, and  
 bowed,  
 As if that breast with milk and honey flowed.

XLVII.

"Miss Fitz-Morris," said Pan, "don't think me  
 rude,  
 "But sing to me that pretty *chansonnette*  
 "Beginning, 'What is a rose?' I'm so imbued  
 "With music, I could die to it, my pet."  
 Then Miss Fitz-Morris round him threw her  
 arms,  
 And sat and sang, exposing many charms.

### I Chansonnette.

I.

What is a rose? A rose, *ma chère*,  
 Is the ripe red lips that first kissed me  
 Ere the bud had burst on the guelder tree—  
 Thy lips are a Rose !

II.

What is a blue forget-me-not?  
 The dainty gaze of a deep blue eye,  
 With its languid air when I'm standing by—  
 Thine eye is Forget-me-not !

III.

What is a flower? A flower, my pet,  
 Is where the bee sips—the honey's sweet,  
 In the terraced bed, or here at my feet—  
 Thou'rt a flower !

## XLVIII.

But here—(bad fortune doesn't much respect  
 The noblest motives of the wisest men)  
 Here—at this awkward point, nor circumspect,  
 Burst Miss Fitz-Pierre quite quickly in—and then  
 Pan from her painted arms who sang him  
 rushed,  
 And hid his head within a drawer and blushed.

## XLIX.

When Miss Fitz-Morris had been called again,  
 To take her part and win some more applause,  
 Poor Miss Fitz-Pierre coldly expressed the pain  
 She felt at finding Pan in such a *pose*  
 With *such* a forward chit as this Miss F.  
 Poor Pan protested, but the girl was deaf.

## L.

Wherefore—much cut—Pan, humming like a  
 choir,  
 Went to the “wings” and watched the piece  
 from there;  
 Saw how they worked the lime-light and blue  
 fire,  
 And how the fairies were hung up in air,  
 And how the scenes were shifted, and lots more  
 Of stagey secrets quite unknown before.

## LI.

And when the final transformation scene  
 Proclaimed the “panto.” ended, Pan walked  
 down  
 Into the “Treasury”—where he'd never been.  
 The Manager sat there, clothed in a frown,  
 Before a table piled with rows of money,  
 And lots of bees were buzzing for the honey.

## LII.

“Go,” said the M. to his attendant imp,  
 “Call in the man who played the camel's  
 legs;”  
 Then entered straightway—old, and with a limp,  
 The wight who played those members. The  
 M. begs  
 Him give the reasons for the camel's hobble,  
 And fines the “legs” two shillings for the  
 trouble.

## LIII.

“Call in the owls!” that was the imp's next  
 order:  
 Some twelve poor trembling girls before him  
 quail;  
 “Which is the ‘owl’ who went on in disorder,  
 “With but one wing and not a bit of tail?  
 “Come, speak at once; I've got no time to  
 preach,  
 “Before I fine you all a shilling each.”

## LIV.

A little outstretched hand—a bony thing;  
 “Please, sir, 'twas me; I couldn't find a tail,  
 “And someone came and took my other wing.”  
 “Four shillings?—give her three. Girl, don't  
 you fail  
 “To get a wing next time. You're fined a  
 shilling.  
 “Don't cry like that; you've got to do some  
 drilling.”

## LV.

“And three of you were late in coming on;  
 “I've got your names and fine you sixpence  
 each.  
 “I hope from now until the ‘panto.'s’ done  
 “I shan't have got eternally to preach  
 “To you like stones. Here, take your three-and-  
 six;  
 “Don't put again the public in this fix.”

## LVI.

All this saw Pan, and very much besides,  
 And thought that Managers were rather stern,  
 But felt, of course, a little edified  
 In knowing what a little “owl” will earn,  
 And how severe the rules the “owl” is under,  
 And what its fined for every little blunder.

## LVII.

When they had paid the hundreds they employed  
 To put the gorgeous “panto.” on the stage,  
 Pan, with a swollen breast and overjoyed  
 Drew his MS. and boldly read a page,  
 But as the Manager still listened on,  
 He read until the whole First Act was done.

## LVIII.

Then rose the M. : "I like it ; read no more.  
 "You've struck a vein, and we shall make a  
 hit ;  
 "I'll take it home, if I may have the score,  
 "And change the several parts about a bit ;  
 "You won't mind trusting it into my hand ;  
 "I do the same with Gilbert and Burnand.

## LIX.

"They never write a piece that we can play  
 "Without a deal of turning round and round ;  
 "There's 'business' wanting here—a joke  
 there, say,  
 "And here a sharper breaking of fresh ground,  
 "Or perhaps a love scene follows on a row,  
 "And so is spoiled by contrast, as you know."

## LX.

Pan, with his swollen pride—a bit abated,  
 And several vague aversions deeply stirred,  
 Said he consented to be "scored" as stated,  
 Believed, like Faith, the Gospel he had heard.  
 Since all he wished for was a grand success,  
 He passed the score—he couldn't well do less.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LXI.

The First of Feb. at the Variétés ;  
 The façade all ablaze with jets of gas ;  
 Sensation in dramatic society ;  
 On every wall, wherever you may pass—  
 "The Pink Flamingos !" "To-night !" "By  
 Pan."  
 In letters much more lofty than a man.

## LXII.

Pan was the first to snuff the evening air  
 Of gas and orange peel, that filled the place  
 Where all his hopes and fears enc centred were,  
 And where he looked for victory in the race.  
 The odds, he thought, looked fairly in his favour,  
 But rather feared some critical ill-savour.

## LXIII.

The house was crammed when, prompt at  
 eight o'clock,  
 Orchestral music soothed Pan's listening ears ;  
 The "gods" had mustered in a perfect flock,  
 And rows of girlish faces lined the tiers,  
 Of boxes right and left. Some could not sit,  
 And hundreds more were standing in the pit.

## LXIV.

It was a sight to glad an author's heart,  
 And Pan was greatly buoyed by the fair  
 omen ;  
 He'd got a "star" to play the leading part—  
 A simply lusciously attractive woman,  
 Lord C ——'s mistress, and whom he would  
 have wed  
 Had it not been for Guelpho's wiser head.

## LXV.

Poor Miss Fitz-Pierre, so old and proud and fierce,  
 Had been thrown over as beyond control ;  
 A pretty part was left to Miss Fitz-Morris  
 And well indeed she played her little rôle ;  
 And Windham played the leading starring fellow,  
 And so the "cast" was rather round and mellow.

## LXVI.

The curtain rose upon a pretty scene,  
 That pleased the audience ere a word was  
 said,  
 And then the laughter 'gan to intervene,  
 And then the pit seemed going off its head,  
 And then the ladies waved their fans, and then  
 A sort of fever seized upon the men.

## LXVII.

The "thunders of applause" that shook the  
 walls  
 When fell the curtain on the *dénouement*  
 Of the first act, the long repeated-calls,  
 The whistling, shouting and excited throng,  
 The waving of fair hands, the hail of flowers,  
 Exceed the range of our descriptive powers.

## LXVIII.

The first act was a "hit." Then came the second,

The plot unfolded, interest grew more keen,  
Applause and laughter never ceased or slackened,  
And now and then a cheer came in between.  
'Twas like a promenade of Pan to Fame,  
But Pan bore meekly under all the same.

## LXIX.

And when it all was over—when the players  
Had all been "called" and had their meed  
of praise,  
Had carried Pan off down the green-room stairs  
To take his greater meed and wear the bays  
Of rich success;—when this was over—when  
He'd had a drink with several property-men,

## LXX.

Had let himself be kissed by all the lips  
Of womankind (and some were very sweet)  
Upon the place—when for a few odd slips  
Actors had said their sorrow was complete,  
Pan felt at liberty to run away,  
And calmly con the glories of the day.

## LXXI.

But as he left the place a grand barouche  
With two brown horses stood before the door,  
With two grand lacqueys, clad in gold and plush.  
The diamonds of some human Koh-i-noor  
Were sparkling in the night, like stars at sea,  
And Pan did wonder who the fair might be.

## LXXII.

He bent to peer—when said the lady fair,  
"I wait for you, Pan—you drive home with me."  
"Oh, no!" said Pan, "I really shouldn't dare;  
"Suppose, for instance, I should meet Lord  
C——?"  
"He's on the Continent." "But comes back  
soon."  
"Yes, three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

## LXXIII.

And then she gave his hand a dainty squeeze,  
And Pan sprang in and sat him by her side.  
The coachman's voice had growled its "Way  
there, please!"  
When Pan bethought him of his doom and  
cried—  
"Not for a painted woman—a *cocotte*!"  
And kissed his charm and vanished on the spot.

## CANTO THE SEVENTH.

## Plutus.

## I.



*Nrhino veritas!* There's truth in money;  
Power, Fame, and Honour, and—at  
last—a clod;  
If life may be a flower, then gold's the honey,  
While poverty suggests the peppery pod;  
But life were bitter if it all were sweet,  
'Tis spice that gives the gusto to the meat.

## II.

The Baron Scamp (he'd bought his ancient title  
Of Baron Scamp, of Pinchbeck-on-the-Rhine)  
Was no great natal shakes. Of that the site 'll  
Convince you. Still he cut a deuced shine,  
And had ten "thou" per annum all assured,  
With more in prospect when the time matured.

## III.

The B., with this ten thousand pounds a-year,  
Did keep, at least, a stud of four and twenty ;  
Had several runs and breeding paddocks near,  
With grooms, of course, and stable boys in  
plenty.

As for spare gold he got, he did embark it  
On several "youngsters" training at Newmarket.

## IV.

There was the family coach and the Victoria,  
The laudau, the barouche, and then the car,  
The dog and shooting carts, and then—*sic*  
*gloria,*

The goat and pony-car. Indeed; we dare  
Not think what vehicles he might not have—  
Enough to make his creditors look grave.

## V.

And then there were the family coachmen—two;  
And then two footmen powdered up to order;  
And then a page boy—or, mayhap, a few  
Of this much-buttoned and jam-eating order;  
With other wheels in wheels, and cogs in cogs—  
And then, of course, the kennels and the dogs.

## VI.

And then there was the yacht for family yawling,  
Of thirty tons, with all her crew aboard;  
Odd trips to Malta when the leaves were falling,  
And grander dinners than Pashas afford;  
And then there were his club, and debts at cards,  
With bets on horses upon all the swards.

## VII.

And, last, there was his mansion up in town,  
Beside his country seat in far Montrose,  
With all the cost of running up and down,  
Which London seasons ever did impose;  
Then all his servants!—quite a constellation  
Of plush and livery for his sustentation.

## VIII.

Then (this time, really last) there was *his wife*,  
Who'd buy all Regent Street if he'd but let  
her;

Then, all the children plaguing out his life,  
And closer forging on the iron fetter  
Of hopeless debt, with which so many juggle,  
With death in a *coulisse* to end the struggle.

## IX.

With all this annual gold-absorbing claim  
Upon his purse he'd still to try his mettle  
Those duns that come with the euphonious name  
Of "little bills"; we wish you'd kindly  
settle."

These had to yield a precedence to bets,  
And soon transformed themselves to legal  
threats.

## X.

And yet he'd got ten thousand pounds a-year !  
Was eyed with envy in the world of fashion ;  
Had but to speak and he were made a peer ;  
Had but to smile and he inspired a passion  
'Mong lots of beauties hungering for alliance  
(And there are several species of affiance).

## XI.

And yet, like more with incomes quite as great,  
He was not rich—not rich with all his "thou,"  
And there were men upon his own estate—  
Men with their hundreds—who could quite  
outdo

In actual wealth him with his mint of money  
Because, like careful bees, they stored the honey.

## XII.

'Twas true he had a villa in the Wood,  
And culled such sweets as Clytie might afford ;  
That he had bought his love an Arab "blood,"  
And made her think he really was a lord,  
As he had always told her. It was true  
He'd paid her bills—and paid some stiff *one's*  
too !

## XIII.

But these things merely made the matter worse,  
 And made him dread impending fate the more;  
 He did not dare to calculate the force  
 With which the blow might fall and knock  
 him o'er:  
 A shattered fortune and an injured wife  
 Are not exactly what one courts in life.

## XIV.

Our hero Pan had got down in the City,  
 And tried the virtuous air of the due E. ;  
 He did not like it much, which was a pity,  
 It seldom gets an honest man like he.  
 He had an office as a sort of broker,  
 And several clerks, likewise a boy as stoker.

## XV.

He wore a black frock-coat and a tall hat,  
 And for a flower was never at a loss ;  
 With neat umbrella, dainty boots, and that,  
 He took a 'bus each morn from Charing Cross,  
 And when he reached the office read the letters,  
 Then the *Gazette* to see the list of debtors.

## XVI.

And then he read the morning papers through,  
 Until, at one, he'd saunter out to lunch ;  
 (A chop and glass of wine) be back at two,  
 And spend the afternoon perusing "Punch,"  
 Until, at four o'clock, he'd seize his "pot,"  
 And, thinking how he'd spend the evening, trot.

## XVII.

Where he would "trot" we don't know for a  
 fact ;  
 The point's a tender one for men in City ;  
 But Pan explored a strictly moral tract,  
 And though not clever, very learned, nor  
 witty,  
 He found some pure enjoyment or was able,  
 (Perhaps spent the evening cooing with his  
 Mabel).

## XVIII.

He did not meet strange ladies in the Parks,  
 Nor ever have to pay for little dinners,  
 Nor find his coat at midnight soiled with marks  
 Of rouge or pearl off face of painted sinners,  
 Nor e'er excused his late arrival home  
 With "*Pressing* business, love—I *couldn't* come."

## XIX.

And when his wife said, "Charlie, where's the  
 flower  
 "I placed this morning in your button-hole?"  
 He never said, "It died, love, half an hour  
 "Before I started home," knowing that all  
 The while the flower was blooming in the breast  
 His false and fickle arms had lately pressed.

## XX.

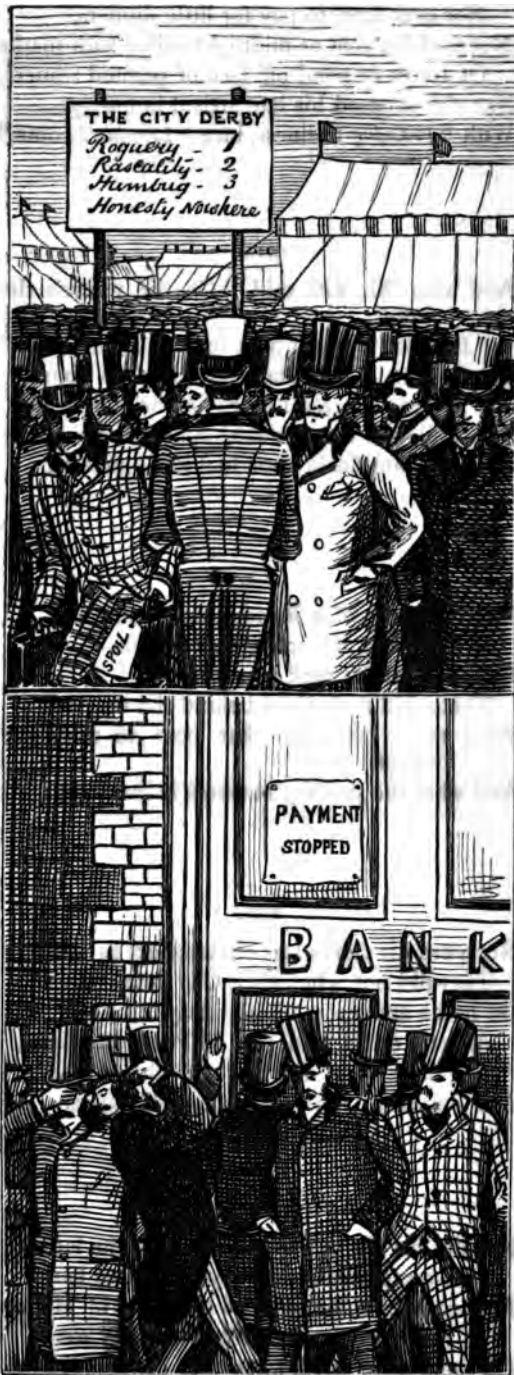
The "History of a Buttonhole" would be,  
 If truly writ, a startling sort of tale,  
 Exposing all the rank hypocrisy  
 That's hid and stinks behind the City veil ;  
 What means the hour that near to midnight  
 creeps,  
 And what the *pressing* business is that keeps.

## XXI.

Nor were his clerks less circumspect as well ;  
 They did not, when their City hours were o'er,  
 Go home and dress up like a tip-top swell,  
 Affect a drawl, and talk of Poole and Gore,  
 Put in their "h's" but leave out their "r's,"  
 And buy bad "fizz" and damnable cigars.

## XXII.

Nor did his clerks make presents to the ladies  
 Who serve behind the Crystal Palace bar,  
 That cost them dinners and the thirst of Hades  
 To throw a paltry veil o'er what they were ;  
 Till some maid cried, when they condemned the  
*ménu*—  
 "You're but a City clerk, I see it in you !"



## XXIII.

Nor when the fashion was to wear high hats,  
Did they wear hats two inches taller than  
The height approved. Nor when—(they weren't  
such flats)—

Pants were worn wide did Pan's poor City  
men  
Have pants cut wider by full half a yard  
Than Poole was cutting for the Prince and  
Guard.

## XXIV.

'Twas one December morning. Things were  
dull

In London, rather; elsewhere they were fierce.  
The Speculation fever was at full,  
And every scheme and project seemed to  
pierce

The Plutus pocket of the world of cash,  
And draw the capital wherewith to smash.

## XXV.

The Baron Scamp, of Pinchbeck-on-the-Rhine,  
Who dwelt in Kensington, or would, or could,  
Or should have dwelt, sauntered due E. at nine  
O'clock that morn, in search of his life's  
blood—

The City gold—without which he must die;  
He rolled in gold, as pigs do in a sty.

## XXVI.

The Baron had bespawnd a splendid notion,  
A grand idea, that really was to be  
A huge Golconda, an Atlantic ocean,  
An El Dorado, or a Zuyder Zee  
Of boundless wealth (each person settled which)  
To those who would subscribe and wake up rich.

## XXVII.

His notion was to buy the Gammon Mine,  
To get a large commission on the sale,  
(That for himself) and then to go and sign  
A mass of sundry contracts to entail  
A further paying of commissions in  
To his sole cheek—he couldn't see the sin!



## XXVIII.

And when the property was nicely "squared,"  
 And all the fat was set apart for him,  
 The Baron's notion was to get declared  
 The papers in the glories of the scheme ;  
 To bribe a lot of influential writers,  
 And post their puffs at once to likely biters.

## XXIX.

Three millions was the capital proposed,  
 With which to buy this splendid Gammon  
 Mine,  
 With all the gems and jewels it enclosed ;  
 And Baron Scamp, of Pinchbeck-on-the-  
 Rhine,  
 Held (to the public) that for these three millions  
 They'd make investments really worth some  
 billions.

## XXX.

They'd get a mine, first, somewhere in Brazil,  
 They'd never seen nor e'er were likely to,  
 With all the engines, plant, and tools as well  
 (Kept, like the mine, entirely from view),  
 With dirty deeds they could not read a word of,  
 All duly signed by folk they'd never heard of.

## XXXI.

They'd have allotments made for their sub-  
 scriptions,  
 And then the mine would start—producing  
 well ;  
 A year or so, and less rosy descriptions  
 Would herald in the breaking of the spell ;  
 Three years or so—a violent agitation  
 Would force the company into liquidation.

## XXXII.

The Baron's plan was first to get the cash  
 Wherewith to carry out the secret bonds  
 He'd entered into with so much of dash ;  
 To get the mine and the adjoining lands,  
 By which he'd clear (and we could easily show it)  
 A hundred "thou," without a soul to know it.

## XXXIII.

And when he'd reaped the fruit of his commis-  
 sions  
 He then would pay his way from capital,  
 (He knew, of course, the jewels were all visions)  
 And sap it up until at last he'd sap it all ;  
 And then he'd call the holders altogether  
 And lay the blame of failure on the weather.

## XXXIV.

And if they came with threats of legal pains  
 To force him to disgorge his little winnings,  
 He'd show to them that their own deed con-  
 tains  
 The due provisions for his little innings ;  
 And while he held this deed and showed his  
 face  
 He'd dare them go to law and try the case.

## XXXV.

These were the thoughts that crossed the  
 Baron's mind  
 While walking E. this morning bright and fine  
 In search of Pan, believing he might find  
 Him not averse to espouse the Gammon  
 Mine.  
 Pan had not reached the office at that minute ;  
 The Baron read the paper—found this in it.

## The Power of Gold.

## I.

There's a power whose sway  
 Financiers adore  
 And usurers obey ;  
 Grasping evermore,  
 Losing Paradise,  
 Damned for æns untold  
 Were the worm ne'er dies—  
 Such the power of gold.

## II.

Source of joy and woe,  
 Friend of love and hate,  
 Lord of high and low,  
 Stamp of human fate—  
 Kings all own thy spell,  
 Empires have been sold,  
 Language cannot tell  
 Half thy power, O gold.

## XXXVI.

Pan found the Baron there. He with a smile  
 Such as the great will sometimes deign bestow  
 On those they ask a favour of, or while  
 Their star's in the ascendant in full glow,  
 Begged pardon for intruding, if it mattered ;  
 But Pan replied he felt a great deal flattered.

## XXXVII.

Then with much show of his financial skill,  
 And fierce arrays of figures in long rows,  
 (A rather dreadful looking sort of bill)  
 The Baron straight proceeded to disclose  
 To Pan upon his honour what a shine  
 He meant to make soon with his Gammon Mine.

## XXXVIII.

He needed first to get a City man—  
 One whom the City knew and trusted much ;  
 In brief, he needn't say he *must* have Pan  
 To take the matter up and give it such  
 Initial force and credit, strength and fame,  
 As all men knew proceeded from his name.

## XXXIX.

If he consented, then a dozen dukes,  
 And earls, and viscounts were already got  
 To write their names within the Company's  
 books,  
 And take whatever shares they might allot  
 Them as directors, or for just employing  
 Their sounding names to set the people buying.

## XL.

Pan thought the scheme looked tempting on  
 the whole,  
 Though several little matters were not square ;  
 Still, if he did support the mine at all  
 He'd like to feel that everything was fair—  
 That lords were not got to direct the mine  
 Who could not tell a pit-shaft from a pine.

## XLI.

The Baron promised naught should be concealed  
 If Pan would only let them have his name,  
 In proof of which he feelingly appealed  
 Unto the spotless records of his fame—  
 The Lisbon Tramways, and some other ventures  
 That made such fluctuations in debentures.

## XLII.

Then Pan consented to review the scheme ;  
 He had no mortal doubt of its success.  
 But Baron Scamp, to illustrate his dream  
 And trot it forward in its brightest dress,  
 Invited him to go with him and dine,  
 And drink the schemes in Madame Clicquot's  
 wine.

## XLIII.

So, arm in arm, they sauntered to the West,  
 The Baron smiling, Pan as gay as day.  
 The Baron had the scheme tucked in his vest,  
 And Pan mused on the millions it might pay  
 If nicely managed—till they came before  
 The ever-to-be-famed Criterion door.

## XLIV.

The Baron ordered a *recherche* dinner,  
 And sacked the *carte* for all the costly wines  
 Best suited to the palate of the sinner  
 Who's got the gold to drink them when he  
 dines,  
 With everything in season then or not  
 That could by any means at all be got.

## XLV.

And when they'd dined and laughed in merry  
 mood,  
 When *Veuve Clicquot* was mounting to Pan's  
 head,  
 The Baron's fair—his Baby in the Wood—  
 Came with an air exceedingly ill-bred,  
 And called her conjux "Bébé," and sat down  
 Beside her lord, despite his anxious frown.

## XLVI.

"I've got a bill, dear Bébé, you must pay ;  
 "It's eighty pounds for gloves and scent and things."  
 Pan tried to turn and look another way,  
 And would have flown away had he had wings ;  
 He knew, of course, it boded little good  
 This Baron Scamp's relation with the Wood.

## XLVII.

The Baron crushed the bill up in his hand,  
 And looked a knife at her averted head,  
 Which duly let his Phryne understand  
 He did not wish his friends to see him bled.  
 Then asking her to take a glass of wine,  
 He wore an aspect rather more divine.

## XLVIII.

"This is my niece," he turned and said to Pan ;  
 "You will not mind her joining us at wine ?"  
 Pan bowed, and said he felt an honour done,  
 And thought her presence was an hopeful sign,  
 A pleasing omen, like those birds at sea  
 The sailors say presage prosperity.

## XLIX.

Pan offered to extinguish his cigar  
 If smoke annoyed the Baron's pretty niece,  
 But she said pertly, "Do you if you dare,"  
 And so Pan smoked to humour her caprice,  
 But did not far in his Havana get  
 Before she bade him roll a cigarette.

## L.

"You are not slow," Pan said, and set to mould  
 The fragrant Turkish—golden, brittle, stiff ;  
 Then perfumed tissue paper round it rolled  
 In perfect pattern of a dainty whiff ;  
 "You are not slow," said Pan, "I mean you're fast ;  
 "Your pace is rapid, eh, like all the caste ?"

## LI.

"Slow!" said the maid, "slow as mine own dear Bébé,  
 "Slow as the Norwich Slow Combustion stove\*  
 "That burns so little fuel, Pan, and may be  
 "Perhaps rendered fervid, say, by burning love,  
 "As I am, Pan, and woman as a race ;  
 "The Wood's a Slow Combustion sort of place."

## LII.

"Nay, rather say," said Pan, "a bed of roses—  
 "The wife's delights without the woman's troubles,  
 "Gay to the last. Your credo presupposes  
 "The world's a dream and all things end in bubbles.  
 "The Turk maintains that women have no soul  
 "And Fulham Road p'raps proves it, on the whole.

## LIII.

"But e'en your Turk can't think of Paradise  
 "And disinclude the soul that he denies,  
 "But peoples heaven with the means of vice,  
 "And fills it full of beaming Houris' eyes,  
 "Much as your City man thinks he'll behold  
 "The New Jerusalem wholly paved with gold.

## LIV.

"You've all the glories of the Turk's harem  
 "Without the rules that make that place a gaol ;  
 "The Baron buys you all you ever dream,  
 "Smiles when you smile, looks rueful when you ail,  
 "Pays bills—and you're a somewhat costly 'niece'—  
 "Only too proud to humour your caprice."

## LV.

"And still," the fair replied, "'tis dreadful slow ;  
 "All things seem hollow in the life I lead ;  
 "And where I'm going to I do not know,  
 "Nor what may be the fruit of all the seed  
 "Now sown ; nor when at last I'm grey and old  
 "What dotard's hand will help me with its gold.

\* Vide advertisement last page of this Annual.



## LVI.

"No, Pan, the life that seems to such as you  
 "A golden summer-time of gaiety  
 "Is hung with palls and wreathed with Church-  
 yard yew,  
 "Dulled in the present by satiety,  
 "And in the future dark with racking fears  
 "That grow more solid with the march of  
 years."

## LVII.

But here the Baron, who had dropped to sleep,  
 (Or seemed to have) o'ercome by fumes of  
 wine,  
 Burst into consciousness, half with a leap ;  
 He'd had a dream of his grand Gammon  
 Mine  
 In which he was an idol—so he thought  
 Upon a murd'rous car of Juggernaut.

## LVIII.

The car was drawn by the directors—many,  
 Of certain Tramways and the Gammon  
 Mine ;  
 Beneath the whole writhed those whom not a  
 penny  
 Had ever seen again. Far off the Rhine  
 Burst into view, but clad its castled heights  
 With myriad Drachenfels of legal lights.

## LIX.

Wherefore the Baron woke up with a leap,  
 And plunged his hand instanter in his vest,  
 But found that none had stolen in his sleep  
 The golden scheme he nurtured in his breast ;  
 Then finding Pan was looking rather "tight,"  
 He thought he'd bring his document to light.

## LX.

"Baby," he said, "you take a hansom, pet ;  
 "Drive straight down to the Wood ; I'll soon  
 be there ;  
 "I've got some business here with Pan, and net  
 "A hundred 'thou' if it is settled. There.  
 "No, don't stay, love. The business will get  
 muddled,  
 "Besides, I want to catch him now he's fuddled.

## LXI.

Then "Baby" rose and softly stole away,  
 And did exactly as her lord directed.  
 The Baron was of soporific clay,  
 And liquor seldom really much affected  
 The broad ingenious brain of high finance  
 That lodged within his Israelitish scone.

## LXII.

"Pan," said the Baron, "since you've been so kind  
 "To say you'll lend your name to this affair,  
 "The time is flying; would you really mind  
 "Just writing down your name with mine?  
 Yes, there.  
 "Waiter, a pen, the blotting pad and ink;  
 "You'll find the document all square, I think."

## LXIII.

Pan strained his eyes, but could not read a word,  
 Except he saw 'twas said the mine was thought  
 By him to be all Scamp above averred,  
 And ought, in Pan's opinion, to be bought;  
 That Pan had read the scheme, its merits tried,  
 And thought the contracts should be ratified.

## LXIV.

Pan took a pen and signed this lying deed,  
 Which was to fill their several pockets full.  
 The Baron now had satisfied his need;  
 It threatened rain; the streets looked damp  
 and dull;  
 So springing to his feet he paid his bill,  
 And left Pan sleeping, very drunk and ill.

## LXV.

When Pan awoke 'twas growing very late;  
 Near twelve o'clock at night. Pan strained  
 his lenses;  
 Sat over end astonished; scratched his pate;  
 And mustered otherwise his scattered senses.  
 Then rubbed his eyes again and looked about,  
 Wondering what had occurred. He soon found  
 out.

## LXVI.

When in due time full recollection came,  
 And the base deed he'd signed flashed through  
 his mind,  
 His cheeks grew crimson with the blush of shame.  
 He now was damned indeed. 'Twas hard to find  
 His grand career thus ended at a blow;  
 But gold is strong, as all things human know.

## LXVII.

Pan drew his Talisman. Some virtue still,  
 He hoped, dwelt there; that now all was not  
 lost;  
 That when he breathed e'en yet 'twould work  
 his will,  
 And save his soul—so often nearly lost.  
 But no, alas! He breathed and wished in vain;  
 It's power was gone to ne'er return again.

## LXVIII.

"O, woe is me," cried Pan, "O, woe! O, woe,"  
 "O, woe is me! O, woe the Gammon Mine!  
 "O, woe is Baron Scamp! O, woe! O, woe;  
 "O, woe is he of Pinchbeck-on-the-Rhine!  
 "In hell's eternal torments let him be;  
 "O, woe is all things, and O woe is me!"

## CANTO THE EIGHTH.

## The Vision of Judgment.

## I.

**T** WAS midnight. A young crescent  
moon had risen  
In the blue sky. The night was  
clear with frost,  
Which every bough with pearls did thick be-  
dizen.

The wind blew keen, and keener as it crossed  
The long, bleak bluffs, and whistled through the  
wood,  
Numbing men's limbs, and freezing their heart's  
blood.

## II.

Pan, from his charter, clearly understood,  
That when the Talisman had lost its power  
He was to meet the Pilot near the wood  
Where first he touched on earth ; at the same  
hour  
As he first came ; and thence was to be driven  
To state his case outside the gate of Heaven.

## III.

Wherefore at that same hour, this frosty night,  
Pan walked alone to the appointed spot.  
The Pilot, with his car, was there in sight.  
Pan turned for one last gaze upon the cot—  
The Gothic Vicarage where dwelt his Mabel,  
And held his tears as long as he was able.

## IV.

He had not seen her since his fate was sealed ;  
He dare not tell her of his fate and doom ;  
He almost wished he never had revealed  
A pilgrimage that closed so much in gloom.  
But he had not restrained his hand to write,  
And this fond *In Memoriam* did indite.

## To Mabel.

## I.

'Tis past—fond dream of bliss—'tis o'er ;  
I've heard the knell that says depart,  
And, though I see thee nevermore,  
Thy image liveth in my heart.  
And if my doom be endless tears,  
Those tears for thee alone shall flow ;  
For doom itself can have no fears  
While I may muse on thee below.

## II.

Yet I had hoped in fonder hours,  
In happier moments, when we strayed  
Through fields of summer time and flowers,  
Our parting pangs had been allayed  
By livelier hope of treading soon  
The pathway of that golden bourne  
From whence, with staff and scallop shoon,  
A Pilgrim, I alone return.

## III.

If love of thee had been my fall,  
Instead of thirst for fame and gold,  
I had no folly to recall,  
Except the one of being old.  
Love's its own antidote to woes  
With which it fills the human breast ;  
It robs e'en hell of half its throes  
To know how much I have been blest.

## IV.

Farewell, sweet maid, and yet no tear  
Shall fall o'er Fate that gave me thee ;  
Whose soul I know will hover near  
Whate'er my future lot may be.  
In silent watches of the night,  
When thoughts revert where hearts would be,  
'Twill make e'en gloom and darkness bright  
To know that thou wilt think of me.



## V.

Then feeling that regrets could not undo  
 The fate he knew was now too truly sealed,  
 He dried his tears and bade a sad adieu  
 To all, for him, of good the world concealed.  
 The clock was booming out the midnight hour  
 As Pan surrendered in the Pilot's power.

## VI.

The Pilot, with a welcome and good cheer,  
 Assisted Pan to mount into the car.  
 The way was long unto the other sphere ;  
 He was not often called to go so far ;  
 Besides, this was a more than common case,  
 And so he whipped his horses into space.

## VII.

Through air and cloud and the blue empyrean,  
 Through Milky Ways, and moons and stars  
 and comets,  
 Sky after sky, more blue than the Ægean,  
 Through stellar space, o'er myriad planets'  
 summits,  
 The Pilot steered his car. Night followed day,  
 And still the chariot bounded on its way.

## VIII.

At last they passed the far ethereal bounds,  
 And merged in light, and saw the Heavenly  
 shore.  
 St. Peter, nodding, started at the sounds,  
 Which woke him up (as we've described  
 before).  
 The angels heard the chariot's roaring, and  
 Rushed out to see our fallen hero land.

## IX.

The Pilot duly notified his freight,  
 Threw wide the car, and let poor Pan step  
 out.  
 At sight of Pan the angels fled in fright  
 (Though for what reason none could quite  
 make out,  
 Except they knew that Pan had met his match—  
 At least his Lucifer—who'd got a catch).



## X.

Pan stepped most meekly on the Heavenly shore,  
 Like George the Third did, and some sinners since ;  
 His mundane conduct he could but deplore,  
 And great and contrite sorrow did evince.  
 (We think, though we his case have never pleaded,  
 That few of us had done as well as *he* did).

## XI.

St. Peter kindly spoke and shook his hand,  
 Expressed condolence with him in his pickle,  
 But clearly let our hero understand  
 He'd have to take his trial (fate is fickle) :  
 Explain wherefore he broke from virtue's tether,  
 As soon as they could get the Court together.

## XII.

He called St. Michael, bade him blow a blast,  
 And call together the Celestial Court—  
 (The Patriarchs, who form a sort of caste  
 Distinct from saints—or if they don't they ought).  
 St. Michael blew his trump (which much resembled  
 A clap of thunder), and the Court assembled.

## XIII.

St. Peter, when the Court was nicely seated,  
 Read o'er the names of the celestial jury ;  
 And then St. Michael the same thing repeated,  
 Which rather put St. Peter in a fury.  
 Their jurisdictions clash—which isn't pleasant ;  
 Mike thinks he's "boss," which Peter holds he isn't.

## XIV.

Then there arose a tall, grey-bearded sage,  
 Who said the jury one and all agreed  
 To hear the history of the pilgrimage  
 (To repeat which, of course, there is no need);  
 Then to decide on the whole case, and how  
*Far Pan had merited the realms below.*

## XV.

We need not tell, in these brief, closing pages,  
 How Pan related all that we have told ;  
 But as his peroration future ages  
 Will doubtlessly deem worth its weight in gold,  
 We give it full, with no reserve or mystery—  
 Our sole endeavour's to be true to history.

## XVI.

"Now, sirs," said Pan, "I've told my simple tale—  
 "Plain and unvarnished—let me add one word  
 "In my defence. I'm sure I cannot fail  
 "To stir your pity, now that you have heard  
 "The present state of man below on earth,  
 "And what the race, upon the whole, is worth.

## XVII.

"'Mud!' is the word that best describes the earth.  
 "Turn where you will your eye meets on mud—  
 "Mud in the palace—on the noble's hearth ;  
 "Mud even in the sacerdotal blood  
 "Of State-paid priests, who crowd the Roman perch,  
 "And drag the very harlot into church.

## XVIII.

"Mud in the Hall of Justice, where a judge  
 "His dignity forgets and law's decorum,  
 "And speaks of pointed evidence as fudge,  
 "And argues like a pleader in a forum  
 "Against four human lives—rescued by those  
 "Who judge e'en judges, and control the laws

## XIX.

"Mud in the police force, though all men believed  
 "That there, at least, there was no muck stain,  
 "To be at last so brusquely undeceived,  
 "And find e'en *it a château en Espagne.*  
 "Where look for virtue if our trusted police  
 "Affect the vice of brigand hordes of Greece

## XX.

"Mud—Beast and Badlaw's black Malthusian mud ;  
 " 'Fruits of Philosophy,' matured in dirt—  
 "Fruits that can do no particle of good,  
 "But needs must work a myriad worlds of hurt—  
 "A mud to make the population small—  
 "Freethinkers' mud—the vilest mud of all.

## XXI.

"Mud—always mud—where'er you turn your feet,  
 "And ne'er an inch of space of spotless hue ;  
 "Mud in the palace thick as in the street,  
 "Mud on the Gentile, mud upon the Jew,  
 "Mud on the ermine of patrician hags,  
 "Mud on the drunken pauper in his rags."

## XXII.

And Pan spoke out full for an hour or more  
 In this same strain, condemning fearlessly.  
 The saintly Court had never heard before  
 The sinner's case explained so peerlessly,  
 And seemed inclined—not wholly, but a little—  
 To stop the case, and give Pan his acquittal.

## XXIII.

When Pan dried up and sat him breathless down  
 (He'd probed both root and branches of sin's cancer),  
 A cheer arose. The Court had never known  
 A case so much beyond its power to answer,  
 And had acquitted Pan amidst applause  
 Had not a dire and dreadful point arose.

## XXIV.

Saint Peter held ten thousand souls *pro tem.*,  
 Whose fate depended on Pan's earthward mission.  
 If Pan was saved, how could they well condemn  
 The waiting hordes with justice to perdition ?  
 If Pan was saved, so also must the latter,  
 Which was, of course, a rather serious matter.

## XXV.

Besides all this, there was Sir Worldly Man,  
 Who staked on Pan's ordeal his whole doom ;  
 Wherefore it seemed absurd to pardon Pan  
 And bowl Sir Worldly to the devil's gloom ;  
 Yet to let Worldly Man in Heaven appear  
 Made Peter shudder—e'en the mere idea.

## XXVI.

And so the Court was much perplexed indeed—  
 In fact a regular quandary in ;  
 On one main point, however, it agreed—  
 Namely, that man must sin, and vary sin,  
 And ever will, and did since Mother Eve  
 Allowed the serpent sophist to deceive.

## XXVII.

Of course the Court's was but a trite conclusion,  
 The common proverb of all creeds and races,  
 In spite of those who preach the old delusion  
 That Satan flees if men pull solemn faces,  
 And say, "Get thee behind me"—(some such rule),  
 As if the devil could be such a fool !

## XXVIII.

'Tis strange that those who make theology  
 And give the serpent such tremendous powers,  
 Should think they'll floor him with an old doxology,  
 Or pater-nosters, thurifers, or flowers,  
 Or waxen candles, or a scriptural scoff—  
 The devil's not so easily put off.

## XXIX.

But here we rather wander from our text,  
 And needs must get again upon the track.  
 We left the Court consulting and perplexed,  
 St. Peter sad, and Michael looking black,  
 Ten thousand souls expectant in the Tomb,  
 And Pan's acquittal rather in the gloom.

## XXX.

The Court in consult sat, demure and packed,  
 And might have been debating all the year,  
 Had not a juror pointed out the fact  
 (For saints, you know, are not so sharp as we  
 are)  
 That whether Pan was really saved or not  
 Could make no difference to the other lot.

## XXXI.

The understanding was that if Pan fell  
 (And of his fall none entertained a doubt)  
 The waiting souls should be absolved from Hell,  
 And all their sins and crimes be blotted out.  
 Thus they were saved, as, too, Sir Worldly Man,  
 Howe'er the Court decreed the fate of Pan.

## XXXII.

This simplified the matter a great deal;  
 The only point remaining now was Pan,  
 For whom we really do confess we feel  
 A pity keen as any authors' can  
 Who know his fate, whatever its immunities,  
 Is fixed beforehand by poetic unities.

## XXXIII.

The Court beheld the thousand spirits pass  
 In endless stream for hours the Heavenly  
 portal,  
 Amidst the booming of celestial brass,  
 And bands of music (all, of course, immortal);  
 And when the grand procession in had gone  
 The Court pronounced its judgment upon Pan.

## XXXIV.

The Court agreed that Pan had truly striven  
 With manly care to avoid each snare and mesh,  
 And though he had not won the day for Heaven,  
 Against the World, the Devil, and the Flesh,  
 Yet he'd so nearly done so that they all  
 Absolved him from the perils of his fall.

## XXXV.

The Court shook hands with Pan, each one by one,  
 Then in a cluster passed the Heavenly gate;  
 Saint Peter locked it, for the setting sun  
 Proclaimed the day was getting very late,  
 Sat down and slept, and, save a passing breath,  
 The Heavenly shore again lay hushed in death

[END OF PAN THE PILGRIM.]





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**A**S we enjoy good health, so do we live ;  
Life without health is scarcely life at  
all ;

Wherefore our lyre's first strung to those who  
give

Humanity relief. Ills may appal  
To which mankind is heir the stoutest heart ;  
But fear is less distressing to endure  
When we are trustful that Death's arrowy dart  
May be averted by a speedy cure.

Blood is the life, wherefore we give our  
thanks

To Clarke of Lincoln for his Blood Restorer,  
Or world-famed Mixture, which undoubted  
ranks

In human needs beside her light—Aurora.  
Our praises next to that unrivalled Saline,  
Lamplough's Pyretic—famous in all climes ;  
Curer of sickness, headache, nausea ; malign  
None have or can this wonder of our times.

Consumption can be cured ! Just drop a line  
To Williams, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park,  
London,

Who'll tell you gratis what he doth opine

Will remedy this worst of all ill's mundane.

For more than forty years have Whelpton's  
Pills

Earned public praise. They purify the  
*blood,*

Cure sores and ulcers, and all other ill's

Of head and liver—working **worlds** of  
good.

The Antilactic—Vickers—claimeth **next**

Our best attention and a kindly word ;  
It cures sciatica, lumbago, which **perplexed**  
Doctors of old, as doubtless you have  
heard ;

But now the poisonous acid we're advised  
Can be expelled—at least be neutralised.

Your children, do they droop ? try **Fenning's**  
Powders,

Which cool and soothe—preserving from con-  
vulsions.

Fenning's Lung Healer we can truly vow does

Cure colds, coughs, asthma, with the clearest  
conscience.

Page Woodcock's Pills—the grandest cure for  
wind—

For all complaints of liver, bowels, **stomach**,  
That in the realms of pharmacy you'll **find**  
For these diseases, which the **strongest** **flum-**  
**mock.**

Clarke's Pill's—B 41—for gravel, **pain**

Across the back, shall have our praise **again.**

Turner's Emulsion for the throat and **lung**

Has no compeer—at least it holds its **own** ;  
Its praise, howe'er, has been so often **sung**  
As quite a little proverb to have **grown.**

We only wish to add that Turner's clever,  
And his Emulsion's quite as good as ever.  
Woodhouse & Co.—just try their grand Elixir

If you've rheumatics—it will do you good,  
Acknowledged as sciatica's transfixer,

Scurvy or gout; it purifies the blood;  
Is held in high repute the whole world over,  
And, ill as you may be, puts you in clover.  
Mann's Medicine for a cold—the season's  
here;

Don't you forget this remedy; there's not  
Upon this changeful, strange, sublunary  
sphere

A greater treasure falling to men's lot.  
It claims, mark you,—and claims without pre-  
sumption—

To cure in fits convulsive and consumption.  
Of Warren's Pills—their Dandelion Pill—

We've heard a deal of steady, constant  
praise,

Prevailing often where expensive skill

Has failed to bring the patient better days;  
For further testimony there's no need,  
The Dandelion Pill's a pill indeed.

Another med'cine claiming notice here

Is the Magic Purifying Drops. They  
Sold three hundred thousand lots of them last  
year—

A striking sort of magic in its way,  
Proving that men are not to be deceived,  
And showing many must have been relieved.  
The "Poor Man's Friend"—this is indeed a  
boon,

For wounds of every sort, healing them soon.  
The Pilulæ Antiscrophulæ also merits

A word of praise. It always cures or eases  
In scrofula, and all that man inherits

Of leprosy and myriad skin diseases.

Blairs's Pills for Gout have earned a world-wide  
fame,

And Frampton's Pill of Health has earned the  
same.

We'd next appeal to ye who suffer much

From toothache to obtain some Bunter's  
Nervine,

It's often been an instant cure of such,

And never fails to prove itself deserving;  
Nor have the Tooth-ache Pills a lesser claim,  
(Stevenson's Pill we mean) on Fame's green  
wreath;

For Tic especially they've made a name—  
They ease the nerve, and therefore save the  
teeth.

But sometimes, even with the greatest care,  
Ills will not mend—the patient gets dis-  
tracted,

The climax cometh into blank despair,  
And so the tooth has got to be extracted;  
For such a process, without slightest pain,  
We're pleased to mention Dentist Jones  
again.

If you'd be free from toothache and from tic  
Use Gosnell's Cherry Tooth Paste, which the  
test

Has stood of years of trial like a brick—

Beyond compare it really is the best.  
Then for the hair, so many things we've seen  
While on our rambles that we hardly know  
If we are capable to judge between,

And on their merits proper praise bestow;  
But Beetham's Fluid, known as the Capillary,  
Promotes new growths and strengthens hair  
that's weak;

While Mrs. Batchelor's a grand auxiliary—  
(The best, indeed, of which we care to  
speak)

Restoring hair that's grey to its old colour,  
So that it grows more glossy, rich, and fuller.  
And yet there's Oldridge—we have sung too  
oft

The praises of his Balm to e'er pass by it,  
For beautifying hair it stands aloft;

For whiskers or moustaches you just try it:  
If once you do so you will ne'er forsake,  
It will surprise you, or we much mistake.  
For baldness, dandriff, Sandell is your man,  
He cures as but his grand Restorer can.

Sedative Cream, nutritious for the hair  
(Hopgood & Co.'s, of Ryde, in Isle of  
Wight—

Boulton and Paul, for every sort of frame  
 Building, or House for Gardens, have long  
 won  
 A great and steadily increasing fame,  
 And well deserve the splendid business done;  
 Send for their catalogue—'tis worth the pains,  
 And see yourself the marvels it contains.  
 Last—yet not least—nay, very far from that,  
 Comes Ulster House, of Resartorian art  
 The West End Palace, and the House whereat  
 Dons of the Clubs now go to make them  
 smart;  
 A Doge's Palace—as we've said—of all  
 That can make man look charming. The  
 decision,

Not of a patron here, but of the whole;  
 O'ershadowing Poole's—at least quite as  
 patrician,  
 With lords for patrons more than we can tell;  
 Deserving all of fame it's earned so well.

Our ramble now is over, but ere we end  
 These sounding praises of our annual  
 cheer,  
 We beg to wish to all and every friend

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

